

MIGHTY DAYS OF REVIVAL

**R. C. MORGAN:
HIS LIFE AND TIMES**

G. E. MORGAN, M. A.

**PROPERTY OF
THE CHURCH ON THE WAY**

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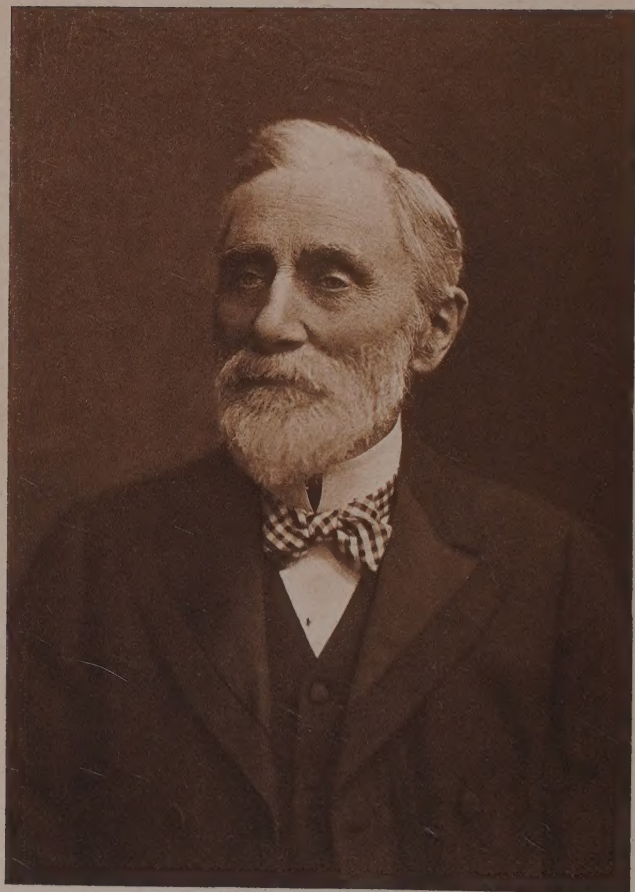
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Mighty days of revival.

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R. C. MORGAN : HIS LIFE AND TIMES



Morgan & Scott Ltd. London.

*Yours in the Lord
we love,
R. F. Morgan.*

1908.

MIGHTY DAYS OF REVIVAL

R. C. MORGAN : HIS LIFE AND TIMES

BY
GEORGE E. MORGAN, M.A.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
THE RT. HON. LORD KINNAIRD

PROPERTY OF
THE CHURCH ON THE WAY

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INTRODUCTION

MY acquaintance with Mr. R. Cope Morgan extended over a period of more than forty years, during which I was associated with him in a great many spheres of Christian service.

More particularly we were allied in the great London campaigns conducted by Messrs. Moody and Sankey and other leading evangelists, in the work of the Young Men's Christian Association, and in the aims of the Evangelical Alliance; and these represent three directions, among others, in which his many-sided earnestness found outlet—namely, Gospel effort among the masses, the spiritual care of the youth of our land, and the uniting in faith and service of the children of God, irrespective of sect or nationality.

As a bold advocate of the Fundamental Truths of the Gospel, a firm adherent of Protestant, Temperance, and Missionary principles, a trusted leader, a wise counsellor, a generous friend, Mr. Morgan served with a fidelity which has left its mark upon his generation. The story of a life embracing so many aspects of Christian activity should do much to stimulate spiritual desire in those who read it; while the chapters devoted to the Revivals of the last half-century form a most inspiring record, which will surely move many to pray: 'Lord, wilt Thou not revive us again?'

Wm. Hand

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PART I
HIS PERSONAL LIFE AND WORK

CHAPTER I

BOYHOOD AND PARENTAGE

‘**T**HERE goes the wickedest little demon in Aber-gavenny!’ remarked a nurse-maid, drawing her infant charges close to her skirt to make room for ‘Copey Morgan’ as he passed along the pavement with a jaunty air. In moods of less than normal seriousness he has been known to describe this incident as ‘one of the proud moments of my life.’ For, be it remembered, RICHARD COPE MORGAN was not yet a Christian editor. He was just a boy, with a boy’s mischief twinkling in his eye, and a wealth of fun twitching at the corners of his mouth.

Serious enough he became in later years—yet never devoid of the ‘saving sense of humour’ which lightened many a mental load—but in his happy boyhood he thought more of pea-shooters and catapults than the wielding of the pen, and great was his joy on one bright day when an ill-fated owl fell before his aim.

On another occasion, while ‘larking’ with some kindred spirits by a pit’s mouth in the colliery district of Blaendare, the handle of a windlass became entangled

in his clothing. His companions, in a fright, let go the winding apparatus, and he was lifted off his feet, in imminent peril of falling down the shaft. But the good hand of God was upon him, and falling backwards he alighted safely a few feet away.¹

His span of life was long. He lived in four reigns. In his youthful days he moved among many to whom Waterloo was no very remote memory, and to whom the splendid applications of modern scientific discovery to the conveniences and comforts of life would have seemed like a fantastic dream.

He remembered the time when railways were curious and rare; when a shilling was paid for the postage of a letter; when wheat was 70s. a quarter; when the cavalry under the orders of Wellington himself patrolled the streets of London as a warning to revolutionaries; and when the gunners at the Tower stood to arms. The creation of modern Italy, as of modern Germany, and the American Civil War, were among the world happenings of his time. He was the contemporary of Wordsworth and Coleridge, of Tennyson and Browning, of Disraeli and Gladstone, of Lincoln and Garibaldi, of Shaftesbury and Elizabeth Fry. But he assessed his epoch, and regarded its politics and movements, not as journalist, philosopher, or dialectician, but from the view-point of one whose chief concern was the prosperity of the Kingdom of God.

Born on 13th May, 1827, at Abergavenny, he inherited Welsh blood, though he was never intimately

¹ Other narrow escapes in later life are recorded on pp. 40-43.

conversant with the Welsh tongue. As childhood merged into youth he became a diligent and earnest reader—not of scraps and tit-bits, which fortunately were not so much in vogue then as now—but of healthy standard literature, and delved deeply into the mines of English poetry. Some specimens of his own art in ‘making verse’ are reserved for a later chapter.

He was educated at the Old Priory School, Monk-st., Abergavenny; having as its principal Mr. Relf Rutherford, B.A., whose son, Mr. J. T. Rutherford, is the present town-clerk. Boasting an average of forty boarders and a like number of day-boys, it stood one of the first schools of the county of its day, and in course of time several men of distinction—including one of London’s Lord Mayors, Sir Walter Vaughan-Morgan—paid tribute to the early tuition they had received within its walls. Only a very few of my father’s schoolfellows survive him. One is Mr. John Holehouse, who (as his father before him) was proprietor and driver of the old mail-coach between Abergavenny, Newport, and Bristol. My father often called upon this veteran when in the district in later years, and as recently as November, 1906, gave him a copy of his (then) latest book, *The Outpoured Spirit*, inscribing it:—

TO MY DEAR FRIEND AND SCHOOLFELLOW

JOHN HOLEHOUSE

WITH THE OLD LOVE

R. C. MORGAN.

Writing since Mr. Morgan's death, with a retrospect of nearly seventy years, his cousin, Ebenezer Glanville, of Southampton, who was a few years his junior, speaks of him as 'the boy-hero of my earliest recollection; handsome, bright, and quick, full of merriment, not always free from mischief, but always free from malice.'

At the age of fourteen he said good-bye to school-desk and play-ground, and 'life's fair morning' became somewhat greyer in the shadow of his father's shop. Here he was initiated into the mysteries of a printing-press worked by hand, and found employment in supplying the stationery and literary requirements of the manufacturers and 'quality' of his native district. Some diversion was afforded by visits to the local police-court, where he gained his first experience of 'taking notes,' and doing some writing for the country papers. Other spare moments were devoted to systematic reading. Thus he stored his mind, and with treasure, not with trash. These were his golden opportunities, the grasping of which stood him in excellent stead in the strenuous years that were to follow.

Mr. Morgan's father, James Hiley Morgan, was a Welsh-speaking Welshman, and a prominent member of the Abergavenny Cymreigyddion Society, formed in 1834 to promote the national culture of music, literature, and art. The Eisteddfodau held under its auspices from that date till 1853 were the means of bringing to light some of the most brilliant literary geniuses which Wales has ever produced.

The Cymreigyddion was a non-political and un-

sectarian society; its first meeting was held in the Sun Inn, a report of which was printed by Mr. Hiley Morgan in 1834. It is therein recorded that some of the members did not favour the meetings being held on licensed premises, and suggested the use of one of the chapels in the town. This was opposed by my grandfather and others; for although himself a staunch Non-conformist, he was so jealous to preserve the unsectarian character of the new movement that he pressed the matter to a division, and won his point by thirty-four votes to six. So the meetings were convened at the inn till the Cymreigyddion Hall (which is now in ruins) was built in Tudor-st., Abergavenny. The incident is of some interest as showing that Temperance was not without its adherents even in those far-off days, although it did not, apparently, claim my grandfather as an ardent advocate.

Mr. Hiley Morgan was a printer of no mean repute in his day. Many specimens of his industry are still preserved by the Hon. Mrs. Herbert, in the Old Hall at Llanover; and it is stated—on the authority of Mr. O. J. Owen, of Abergavenny (an expert in the printing art, and a member of the present Cymreigyddion Society), who, with other experts, has recently for another purpose examined the old records, reports, posters, handbills, etc.—that the work would compare favourably with printing done by many up-to-date firms of the present day. Some of the posters preserved are 3-sheet double-crown, and three royals printed in black and red and other colours; some display the

Royal Coat of Arms, and there still exists the electro-block (17×10) from which they were produced. 'We also,' says Mr. Owen, 'again and again during our researches, came across Mr. Hiley Morgan's name as presenting prizes for various competitions in music and art, showing the great interest he took in the movement, and his prominence as a member of the Society.'

These old-time particulars are further corroborated by a former apprentice, Mr. J. L. Powell (now of Vancouver, B.C.), who, volunteering a kindly appreciation of my father, gives this interesting glimpse of his early environment:—

'It was in 1865 that I saw Mr. R. C. Morgan first, at the house of your grandfather, James Hiley Morgan. His father and stepmother were exceedingly proud of him, and "our Cope" was everything to them when he visited his old home.

'He was a man of God, and his father always got him to conduct the family prayers at these times. I learned to honour him then; but it was not till I got into correspondence with him, and had the pleasure of visiting him at his home, that I learned what a beautiful character his was. He was so loving, so unassuming; there was no talking down, as to an inferior in position in life or accomplishments—as I have found by experience there is with so many men who have advanced even in spiritual affairs, whilst it is exceeding common amongst those who have attained to worldly position.

'His character in many points was formed at home. His beloved mother I did not know, nor his sister Christiana, although they were frequently spoken of. But his father I knew well, as I served two years of my apprenticeship with him. He was a robust

‘Christian of the old school, and from him your father learned thoroughness, industry, punctuality, truthfulness, and all that pertains to uprightness.

‘Your grandfather was always engaged in works of public good, in the advancement of charitable institutions and of Christian enterprises. I may mention the markets, lighting, waterworks, and sewerage systems of the town; the Dorcas Society, Ladies’ Charity and Public Dispensary; also the Religious Tract Society, the Bible Society, and the London Missionary Society; besides being a pillar of the church of which he was a member. He was an extremely active man, often up by three and four in the morning, taking a walk of which he was exceedingly fond. He was also, mechanically, an unusually clever man. He constructed a ruling-machine—the first in South Wales¹—a printing-press, and also a beating-machine; and I once had the pleasure of helping him a little in the construction of a hydraulic device.

‘His motto was: “Anything that is worth doing at all is worth doing well.” This he carried out in his own life, and instilled into others. He was to me a friend, a counsellor, and a father, for I was a fatherless boy. Thus you will see that Richard Cope Morgan had an excellent father to counsel and guide him as a lad.’

It may be added that at eight o’clock every morning my grandfather met all his work-people for prayer, and

¹ It was while visiting the Great Exhibition in London in 1851, that, having examined an American ruling-machine (for ledgers and the like), he conceived the idea which he afterwards perfected. With his machine he did all the ruling required for his own use and that of the firms which he supplied during a long business career. It was similarly used for many years by his successors, Messrs. Edmunds & Thomas, and is now justly prized—albeit somewhat of a curiosity—by Messrs. Owen Brothers, who ultimately took over the printing department of the concern.

each person present either read or recited a verse of Scripture. He also edited and published a local newspaper.

My grandmother (*née* Emily Williamson Cope) was the daughter of Rev. Richard Cope, LL.D., who exercised a potent influence in Nonconformity during the first half of the last century. Born in 1776, as a boy he set the Christian ministry before him as the ideal of life, and for this he wisely prepared himself by fidelity and diligence as a clerk in a London office.¹ He was a man of deep and fervent piety and of sterling worth—qualities which impressed themselves upon his daughter Emily—Puritan in his principles, Evangelical in his faith, yet wide in holy sympathies toward those who differed from him denominationally. Of his four pastorates, he held two for twenty years each, and one for fourteen; and at the age of eighty he entered into rest, when my father was in his thirtieth year.

Such, then, was the family stock from which sprang the future Editor; and to the robust characteristics of his forbears may be traced many of the qualities which were so prominent in his own career.

¹ 'The bearer, Mr. Richard Cope, has been with me about three years, and I can with great safety recommend him as a sober, diligent, well-informed young man, and so well qualified as a clerk that no pecuniary consideration should have induced me to part with him, had my views been to carry on any business in London. I have found him perfectly worthy of trust and confidence, and very correct in writing and accounts, both of which he understands better than most young men I have met with'—so testified his employer, when retiring from business.

CHAPTER II

CONVERSION AND MARRIAGE

AT the age of seventeen Mr. Morgan began to realise that 'man doth not live by bread alone,' and spiritual yearnings worked within. His mother was a most gracious woman—gracious in the twofold sense in which her son also may be so described; that is, by the natural gifts of a gentle, tender, but energetic disposition, and winning personal endowments; and by the supernatural gift of Divine love in her heart, brightening, deepening, and sanctifying her natural qualities, and converting them to holiest purposes. These characteristics were also charmingly reflected in his only and invalid sister, Christiana, to whom he was very deeply attached.

Many and earnest were their talks together over the open Bible, which made lasting impressions and deepened his soul's desires. To this, and to their earnest prayers and pleadings, he owed, under God, the dawn of light within his soul, in the year 1849, he being then twenty-two years of age. Writing in mature years, my

father gratefully recalled those hallowed days in these words:—

‘MY CONVERSION

‘The chief instrument in my conversion was my mother. She died at the age of forty, but she left a memory fragrant of the beatitudes of Matt. v. and of the Love Chapter in the Corinthian Epistle. Her training of her children may be summed up in the prophet’s appeal, which was among her last words to me: “Seek ye the Lord while He may be found; call ye upon Him while He is near. Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon.”

‘She told me on her dying bed: “You are not yet a Christian, but I know you will become one.” For the Spirit had borne witness with her spirit, that God had heard her prayers, would fulfil her petitions and reward her faithful instructions and her heavenly example. Besides her, I only remember a very few who spoke to me personally and directly concerning the Lord who bought me. My grandmother used to write to me with loving entreaty to be reconciled to God. A minister who had been entertained at our home over a Lord’s Day spoke kindly to me in a similar way, as he bade me good-bye. A cousin, a few years my senior, asked me on one Communion Sunday: “And why should not you be there?”—at the Lord’s Table. Doubtless there were other messages to me from the Throne, amongst them many from my sister, two years older than I; but those I have mentioned are all I distinctly remember.

‘My mother died when I was seventeen, just when I needed her most, and my sister was her constant companion during the years of her illness. The discovery of

‘germs as the cause of disease had not then been made, or was not so generally known as now; less care was taken to avoid the breath of tuberculous patients, and for three years after my mother’s death my sister was slowly dying of the same disease. Thus during nearly all the years of my teens there was a sick-room in our home, the effect of which was to soften a turbulent spirit, and prepare the way for the change which was to follow.

‘I left home and came to London when I was twenty-one, still undecided; but my mother’s prayers hung round my neck, so that I could not enter into scenes of sin in which some of my acquaintances were ensnared. After a year I removed to Bath, to take the oversight of a printing-establishment. While there, I lived in the same house with some Christian young men who loved the Bible and walked with God. I began to love the Bible also, and learned many of its saving truths, but was still unsaved. I used sometimes to spend my Sundays in Bristol, where I heard a minister who had retired from Lady Huntingdon’s Connexion. I have no recollection of the text or the sermon which he preached one morning, except that it was a clear exposition of the great truth that Jesus, the Son of God, tasted death on behalf of every one; that He is the propitiation for the whole world. This thought passed through my mind: “If God loves me so that He gave His only-begotten Son to die for me, and if God laid my iniquity upon Him and I receive Him as my Saviour and Lord, and I do, then I am forgiven and saved.”

‘It was not a mere piece of reasoning, though it was that. It was made true to me that “the Spirit beareth witness with our spirit, that we are children of God.” That was all. It was real. It was enough. There was no emotion, but it has endured for more than fifty years. Had it been mere human reasoning it would have passed away, but “it is the Spirit that

‘beareth witness, and the Spirit is truth.” From that day to this, not a doubt has arisen as to my acceptance in the Beloved.’

It was no superficial change that was wrought in him. ‘You could not be in his company and not be conscious of it,’ is the testimony of Mr. Glanville, who adds:—

‘He was quieter, and rather inclined to be ascetic. As often happens, some of the glamour peculiar to the unrestrained buoyancy of earlier youth, in a personality naturally attractive, was dimmed, now he was restrained by a sense of the highest obligations, and constrained by the love of Christ.’

It was said at that time by one who had known him from childhood: ‘There was a charm about Cope Morgan before his conversion there has never been since.’ That was the judgment of a worldly observer, but the beauty of holiness in his life and work became manifest to those who had eyes to see and hearts to understand.

Possessed with some measure of poetic fancy, and also, when a young man, of that other ‘fancy’ which, as Tennyson says, ‘lightly turns to thoughts of love,’ he not infrequently gave rein to his muse in amatory lines, both grave and gay. Among the latter was a sonnet devoted to ‘The Honey Bee,’ which in humorous vein concluded with an unorthodox comparison between the ‘spring-time’ of freedom and the ‘winter-time’ of married life! Whether or not that versifying achievement constituted another of his ‘proud moments,’ he never divulged; but much prouder ones were those

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THE LILY AND THE ROSE

15

in which, years later, as a young father, he trudged three miles in his daily dinner-hour to snatch a few minutes of domestic bliss with wife and child, his scant and hasty meal being but a secondary consideration. No 'winter-time' were those days of married life to him, but summer, bright and vernal.

As the years passed, he came to view love and life in a graver mood, as being fraught with possibilities great and grand; true love was a responsible and a holy thing; life was 'earnest, passing by.' These more serious aspects he expressed in verses such as those reproduced below. But through sombre shades of thought, shone ever bright the starlight of faith and hope and love.

This tender tribute, apparently to a child of his acquaintance, whom I have not been able to identify, contains some beautiful thoughts:—

FROM DEATH INTO LIFE

The stream of a life was softly flowing,
 Slowly, silently, down to death;
 God sent a child to direct its going
 Into the channel of Love and Faith.

The Lord of the glory saw a flower
 Spending its sweetness on desert air,
 He bade transplant it, that every hour
 His soul might joy in its perfume—Prayer.

Now, changed to a river of living water,
 That current quickens where'er it flows;
 Now, saved from the valley wherein He sought her.
 The Lily is wedded to, Sharon's Rose.

The following stanza appeared in the *Hereford Times* (7th October, 1848), from the pen of a former fellow-apprentice:—

Thus glideth on the sea-bound stream,
Thus flies the golden day,
Thus droops the lovely death-grasped flower—
Naught sweet on earth doth stay.

My father's 'Reply' reveals an early touch of the journalistic instinct which does not shrink from entering the arena of kindly criticism. It breathes a cheery optimism, well calculated to dispel his friend's pessimistic mood:—

REPLY

Tho' the stream in the river's bed to-day
Will soon be by ocean nurs'd—
To-morrow the waters will still be there,
As bright and as glad as erst.

Tho' the day declineth and seeks the West,
And evening succeedeth dawn—
'Tis a time of stars, and rest, and love,
When the curtains of night are drawn.

Tho' the dew-gemm'd flowers, so bright at morn,
At evening all withered lie—
The scent will remain when the earth is bare
And winter is in the sky.

We fill the world with our sad conceits,
Reflecting our own heart's gloom—
There is nothing passes from this fair earth
But leaves something to take its room.

TO HIS BELOVED SISTER

17

Very pathetic is this ode to his dying sister, penned after both their parents had entered into rest:—

TO DEAR ANNIE

My best beloved, I see the hand
Of God is on thee now,
And life's declining shadows fall
Upon thy pallid brow.
The dark-winged Angel worketh fast,
The chain will soon be riven
That binds thy spirit down to earth
And stays her flight to Heaven.

The soul yearns for her higher life,
She struggles to be free;
I dare not seek to hold her back
From Heaven, O God, and Thee.
Yet oh, how soon my spring has changed
To autumn, sad and drear;
How soon my joys begin to wear
The yellow leaf and sere!

And thou, dear Annie, too, wilt go,
To dwell before the throne;
Thou an adoring angel—I
How utterly alone!
But the shining stars above me,
Spirits, silent though they be,
Will be more than present teachers
Of the Beautiful to me.

All things that make earth beautiful
Have mingled with our joy;
They leave immortal memories
Time never can destroy.
They die not, though we pass away,
They share our second birth;
They will be dear to thee in Heaven,
And comfort me on earth.

When thou art gone, sweet sister, they
Will my companions be—
The best beloved of all my friends,
Because they breathe of thee.

1848.

He was married during his residence at Bath, at the age of twenty-three, to Miss Lydia Margaret Taylor, the daughter of a Bristol merchant, and a member of the Congregationalist body. A 'courting' incident of earlier date, full of human interest, may be related here:—

His *fiancée* was visiting some friends at Newport, and he promised to meet her there on a given day. The mail-coach travelled only once daily between Abergavenny and that town, and by some mishap he missed it, to his woeful disappointment. Telegraph or telephone there was none in those days, nor could a letter be dispatched any earlier than he himself could travel by coach next day. True man that he was, he felt his promise must be kept, but how to do it with Newport nearly twenty miles away! A less ardent lover might have felt that losing the coach was sufficient reason for not fulfilling the engagement, but with characteristic fidelity he resolved to get to Newport somehow, if he had to walk—and walk he did.

The first part of the journey went pleasantly enough, as he passed Llanover with all the buoyancy of one well accustomed to the road. At Star Hill, near Mamhilad Church, he began to flag, but refreshing

himself at a wayside spring he plodded on. By the time he reached the Jockey Pitch at Llanvihangel, his feet were sore and blistered, but slowly he dragged himself up the hill with the help of a stake from an adjacent hedge. Painfully pursuing his way, he came to the turnpike-gate at Pontymoile. But eight weary miles still lay between him and his lady-love. Should he give up the task, and await the return coach for home? Or seek lodgings in Pontypool, to complete the journey by coach next day? No! ‘Love laughs at locksmiths,’ and sore heels—and in his case was not to be outdone. Approaching the toll-gate, he so won the good graces of the old lady in charge, that she not only made him ‘a cup o’ tay’ (the best he ever tasted, so he was wont to say), but provided water to bathe his feet, and soap to anoint his stockings! Thus revived, he went on his way rejoicing to his destination, and to my mother who was to be. The form his reception took amply rewarded his fidelity!

Not long did he enjoy the happiness of a home of his own, before a shadow was cast over their domestic life by the break-down of his health—due, so the doctors surmised, to his inheriting the malady from which his mother and sister had succumbed. By medical advice he returned to his native air, to recover or to die. But God graciously raised him up, for had He not in store a great work for him to do?

The loss of his first child, in infancy, was the occasion which, in 1851, called forth—

CONVERSION AND MARRIAGE

THE FALLING ASLEEP OF OUR FIRST-BORN

He twined round our hearts, as a tendril
Encircles a rose tree's stem ;
In the depth of parental affection
We treasured our precious gem.

We hoped, as the rose-tree's bareness
Is clad by the tendril's flowers,
That so would our little bud blossom,
To gladden this home of ours.

But the gardener knows that the tendril
The rose's increase would check,
And, while it would lend it beauty,
Would injure as well as deck ;

And our Father, who loves His children
With faithful and jealous love—
Lest our hearts should be set on our darling,
Instead of on things above—

So gently our tendril transplanted,
And to His own garden bore,
In heaven, in God's holy mountain,
To blossom for evermore.

We are sure that he sleeps in Jesus,
And nestles upon His breast ;
For 'He bears the lambs in His bosom,'
In God's everlasting rest.

We know we shall meet 'in the morning';
We wait for the dawning day,
When Jesus, in clouds of heaven,
Shall bear us from earth away.

Away! oh, away, to the bowers,
The Eden of God above,
Where He wipes all tears from all faces,
And love is not jealous love—

HELPFUL FELLOWSHIP

21

For no heart can there be divided,
But Godward all love doth tend ;
For of love He's the Source and Centre,
The Object, and Life, and End.

Oh, give us henceforward, our Father,
To live with a singler eye
To Thee, to Thy praise and glory ;
To live for our home on high ;

To wait for the Lord from heaven
With patience, and hope, and joy ;
For the day when our Elder Brother
Brings with Him our darling boy !

Oh, my heart leaps up with its longing,
That glory our own to call,
When the Christ shall be King in Zion,
When God shall be All in all !

Returning to Bath, he resumed his business activities. During his sojourn there (from 1851-5), he enjoyed some helpful fellowship with the body of believers known as the Brethren, on the basis that faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and a walk consistent with the profession of His Name, were the essential conditions of association. After a time, however, other conditions were imposed which he felt tended to cripple him in the freedom with which the Divine Son had made him free. But though he never joined them in actual membership, he frequently attributed, with deep gratitude, his understanding of the Word and of its foundation truths to the teaching he received while worshipping in their midst. Thus, in the providence of God, he became blessed with a spiritual insight into the deep things of

God which proved of immeasurable value to him, and through him to others, in his future ministry by pen and word of mouth.

A study of Leviticus xxv. so impressed him as to inspire—

THE JUBILEE YEAR

The Jubilee Year! the Jubilee Year!
The bondman rejoices to hail thee near—
Sevenfold Sabbath, and Year of Grace,
The burdened, the weary, the poor, to bless!

'Tis the Day of Atonement! The utmost bound
Of Israel's land hears 'the joyful sound'
Of the silver trumpet, so loud and clear,
Proclaiming the gladsome Jubilee Year.

Fifty years' burdens of sorrow and wrong
Fall from their shoulders, and homeward they throng
To their fathers' possession, their childhood's home;
Like doves to their windows, they come, they come!

The fraud and the folly, the struggle and strife
Of half a century's human life,
The usurer's riches, the poor man's cares,
Are all dissolved by this Year of years.

To Moses Jehovah rehearsed the tale
Of the glories hidden within the veil;
In Jeshurun's ears did their king recount
The things he had seen in the Holy Mount—

Shadows on earth of the things above,
The Father's grace, and the Brother's love;
Promise of glorious things to come,
The enduring substance, the Heavenly Home!

Deliverer, Jesus, my Friend, in Thee
Jubilee, Sabbath, and Home, I see !
Thou hast wearily laboured that I might rest ;
Thy soul was afflicted, and I am blest.

The atonement is made, and the trumpet's voice
Bids every sinner 'Rejoice ! Rejoice !'
The Gospel proclaims an eternal release,
And bids the debtor go home in peace.

O God, for grace not to set our love
On the earthly things, but the things above !
For while the Jubilee Year draws nigh,
They lessen in value, they fade and die.

In a little while shall the firmament ring
With the trumpet that heralds earth's patient King,
Who has sat so long at His Father's side,
That the world may know how He loved and died.

What then shall profit the stores of wealth,
Whether justly gotten or gained by stealth—
When every object of man's desire,
In the flaming flood rising ever higher,
Proclaims our God a consuming fire ?

One can only wish that the pressure of many things,
and the weight of years with their attendant distractions
and responsibilities, had dealt more lightly with him
in after-life, that so he might have found leisure and
inspiration to compose hymns and sonnets for the
spiritual edification of the Church of God.

CHAPTER III

FAMILY LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

ALTHOUGH an ardent evangelizer outside his home, it could never be said of my father that during his children's most impressionable years he was careless of their spiritual state, or neglected his own vineyard while cultivating those of others. Wisely, solemnly, instantly, continually, he acquainted them with the Gospel Message in terms suited to their varying ages. Deeply as he loved them, so deeply also he longed and prayed and watched for signs of grace in their young hearts.

The first to bring this joy to his soul was little Frank, whose startling question, 'Where shall I go if I am *only half converted?*' revealed a soul-anguish before which many a stouter heart might quail. But the Good Shepherd heard that pleading cry, and answered the further question as to what God would do 'if He knows I want to be *quite* converted,' by enfolding the precious lamb in the Everlasting Arms. 'Quite converted' indeed he was, at the age of five; and with wondrous spirituality he was moved with desire that in

however small a way he might daily minister unto Him; nor did it end with desire, for there was good reason to believe that the promise: 'A little child shall lead them,' was fulfilled in more than one maturer heart.

But the next year a cloud overshadowed him; and while he was visiting relatives at Brynmawr, God's Angel carried him in love from a fever-bed to join the countless other children playing in the streets of the New Jerusalem. 'Being found well-pleasing unto God, he was beloved of Him. . . . He was caught away lest wickedness should change his understanding, or guile deceive his soul. . . . Being made perfect in a little while, he fulfilled long years.'¹

One sweet little reminiscence may be recorded here: Frank and I each had our live pets—his a cat, mine a starling rejoicing in the name of Jacob. For Jacob's sake they were not encouraged to be intimate! One day I found my treasure lying in a bath full of water. At first I thought he was 'learning to swim,' but, alas! it was not so. In an outburst of childish grief I cried: 'I have nothing now my poor Jacob is dead!' Then Frank's arm stole round me as he tenderly said: 'Never mind, Georgie dear, you shall have half of my cat!' Thus early had he learned to bear another's burden, and so to fulfil the law of Christ. 'On account of Frank's extraordinary spiritual development (writes Mr. Glanville), his death was felt with peculiar keenness by both his parents, but was borne with exemplary resignation.'

¹ *Wisdom of Solomon.*

There was a street-lamp in view of our house, and it was a source of delight to Frank to watch the lamp-lighter with his primitive ladder and lantern, as he ran up to ignite the flame. This inspired him with his first idea of a mission in life—‘to be a lamp-lighter when I grow up!’ When, however, his little soul was kindled with light Divine, he changed his wish to: ‘I think I will be a *minister* instead!’ The two ideas were not so dissimilar as would at first appear, for becoming a lamp-lighter in a spiritual sense, he fully justified the title¹ which Anna Shipton² chose for his pathetic little life-story which she wrote so beautifully.

Fathers and mothers reading these lines, who have parted thus from a child-angel upon earth, *you* can penetrate within the veil of grief which wrapped itself, pall-like, around the hearts of Frank’s parents and mine. At four years of age I was too young to realise more than the miss of “the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still.” But the sound of that voice, as it prayed with me and for me behind the lilac-bushes in the garden; the touch of that little hand which had so often led me to the place of prayer, and would have led me straight to Jesus if it could—these are memories that have deepened as the years have

¹ THE CHILD MINISTER (*Morgan & Scott Ltd.*).

² This gifted lady, whose devotional books met with such wide acceptance, was a frequent visitor at our Wood Green home. She greatly delighted in the four small boys, whose ages then ranged from twelve to four. She first won my favour by celebrating my fourth birthday with the gift of a fourpenny-piece—a cherished possession for all too brief a space!

passed, brightening many a shadow and tempering many a joy.

Much might also be said of other holy influences brought to bear upon us children in those early days. First stands, naturally, the love of our gentle mother. Never (at least within my recollection) of robust health, she had the additional disadvantage of deafness, incurred during her teens by a school-girl's prank in advising some absurd concoction of pepper and mustard as a cure for earache. Not only was this infirmity a great deprivation to herself, but to my father also; for (so I have always thought) it must have formed a painful barrier to that light and easy conversational intercourse which is so dear to husband and wife, and necessitated in each a degree of self-centredness which, had it not been for their mutual interests in higher things, would have shut them up more and more to their own thoughts, pondered but not expressed. The following lines might well have been penned by my mother herself, so well do they express her physical loss:—

I saw the merry speeches flash
From lip to lip of those around,
And slowly on my mind it dawned
That I had lost the sense of sound.

But it was here, too, that she realised the compensation of spiritual gain:—

A still small voice of gentlest tone
Spoke to my spirit's inward ear;
It bade me love, and trust, and wait,
Nor yield a whit to selfish fear.

I was once told that on the occasion of their marriage, as my mother and one of her sisters passed down the aisle, a gentleman remarked: 'There go two of the prettiest girls in Bristol'—that city being their native place. Although six years my father's senior, she was ever the object of his consideration and solicitude; and being so much cut off from activities outside the home, her husband and children shared her unstinted devotion.

The Sabbath evenings of our early childhood were always memorable; and never have I lost the vision of the Saviour's life upon earth as portrayed in a series of pictures with which she led us step by step through His ministry from the cradle to the ascension-cloud. Some there are, I know, who object on principle to pictorial representations of our Divine Lord, as necessarily showing only His human aspect; and I appreciate the reality of this view concerning Him. Yet the human side was *all that appeared to men*; and to me, at least, these pictures most helpfully impressed upon my young mind the actuality of His blessed mission, and the depth of that "gentle, sweet, and tender love" which, in human measure, was illustrated by the character of my beloved mother.

We little ones were also highly favoured in the governess and in several of the servants whom the Lord sent to our home. The former—then Miss Annie Evans (now Mrs. Pond, still living, and the mother of a grown-up family)—was a patient, gracious soul, often sorely tried but never perturbed by our childish, wilful

ways, and consistently faithful to her charge, which she accepted as a gift from God. In a letter since my father's death she writes :—

‘ I feel as though the stones would cry out if I did not send my tribute to the memory of your dear father. Having been, first a privileged visitor, then a resident, in your family, I can testify as to the dear and happy home-life. I have never met with a more devoted husband or fond father than he was—always ready to leave his studies to reason out any little home difficulty with his children.

‘ One instance of his loyalty to his Divine Master always stands fresh in my memory. Soon after we moved to Wood Green, in 1863, one calm Sabbath evening he had been preaching at a cottage-meeting.¹ As he walked ahead, I following with his three dear boys, we heard a voice very loudly reading a chapter in Isaiah proclaiming woe to the drunkards, outside the principal village inn, where sat a dozen men on a bench with their pewter pots before them. “That’s Papa’s voice!” said one of the boys; and we wondered how we could slip past him to tell Mamma what he was doing, for she always feared he would overtax his strength. However, he reached home first, and was quietly talking to her when we arrived. The courage required for his testimony will be better understood when I mention that the men to whom he was reading were some of the business residents in the village, who went to the City by the same train as Mr. Morgan in the morning.

‘ Many instances of his goodness and kindness I can call to mind, but time and space forbid. . . . I am in my seventieth year, and shall soon hope to see your father, mother, and brothers, face to face.’

¹ His ministry at Wood Green (1863–1907) is described in Chapter VI.

The touching testimony of a domestic servant recalling this period also throws a genial side-light upon our home-life generally, and upon my father's sanctified influence in particular, when he was less than forty years of age:—

‘ I was in the service of Mr. R. C. Morgan in 1864–1866, by far the happiest time of my life. It was in the kitchen of the house at Wood Green, not long after my going there, that I found the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour, mainly through the ministry and influence of my dear master.

‘ It was always a delight to serve him, and I well remember how Harriett (the other servant) and I often strived who should get to the door first to admit him; and there was always his greeting: “ Well, my child, how has it been between the Lord and your soul to-day ? ”

‘ Mr. Morgan always went to his study between four and five in the morning, and often he would spare Harriett and me half an hour, or an hour; and the memory of those Bible-readings and prayers is very fragrant yet. Every Thursday, too, at Wood Green, there would be a prayer-meeting at five o'clock in the morning, attended not only by the household, but also by many from the outside. On Sundays, public services were held: in the morning at a room in Wood Green; in the evening at a schoolroom in Palmer's Green. On Sunday afternoon, Mr. Morgan would preach on the Green to the pleasure-seekers who had come from the City.

‘ I have known him, after the Sunday morning service, to bring home a family of poor children and their mother. He would see them provided with a good dinner; then there would be a prayer and reading from the Word; and finally, “ something to go on with ” would be given them. There was no end

' to such quiet kindnesses as these; like Him whose
' servant he was, he went about doing good. At
' Christmas time, too, he would take care that every one
' in the village had their dinner; none went without if
' he could help it.

' During my time at Wood Green many evangelists
' and others came to the house. The names of some I
' have forgotten. Among them Joshua Poole left vivid
' impressions behind him. Sometimes we would go to
' the City with him by 'bus. He carried a big Bible
' with "Holiness to the Lord" inscribed across the
' cover. I remember him, before his fellow-passengers,
' bursting out: "Joshua, devil says, put that Bible
' under your coat; but no, the Lord saved me and I
' want to get others saved!"

' During my life at Wood Green I never saw my
' dear master ruffled, nor heard from him one unkind
' word. The choicest memory of my life to-day, in
' loneliness and advancing years, is that once I had the
' unspeakable privilege of serving him, of hearing God's
' Word expounded by one who knew how to bring out
' its inner preciousness, of listening to such prayers
' from his lips as led us into "the Holiest of all." But
' the chief impression of those happy days is the sense
' of a presence from which *goodness diffused itself*
' wherever it went. No service was too lowly for him
' to render, if only he could bring one soul nearer Jesus.

' After I left his service, he continued to write me
' letters, which I prize to-day, full of wise and gracious
' counsel, as from a father to a child in the faith. The
' last time I saw him was about ten years ago. I was
' visiting London, and met him coming out of his office,
' hurrying to catch a train. With his old kindness he
' took me with him to the station, talking as we went
' of those good old times. The train was gone, but this
' did not disturb Mr. Morgan; he brought me back to
' see George, my old charge, and before I said farewell,
' he took out his cheque-book and handed me a gift—

‘“in remembrance of your services to my dear wife and child,” he said. His life was full of such unobtrusive acts of Christian love; unknown to men, but “the Day shall declare it.”’

These may be taken as fairly typical of my father’s character in his likeness to Abraham, of whom God said: ‘I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him’ (Gen. xviii. 19); and to Joshua, in his determination: ‘As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord’ (Josh. xxiv. 15). Other servants have also testified that it was through him they were led to the cross while in his service; and the one mentioned on page 75 as having been converted at the Gospel Hall, lived subsequently in our family for many years until she married, and led a consistent Christian life, ending in her home-call some few years ago.

Nor must I omit a passing tribute to a lady who was a frequent visitor, and one profoundly interested in us young folk. This was Miss Matilda L. Bradshaw, of Hampstead, who often played the harmonium at the Gospel Hall; and composed the melody so fitly wedded to Anna Shipton’s hymn—

Thou knowest, Lord, Thou knowest all about me.

In the years that followed, she fulfilled a ministry of far-reaching blessing as the compiler of daily texts for ‘*The Christian Almanack*.’ The selection of every text was made a matter of earnest prayer, and in countless instances these proved to be the precise

messages needed by readers under varying circumstances. Highly trained in music and voice-culture, she commenced a professional career as a public singer; but finding these surroundings uncongenial to her spiritual growth, she abandoned this means of livelihood, and devoted her gifts to the training of those desiring to use their voices only in the Master's service. Faithful to her trust, she never lost an opportunity to witness for Him; and many were the occasions, while visiting our home, upon which she told us children the old, old story of Jesus and His love. A staunch friend and wise counsellor, I personally owe much to her kindly influence, and it was in deep sorrow that I bade a last farewell at her bedside in 1906.

These, then, were some of the elements of my early home-memories, that my father gathered around himself and us, all of which added brick to brick in the structure of his life.

CHAPTER IV

‘LED BY THE RIGHT WAY’

MOVING, in 1868, to Winchmore Hill, we found ourselves in the heart of the country, three miles from Wood Green—then the nearest railway station, the branch to Winchmore Hill and Enfield being not yet opened. Thus, at first, my father drove morning and night between train and home in a dog-cart, which effectively ‘cleared away the cobwebs’ of his day’s work. There being a large garden and paddock attached to the house, he devoted his evenings to games with his young family, indoors or out of doors, according to the season of the year. Those were buoyant and happy days for us all. Cope, the eldest, had just entered the city office, and being a decided Christian, was reaching the ‘companionable age,’ and his father greatly delighted in him. Then fell another heavy blow.

One hot Saturday afternoon (23rd July, 1870), Cope went with three companions to bathe in the River Lea at Tottenham. Two hours later, one of his friends arrived at our home, white and breathless, with the heartrending news that my brother had been drowned.

The circumstances of this disaster were especially painful. In the first place, when my mother heard at lunch-time that Cope had gone there, she exclaimed : ' Oh dear, I would never have let him go ! '—for, having heard of many accidents occurring in that ill-fated river, she had for years held it in deepest horror. It appeared, too, that my brother and his friends had experienced some difficulty in finding a suitable spot to bathe, and for awhile had expressly avoided the one finally selected, as it appeared dangerous. But the day was hot and the water alluring ; so, yielding at last to the advice of some young roughs already in the water, they decided to make the venture. Hastily undressing, Cope was the first to enter. Being unable to swim, however, he was soon in difficulties, having stepped into a deep hole, from which a ' Danger ' board had been removed by some boys who were using it as a raft. His friends hurried in at once to his rescue, and the foremost had almost reached his outstretched hand, when one of the youths who had invited Cope to enter the water apparently kicked him, and he sank. It was afterwards discovered that these young ruffians had rifled his clothes lying upon the bank, stealing his watch and chain, money, and such other boyish valuables as he possessed.

It was not until my father arrived upon the scene that a boat was procured, and after prolonged suspense and ' dragging ' operations, the body was recovered. ' Never can I forget,' he said, in referring afterwards to this distressing experience—

'the awful stab at my heart when, as the drag caught hold of the dear body, the boatman exclaimed: "I've got him!" My blood seemed to run cold. I could not speak; I could only pray for strength to bear it, as all that was left of my beloved boy was placed tenderly in the bottom of the boat.'

The news of the fatality had quickly spread, and an anxious, curious throng awaited the sorrowful cortège, and witnessed the laying of the remains upon the river's bank. Although rent with sobs which drew tears to many eyes, my father's prayer was graciously answered. With choking voice, but with a yearning heart for any careless or ungodly bystander who might be there, he looked up from his knees to face the crowd, and said:—

'My boy was a Christian and was ready to go. How would it have been with some of you, had you been suddenly called away from earth as he has been?'¹

Meantime the home, all joyous in the earlier hours, was now indeed a house of mourning. How distinctly even now I see my aunt crossing the lawn to interrupt my play with the bewildering announcement: 'You will never see your dear brother Cope any more alive!'

¹ Nigh twenty years later, a Christian friend said to him one day: 'I have something of great interest to tell you.' He then related how in a hosier's shop he had lately asked the assistant who served him whether he was a Christian; how in further conversation he had learned that this man had been one of the pleasure-loving throng, and had been startled into acute anxiety of soul by that touching appeal at the river-side, which found its glad issue in his surrender to the Lord. Thus, by the death of one, another was made alive. The joy with which this fruit, after many days, gladdened my father's heart will be readily imagined.

A 'dear brother' indeed he had always been to me. A manly lad, merry as a cricket, noble, generous, and kind, he knew none of those petty meannesses and tyrannies with which elder boys so often 'lord it' over their younger brothers; and more than one remembrance comes to me of occasions when, although eight years my senior, he had actually borne a punishment in my stead.

An earlier incident, as reflecting the characters of both father and son, is so touching as to need no comment. To a friend my father described it thus:—

'My boys and I were playing cricket in the field. Cope threw the ball in a careless way (against which I had already cautioned him), so that it struck me sharply in the face. Provoked by his thoughtlessness and by the pain, I hastily struck him with the bat. He coloured and apologised, and turned away very crest-fallen. I went to my room. Realising I had acted wrongly, I was going out to find him, when he entered the room, and with tears in his eyes affectionately and earnestly expressed his regret. I put my hands on his shoulders, and the end of it was—we wept and prayed together.'

The iron had penetrated too deeply into my father's heart for our home-life ever to be the same after Cope's death; a shadow rested over all.

Our Darling Eldest Boy.

Our Dear Companion and Friend—

these words upon the memorial cards indicated the relationship existing between them.¹ Henceforth the

¹ For a most pathetic letter penned by my father in reference to this heavy trial, see Appendix A.

stricken parent's daily journey to and from the City must be taken alone; the 'dear companionship,' the interchange of inmost thoughts, the happy communion of soul with soul, could now be memories only, deeply cherished, but never to take form again. The incident in the cricket-field, just related, having happened only a short time before, added one more weight to his sorrow's load.

Yet how wonderfully that load was lifted to the shoulders of the Divine Burden-bearer, is shown by the faith which chose these memorial lines:—

'God took him.' 'Taken from the evil to come.' 'What shall I say? He hath both spoken to me, and *Himself* hath done it. I shall go softly all my years in the bitterness of my soul.'

'O Lord, by these things men *live*, and in all these things is the life of *my spirit*.'—(Gen. v. 24; Isa. lvii. 1, xxxviii. 15, 16).

I have heard him say of one whose heart seemed to be full of self-sufficiency and pride: 'He needs an illness or some great sorrow to teach him the meaning of life.' Pride was never my father's besetting sin (though sometimes, with the proof of true humility, he said it was);¹ but in the school of sorrow he learned to *live*, in that deep sense in which his *spirit* drank more fully of the life which is life indeed.

In the year following Cope's death, the home was

¹ If, on occasion, Self unduly asserted itself in an unguarded moment, he knew no rest until he had made his peace with God and man. I have known him leave a train and go back two stations, to express his regret for a hasty retort to a ticket-collector who, unduly magnifying his office, had addressed him insolently.

transferred to Crouch End; for Winchmore Hill had become unbearable to my father on account of its sad associations. Here he resided from 1871-1879; and it was in the early part of this period that the good Providence of God called him to new responsibilities, which, by directing his thoughts into other channels, alleviated his distress of mind. In 1872 commenced to flow that wondrous wave of blessing to Great Britain which accompanied the labours of Messrs. Moody and Sankey. This led my father to be much away from home, following the course of the evangelistic Revival through the cities of the North, until it culminated in the Metropolis in 1875.¹

In 1879, another move was made to Bournemouth, on account of my mother's health. Here, too, he entered into manifold Christian activities; enduring also the strain of almost daily journeyings to and from London and of business duties, as well as several visits to foreign lands. How he managed it all, taking but little rest, none but himself could know; for even his train journeys were fully occupied with literary work, although he was now rapidly nearing his threescore years and ten.

During the sixteen years spent at Bournemouth (in which for the most part he attended the ministry of Rev. George Wainwright, at the Westcliff Baptist Tabernacle), death made many inroads amongst our relatives, claiming, among others, my only remaining brother, Harry, in 1891. Thus, of his five children,

¹ See Chapters XIII.-XV.

four had been taken from him ; and, in 1895, my beloved mother passed within the veil, leaving my father and myself as the sole survivors of the original family circle.

But the fires of affliction, having wrought their sanctifying purpose, only welded his faith in a still firmer bond with God. A prolonged tour in South Africa occupied him during the succeeding months, during which time his home was once more transferred to London, pending his return.

In 1897, he married Miss Wilma Danecki Mazur, an accomplished Polish lady, some years his junior, with whom he spent eleven years of extreme happiness. By an intense love and devotion in ministering to his every need, a loyal comradeship during long periods of travel, and a sweet spirituality which answered to his own, she enwrapped his declining years in an atmosphere of peace and rest, which formed a fitting reward for the strenuous years in which he had so abundantly laboured for others rather than himself.

In his long life he had at least six narrow escapes from death by accident. I have already recorded one in childhood's days.¹ The second, in 1865, is thus described by his evangelist friend, Mr. Herbert R. Francis:—

' During a memorable visit to the Isle of Wight, Mr. Morgan and I, with his elder sons, Cope and Harry, got up early one morning to bathe. It was a dangerous place, and at this hour the tide was receding fast. He was in one part, I in another, and the boys in another. One of them called out to me: "Papa is drowning!" I hurried to him at once, and found him very exhausted,

¹ In Chapter I.

‘trying to reach the shore. Feeling that he was sinking, he exclaimed: “Good-bye, Cope! Good-bye, Harry! I shall meet you in heaven!”

‘I assured him he would not be drowned. At first my fingers were just able to touch him, but he slipped back. The water was then up to my chin. I could not swim, but, being much taller than he was, I tried again. This time my fingers caught his, and we grasped each others’. To counterbalance his weight I fought hard with my other hand. At last I got him on my back, and brought him safe to shore. But he had received a great shock, and for some days was obliged to keep his bed.’

On the third and fourth occasions my father and I were travelling together to, and upon, the Continent. In 1876, our train was just entering Dover station, when the connecting-rod of the engine became detached at one end. Fortunately it was the rear end, so the rod dragged harmlessly along. If it had been the fore end (and especially had the mishap occurred a while before, when the train was running rapidly down a decline), the fallen bar would have levered the entire train to destruction. The other time was in Italy, the following year. We were travelling down a pass by ‘diligence’ with four horses attached. One of the leaders stumbled and fell, and was dragged several yards before the coach came to a standstill. The road, a steep declivity, ran parallel to a deep gorge many hundreds of feet below; and before stopping, the coach ran toward the edge, being arrested by a stone pillar, which was nearly torn up by the impact. Thus the vehicle rested within a foot of the edge of the precipice.

His fifth escape from what would have been certain death occurred in South Wales. The narrator is his highly esteemed friend, Mr. T. M. Wintle, whose splendid work of thirty years' duration among the miners and other working population has been mentioned in THE CHRISTIAN from time to time:—

'While staying with us at Pontymoile, in January 1890, Mr. Morgan expressed a wish to go down a coal-mine in the neighbourhood. Accordingly I arranged with the manager of the Glyn Colliery that we should do so on a certain evening. Mr. Morgan subsequently agreed, however, to preach that evening, so our expedition was fixed for a day earlier.

'On descending, he was greatly interested, and insisted upon going farther and farther, visiting many of the spots where the miners were at work, and speaking words of sympathy and encouragement to them.

'At last, somewhat fatigued, he sat down to rest awhile. On that very spot an explosion of coal-gas took place the following night at the same hour, by which five men were killed. Had we carried out our original intention he would assuredly have been among the victims.

'I cannot tell whether this incident deepened his interest in the Welsh colliers; but he often came with me afterwards, when I was visiting the families bereaved by the terrible disasters which occur ever and anon in South Wales. He was always the first to send money for me to distribute among the sufferers; and his sympathy and personal ministry of comfort will long be remembered at the Llanerch, Cilfynydd, Senghenydd, and other affected districts.'

Yet a sixth time did God in His good Providence 'give His angels charge' over him. In 1895, while in South

Africa, he had planned to sail for home in the *Drummond Castle*. Some friends, with no apparent reason other than desire for his company, strongly urged him to prolong his stay by another week. Reluctantly he did so; and later came the sad news of the foundering at sea of that ill-fated vessel.

Needless to say, after each of these threatened catastrophes, his first act was to offer a grateful note of praise to the Lord whose hand had so signally delivered him from the jaws of death.

Thus, through varying experiences, he never doubted that he had been ‘led by the right way’; for his was the full assurance of faith which could say:—

Father, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
The changes that will surely come
I do not fear to see:
I ask Thee for a present mind
Intent on pleasing Thee!

CHAPTER V

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

IF we retrace our steps to the year 1855, we find Mr. Morgan, having finally left Bath for London, engaged as a publisher's assistant in Paternoster Row; and this was followed in due course by the assumption of responsibility in a business of his own, from which tiny seed sprang the wide-spreading tree with which his name became permanently identified.

One of his earliest publishing ventures—and a bold one for a young beginner to undertake—was the issue of a treatise under the title of *This World and the Next: a Reply to Dr. Binney's famous Lecture, 'How to Make the Best of Both Worlds.'* In 1859, he entered into partnership with his friend, Mr. Samuel Chase, also a Welshman, hailing from Haverfordwest. Committing themselves to God, they set out as printers and publishers, determined to devote themselves to the furtherance of His Kingdom through the Press.

A more important undertaking, which required no little courage, was the establishment, on 1st January, 1859, of the *Bible-Readers' Journal*, a 24-pp. monthly,

designed to be 'A Medium of Scriptural Exposition, Christian Intercommunication, and Biblical Research.' Courageous it was in more ways than one. If only as a matter of proof-reading and production, it was a task requiring the closest care and skill to correct or verify and to print the innumerable Scripture references involved; while, in regard to editorship, no Faint-heart must be who should venture—as to material, to winnow 'the precious from the vile'; or, as to persons to discriminate between the credible expositor and the 'crank'! For who shall dare to arbitrate when vehement theologians disagree! Yet with a keen spiritual discernment he threaded his way, month by month, through an intricate maze of divergent 'views,' and closed each topical correspondence with a lucid summary of the varied arguments set forth. All this paved the way for the wider editorial influence he was to wield when, after some twenty issues, the monthly *Journal* gave place to a larger weekly periodical.

It was Carlyle who wrote: 'All Puritanism has grown inarticulate; the soul of it also, which was, and should have been, and yet shall be, immortal, has for the present passed away.' The old Puritanism had indeed passed, so far as methods of expression were concerned; but, 'the soul of it, which was immortal,' could not die, for GOD was not exhausted. He had revealed Himself afresh in mighty Revival; and it was given to the subject of this memoir to become the servant of His people by recording still 'His wondrous acts,' and in maturing their spiritual activity and life. To an inter-

viewer, forty years later, he recorded the leading of the Lord in the following reminiscences:—

‘Paternoster Row was very different then from now. In those days the one thing that ruled was *precedent*. One seemed to see that one word marked up at almost every corner! Every man was expected to do nothing but follow the plans of those who had gone before him.¹

‘One day I was one of a small party of men talking together after a meeting on a Sunday morning. A commercial traveller was telling us of a wonderful work of God in the North of Ireland. Prayer-meetings were thronged, there was a general and deep-seated anxiety about religion, and multitudes were convicted of sin. Salvation was the main topic of conversation among all classes.

‘As the traveller talked of these things, it came into my mind that such a movement deserved and required to be specially and continuously recorded. Some months before, my old friend, Mr. Samuel Chase and I had joined in partnership. We had prayed God to find us some work to do for Him. Here the work seemed to lie at hand. Accordingly, on 30th July, 1859, we issued the first number of *The Revival*, an eight-page sheet, containing accounts from eye-witnesses of some of the most wonderful manifestations of God’s convicting and converting power that were ever told.

‘The first few numbers of *The Revival* did not have large circulation. Then came the Barnet Conference, originated by the Rev. William Pennefather, in 1856; it was subsequently removed to Mildmay, where the Conference Hall was built. At the conference in

¹ This recalls the characteristic obstructiveness of the Chinese ‘scholars’ who ruled that empire’s destinies and resisted all reforms. Of them it was recorded, centuries ago: ‘If you order a new project, they declare it is unprecedented. Their one text is—Has it been done before?’

‘September 1859, the paper became better known, ‘and a considerable demand was created,¹ so that the ‘previous numbers had to be reprinted.’

My father never failed to ascribe the success and growth of his work to the Divine Hand; he listened for the Voice that said: ‘This is the way, walk ye in it’; and as his influence extended and brought him power, it was the power of which Ruskin² speaks, as not ‘of the lion’s limb and the dragon’s breath,’ but ‘power to heal, to redeem, to guide, to guard.’

During the years of, and following, the Great Revival,³ the partnership of ‘Morgan & Chase’ proved to be a Divinely appointed union. One in heart and mind, inspired with lofty ideals, each esteeming highly the other, and both ‘diligent in business, serving the Lord,’ their co-operation was greatly blessed. From their business offices at Amen Corner, and later at 38 Ludgate Hill, issued a continuous stream of spiritual literature in book and tract form, which found wide acceptance among Christian workers, and proved of great service in the activities of evangelists and others who, having been stirred to the realities of the world to come, strove earnestly to lead their fellows to the feet of Christ.

The premises became a recognised ‘house of call’ for believers residing in, or passing through, the Metropolis; and here were formed valued friendships with godly

¹ In a single week the demand rose from 8000 to 80,000 copies.

² In *Sesame and Lilies*.

³ Described at length in Part II.

men and women, most of whom are fallen asleep, but some few remain unto this day.

Among authors whose works were at that time published by the Firm, may be mentioned P. H. Gosse, Anna Shipton, George Brealey, Gordon Forlong, Payson Hammond, S. A. Blackwood, Brownlow North, Duncan Matheson, Henry Varley, and Denham Smith; while the remarkable life-stories of men like Richard Weaver and Joshua Poole inspired thousands of readers with a sense of the power of God in redeeming sinners of the more desperate type.

In May, 1870, *THE CHRISTIAN*¹ for the first time wore the black border of mourning, when, to my father's deep sorrow, his beloved yoke-fellow, Mr. Chase, fell on sleep.

'He and I' (wrote the Editor) 'had been fast friends for three-and-twenty years, and our commercial relationship had done nothing to lessen our regard for each other. I have lost in him the dearest friend I had outside my own family.'

In describing the funeral—an occasion rendered the more pathetic by one of the speakers at the grave being the octogenarian father of the deceased—Mr. Morgan added a personal reminiscence:—

'The last funeral we attended together was that of my dear son,² at which Mr. Chase, who had known him

¹ To which name *The Revival* had recently been changed, for reasons stated on p. 54.

² This was Frank, who had died five years before. Cope, who was present at Mr. Chase's funeral, was drowned two months later. See Chapters III. and IV.

‘from a child, spoke as none who were present, and least
‘of all his mother and myself, will forget.’

The two friends had been guided in the preceding year to receive, as an additional partner, Mr. Robert Scott, a Glasgow merchant. Thus for a brief period the Firm was styled, ‘Morgan, Chase, & Scott,’ being ultimately designated, ‘Morgan & Scott,’ by which title for nearly forty years it has been known throughout the world.¹

As a commercial man, Mr. Morgan was far-sighted rather than ‘keen.’ To him his calling was a mission rather than a ‘business.’ His motto was always, ‘God first’; his unvarying rallying-point, the Throne of Grace. Yet, endowed with clear discernment and a well-balanced judgment, he was not often wrong in his surmisings or faulty in his plans; and to these qualities—added to deep earnestness and unwavering loyalty to conviction—may be traced the success with which God crowned his efforts and made him a man among men. The sense of the Heavenly direction was strong upon him; he would move only as the Pillar showed the way; and he possessed, withal, that priceless treasure—

A heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathise.

His life-work was considerably helped forward by his partner of thirty-seven years, Mr. Scott. In many respects they were the complement the one of the other. Here, too, was an ardent Bible-lover, a man of sterling

¹ The writer was admitted to the partnership in 1888.

principle, ready without a secondary thought to make any sacrifice for conscience' sake. In business matters he had a shrewd perception, his energy was boundless, his interest unflagging; and he possessed a faculty for stopping 'leakages' which was of no small moment to a business constituted on such lines as theirs.

In regard to the great moral and social demands of the times, the two men wrought as one. Unswervingly Protestant, they ever strove against the encroachments of Popery, Jesuitry, and Ritualism. They believed that when the apostate Papal Church claimed *Semper Eadem* as her motto, she meant it; that what she had been she still was at heart, even though to serve her purpose in Great Britain she would, for the time being, conceal her fangs and wreath her face with smiles.

Temperance, involving entire abstinence from intoxicants, was another strong plank in their platform. A crucial test of their principles arose in the summer of 1878, which committed them and THE CHRISTIAN once and for all to that, as yet, unpopular cause. Both men devoted much time during the earlier years of their association to visiting together the missions and slums of the East End, and were appalled by the havoc wrought by drink in the lives and homes of the people. As a result, Mr. Morgan penned a drastic editorial note, in which he denounced the connection of Christian men with a disastrous trade that was wrecking the lives and ruining the souls of old and young alike, and paralysing the efforts of God's servants for their redemption.

Then broke a fierce storm of protest—for, as is well

known, there was at that time a much less general adherence to Temperance principles, even among godly people, than succeeded in later years; and it is not too much to claim that the Editor's persistency in THE CHRISTIAN contributed largely, in course of time, to that welcome change. Under the shock of the explosion the fate of the paper quivered. Threats poured in, verbally and by post, that unless its extreme tone were immediately altered, subscriptions would cease. Not for an instant, however, did the proprietors hesitate; to them the Divine call was paramount; fearlessly they had flung down the gauntlet; unperturbed they echoed the Apostolic challenge: 'Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye. We must obey God rather than men.' Nor was their faith in Him misplaced, as the event proved.

But Temperance apart from the Gospel was to them like a wheelbarrow with only one handle, ill-balanced, and bereft of its full working power; for unless the living Saviour were exalted, the efforts of the drunkard to reform himself had but small hope of success. Hence the Temperance workers with whom my father and his partner associated themselves were those who placed the Gospel in the forefront of their message. Of such were William Noble,¹ John B.

¹ Founder of the 'Blue Ribbon Army,' as the fruit of large gatherings held in the Hoxton Music Hall, available through the withdrawal of its licence. Thousands of persons signed the Temperance pledge, and many were turned to righteousness.

'I went to one of his meetings,' said John B. Gough, and took 'Dr. Taylor of New York with me. I shall never forget it—

Gough,¹ Francis Murphy, R. T. Booth,² and Dr. Henry, with all of whom THE CHRISTIAN was closely identified.

Such efforts took a still more practical form (through suggestions arising out of Mr. Moody's first Liverpool mission), in the establishment of cheap restaurants for the working-classes as an antidote to the public-house.³ The "British Workmen's Public-house Co." was launched, with a large number of cocoa-rooms, which have proved a complete success, the movement extending also to London. In due course followed a like provision of a better class; and thus grew the modern popular 'tea-rooms' and light-refreshment companies which are such a boon to city workers of various grades. All such reforms as these my father heartily supported, for he was a man of practice, and not of theory only.

In yet another direction on behalf of Temperance he turned his pen, as, in a pungent article entitled 'Daughters of the Ostrich,' he pressed home parental

'1500 low, debased, ragged creatures. Dr. Taylor and I cried, 'and could not help it.' Mr. Noble said: "Those who will sign 'the pledge, come forward.'" They came. You could have heard 'a whisper. I never had my heart so stirred in my life.'

¹ Mr. Gough's life-story, as that of a great drunkard reclaimed by the grace of God, is well known. He roused Great Britain in 1878 with his powerful advocacy.

² Another Blue Ribbon leader, from across the seas, who made the wearing of the little badge immensely popular in 1880-1. In his first week at Cardiff 4000 persons signed the pledge, sinners were converted, and Christians stimulated to deeper consecration and service.

³ In connection with this movement, the name of the late Rev. Charles Garrett stands in high honour.

responsibilities in regard to the growing habit of alcoholic drinking by young ladies in the shops of fashionable and suburban confectioners—an evil which, alas, is by no means extinct even to-day.

That the Day of God should be kept holy was another essential principle, and to further this cause the two friends lent their influence. It was not enough for them to uphold it as a rest-day from ordinary toil; their definition was that of Isaiah lviii. 13, 14.¹ Indeed, it was his adherence to principle in this matter that had led Mr. Scott to terminate his former engagement in Glasgow.

The cause of Social Purity—involving the repeal of the repulsive and immoral C. D. Acts ²—and the hideous wrong of the Opium Traffic in China, were also matters which deeply stirred the souls of these earnest men, who throughout their business life sought first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness; and He, true to His promise, never failed them.

The share taken by Mr. Morgan's first editorial organ, *The Revival*, in fostering the great spiritual awakening of 1859 and the succeeding years, has been already noted, and is more fully described in chapters following. But it is well at this point to look back and note the

¹ 'If thou turn away thy foot from doing thy pleasure on My holy day, and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable; and shalt honour Him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord. And I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee. . . . The mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.'

² Referred to more fully in Chapter XXI.

reason for the change of its name to *THE CHRISTIAN*, in 1870.

As the restless fervour of the great Revival movement settled down to deeper calm, its influences became mellowed, and materialised into permanent and quieter activities. Accordingly, the contents of the paper had necessarily been coloured by the process of events. Converts had to be built up, and younger believers strengthened; the spiritual verities must be taught, and the principles of holy living enforced. Mission work, too, had largely developed, and the Churches had risen to their extended opportunities. Thus the course of the Christian life, alike in its active and its devotional aspects, must be directed; and it was this ministry which my father now set before him as he adopted the more comprehensive name of *THE CHRISTIAN* for his periodical. In a leading article, demonstrating its basis, he wrote:—

‘ For ten years the paper has had an extensive and influential circulation among all classes of Society in all parts of the world; finding its readers in those who are not satisfied with a name to live while spiritually dead, but who seek first the Kingdom of God, and who hunger and thirst after righteousness.

‘ The truth which *saves*, and the truth which *sanctifies*, will be our theme. Like the children of Levi, who dwelt among and served all the tribes alike, so we seek a place of ministry, without reference to peculiarity of denomination or creed, within the circles of those who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, and who desire to preach the Gospel to every creature that they may win souls for Him. It will be our earnest and prayerful endeavour to preserve in the paper a spirit

‘as catholic as pertains to that glorious work from which it first derived its name.’¹

True to this basis, ‘a full-orbed Gospel’ was found in its pages. It set forth a complete Saviour, it stood for the whole man—‘the man of God, perfected (consistently developed), thoroughly furnished unto all good works,’ with the antecedent condition of belief in the Inspired Word (2 Tim. iii. 16, 17); and it was out of the Divine treasure-house that ‘things new and old’ were brought forth for the instruction of its readers. That it was sturdily ‘Evangelical’ goes without saying; and so jealous was its Editor for the correct and distinctive meaning of that word, that he often protested forcibly against its unwarranted application in modern days to types of theology from which earlier and truer ‘Evangelicals’ would most earnestly and conscientiously have dissented.

Nor was THE CHRISTIAN one whit behind in pronouncing against the blatant claims of Rationalism, the unabashed and aggressive atheism of Charles Bradlaugh,²

¹ So greatly had the little messenger endeared itself to its readers, that not long after its initiation he was impelled to write, in an editorial note of thanks: ‘Many speak of it as a darling child rather than as paper and print.’ It was a frequent saying by Dr. Barnardo, as he was busy here and there, that ‘to see THE CHRISTIAN lying on a drawing-room table is a guarantee that you are among people who sympathise with all good work.’ During the fifty years of its existence, many of its readers have made a habit of dispatching it, after perusal, to some friend or stranger, labouring perhaps in a distant part of the world, who in turn will forward it to yet another interested reader.

² Very strenuously Mr. Morgan opposed, through his editorial columns, the entrance of the noted atheist into Parliament, holding

the more subtle heresies of Prince and Pigott, the phantasies of 'Christian Science,' the fallacies enunciated under the name of 'New Theology,' or the 'old wives' fables' of Madame Blavatsky and Mrs. Besant.

To the material needs and social conditions of the times due attention was also given. Non-political and unsectarian though the paper was, it could not remain blind to the callousness of one section of the community towards the other; and its influence was consistently cast in support of such schemes as made for national righteousness, quite irrespective of which Parliamentary party brought it forth. It was most generously upheld by its readers in supplying the means for carrying on good work, and its stewardship in this respect was greatly blessed.

As far back as 1872, an editorial note of mingled frankness and humour said:—

'We fear we shall lose our character for consistency altogether. Some months ago we said we would not insert any appeals for money; and, directly or indirectly, we have been appealing ever since. We have asked £4200 for the Edinburgh Castle,¹ and that

that the Government of a professedly Christian nation could not consistently set aside its oath of Christian allegiance to admit an avowed unbeliever among its senators. It was a matter of deep concern to him that the retrograde step was ultimately taken.

¹ The Edinburgh Castle was a public-house of evil repute in Limehouse, with tea-gardens and dancing-saloon attached. Dr. Barnardo set his heart upon securing it for Gospel purposes, and succeeded. The extensive premises were completely transformed, the public-house being converted into a coffee-tavern, and a large hall, seating 3000 persons, being erected on the remainder of the site. It was opened on 28th January 1884, by the Earl of Cairns, and has ever since been a blessing to the squalid neighbourhood in which it stands.

' has come. We have asked £500 for our brother ' Vigeon's Hall¹ in Whitecross Street, and that is coming. ' Now dear Henry Varley modestly asks £1000 (for ' the enlargement of his Tabernacle),² which we doubt ' not he will get. And from every quarter of the ' vineyard, self-sacrificing, energetic soul-lovers and ' soul-winners are crying: "The place is too strait for ' us! Give place that we may dwell!" Verily, dear ' readers, our God puts great honour upon you.'

Thus the vast Home Mission Movement that sprang from the Revival was not only inaugurated and manned, but it was also *financed* to a very large extent by Revival converts and sympathisers; and to this magnanimous end *The Revival* and *THE CHRISTIAN* greatly contributed.³

¹ Mr. Vigeon did not live to see his plans fully matured, although he improved and enlarged the hall. He was concluding his address one Sunday evening with an appeal to the unconverted, saying: 'I beseech you, by the mercies of God, be ye reconciled—'; but ere he could finish the quotation he fell to the ground, and in a few moments passed away. This tragic occurrence made a deep impression on those present. The work was continued by others, and was for long a thriving centre of evangelistic activity, especially in its medical department, which ministered to thousands of the poor. In after days it was taken over by the Leysian Mission, the philanthropic outlet of the Leys School, Cambridge.

² This was the West London Tabernacle, Notting-hill, at which Mr. Varley did splendid work of a converting and upbuilding character, which is still being sustained in other hands.

³ It speaks volumes when I add that up to 31st December, 1908, the total sum received and acknowledged in the Donation Lists of *The Revival* and *THE CHRISTIAN* for mission work had amounted to nearly £500,000; all of which was handed in full to the objects specified, no deductions of any kind being made for organization or other expenses. Various mission schemes inaugurated or assisted by the paper are referred to in Chapter XII.

As in the Editorial, so also in the Book-publishing side of his business, Mr. Morgan undertook the issue of only such literature as sounded a clear Evangelical note and made for the advancement of the Redeemer's Kingdom in the hearts of men. In this ideal he was ably supported by Mr. Scott, on whom, indeed, fell the greater burden of this department. Not every publication succeeded (at least from a financial point of view), but all contributed their quota to the spread of sound and healthy reading, in days when streams of rubbish (and worse) were pouring from the printing-presses of the land.

A great service was rendered to tract-distributors and Christian workers generally by the issue of pictorial sheets and booklets to the extent of many hundreds of thousands, and these found their way through willing hands to waiting hearts—liberal 'free grants' being also made by means of 'THE CHRISTIAN Tract Fund.' Instructive and expository books were also largely circulated; while others devoted to the foreign missionary interest, and to such special subjects as Social Purity, Lord's Day Observance, Temperance, and the Deepening of Spiritual Life, added to a good selection for Children and Young People, all found a place in the annual catalogue of the Firm.

Then again, besides such publications, a particular sphere was found in the realm of Gospel Hymnology. Beginning, in 1859, with *The Revival Hymn Book*, which became immensely popular at the meetings of Richard Weaver and Joshua Poole, a series of *Heart Melodies* proved true to their title; while

Hymns of Grace and Glory found acceptance at assemblies for Christian Worship, and *Songs of Love and Mercy* helped the young folk to 'sing their great Redeemer's praise' in Sunday-schools and similar children's gatherings.

Later, in 1873, the vast audiences drawn together by Messrs. Moody and Sankey necessitated the production of *Sacred Songs and Solos*, the story of which is a romance of extraordinary interest, upon which it is not for me to enlarge, Mr. Sankey having himself given it to the world at first hand. Following this came other selections compiled by Mr. James McGranahan, and used by himself and Major Whittle, both of whom were fellow-labourers in the Gospel with their renowned American brethren. To the foregoing must be added the collections used by various evangelists, notably Rev. James Mountain (in a tour through Australia), Rev. Payson Hammond, and Messrs. Torrey and Alexander.

Mr. Morgan himself also gave to the Church of Christ the fruits of deep Scriptural research, in several volumes which met with a wide acceptance. Essentially spiritual in treatment and devotional in tone, they elucidated Divine truth in a characteristically helpful manner, so that from many parts of the world he received tokens that he had been blessed in his deed. The last of these Biblical expositions was prepared for press within a month or two of his decease, and it was only to be expected that above all else it exalted his Lord.

Thus for fifty years he devoted a sanctified brain to the spiritual uplift of his generation through the Press,

putting 'First Things First' in his teaching, and 'God FIRST' over all.

In some respects he may be said to have 'lived before his time'—perhaps it would be more correct to say he anticipated the generation following. There are problems, social and spiritual, which men discuss to-day as if they were new, which my father brought forward in his paper forty years ago. The journalist's instinct was strong within him, but it was consistently made subordinate to the consciousness of a Divinely appointed mission.

The relations of Mr. Morgan and his staff, alike in the publishing and the editorial departments, were ever of the most cordial nature. Regarding each employé as a friend, he in turn was the valued friend of each. This kindly feeling tended to make the wheels of daily routine run smoothly, and naturally promoted good fellowship and a loyal spirit. There was never any difficulty in obtaining new recruits, and not a few in the present employ of the Firm have held their positions for periods varying from twenty to over forty years.

In cases of domestic trouble or affliction, Mr. Morgan was a ready friend in need, to help and sympathise; while many little thoughtful acts served the more to endear him to his workers. I have before me a letter from a gentleman who served the Firm for many years, from which I cull the following extract:—

'To me his departure creates a blank in life, but it 'is brightened by the memory of many acts of kindness 'and exemplary Christian character. He was a *man*

‘in the truest sense of the term—consistent in all his actions, adorning the doctrine of his Lord, who to him was a living reality.

‘Business did not alter his fixed principles. Even when reproof was necessary, it was administered by a quiet and incentive manner which made the impression all the deeper.’ . . . [The writer refers to a specific instance in his own experience, and adds:] . . . ‘Being only in my teens, I was surprised at the considerate manner in which he rebuked me for want of care.

‘Years later, he saw me at a railway station with my wife and child, and remarked that a “change would benefit the little girl.” Next morning’s post brought a cheque (£10), with the words: “From a friend, to help defray the cost of your dear child’s visit to the country.” We knew the writing—conjecture was needless.

‘One greatly prized memento in our home is his handwriting in a family Bible on the occasion of our marriage, to which is also added an inscription by the late Mr. Scott.’

The annual outings of the staff were also well calculated to strengthen mutual esteem between employer and employed. On such occasions social distinctions had no place, these gatherings being essentially of a homely and friendly order. It was a great point with my father to ‘get to know’ those who worked for him; and as each member of the staff was invited to bring a relative or friend, a goodly muster always rallied to these events. His desire to set all ‘at their ease’ led him to converse freely with one and another, and to make new-comers especially ‘feel at home.’

The personal salvation of his helpers, too, was to him a matter of grave concern. The reader will find that

more than one extract given from his diary¹ shows how they were laid upon his heart. In the early years of the business he established a weekly evening meeting for tea, social intercourse, and Bible-study, at which he sought to instruct them in the things of God. Thus through all the years the 'Friday Evening Meeting' has been an institution from which, as well as from private conversations, not a little spiritual fruit has been gathered.

The members of the editorial staff (with whom he was naturally most closely associated) counted it a privilege to meet him once a week in his private room (unless prevented by his absence from town) for counsel, encouragement, and prayer. At these times were considered the duties of the week, the outlook at home and abroad with special reference to the Redeemer's Kingdom, current topics and ensuing plans as they related to the spiritual purpose of the work. Almost the last memories of him, in his editorial capacity, are his tender prayers before the Throne, in which he pleaded for the prosperity of the cause of Christ, for the paper he had so long conducted but must so soon leave to others, and for its readers throughout the world.

The sanctified ability with which he loyally fulfilled his high calling for just on fifty years as author, editor, publisher, sufficiently indicated the reserve of mental and spiritual power which he placed at the service of the Church of God in such directions as the Divine Spirit prompted him to use it. To the end, he maintained the ideal with which he started, manifesting a true

¹ See Chapter VII.

catholicity to all believers, rejoicing in good work of any kind, supporting every denomination while labelling himself with the name of none.

The claims of correspondence upon his time were enormous; and the variety of subjects involved was often-times a great strain upon the mind. It seemed the natural thing for strangers as well as friends to consult him on every conceivable occasion—as for instance the same post brought a request from a lady as to ‘the best type of crutch for a crippled child,’ and one from an out-of-work labourer for information concerning ‘a new police force on the Congo’!

So far as he found it possible, he preferred to answer personal letters with his own hand, a habit he had acquired before the days of typewriters, and which he could not readily relinquish. His letters were always couched in terms of Christian courtesy; even in cases of unpleasantness or controversy, the spirit of his Master was evident in his replies. To letters which did not necessarily call for an answer he paid the same attention; ‘it is easy to make or lose a friend,’ he would say, ‘and if you can make one at the cost of a penny stamp, by all means do so!’

Every day brought its abundance of appeals of various kinds, and it was characteristic of the man to pay most heed to those which were the least likely to meet with response in other quarters. That he was sometimes imposed upon goes without saying; but he preferred to take that risk than, perchance, turn a deaf ear to one worthy plea. To the poor and needy his generous heart

turned in their distress. The tale of suffering stirred him deeply, and it was to helping obscure cases and up-building weak causes that his countless benefactions were devoted. His was not the benevolence of the public subscription list; but the quiet unobtrusive giving of innumerable sums to a myriad of applicants, in whose hearts his memory will be for ever blessed.

A certain Captain Jack Crawford, the 'Cowboy Poet' (whose calling developed a form of expression which is certainly unconventional, but who was nevertheless inspired on occasion with a true and practical insight), once wrote the following quaint verse:—

When a bit of sunshine hits ye
After passing of a cloud;
When a fit of laughter gits ye,
And yer spine is feelin' proud—
Don't fergit to up an' fling it
At a soul that's feelin' blue;
For the minit that ye sling it,
'Tis a boomerang fer you!

In such a sense did many a 'boomerang' return to my father's heart; he was a succourer of many, and in this he reaped his abundant reward.

Necessarily, with the passing of the years there had to come a considerable deputing of editorial responsibilities and duties; but in all the great questions of the times Mr. Morgan strove conscientiously to exercise and express a true and righteous judgment. In a large sense, his governing thought was to guard, in days of increasing strenuousness, the spiritual serenity of the paper; and, regardless of competition in the journalistic

world, to exclude aught that might savour of the commercial tone. The twentieth century 'publicity expert' he never loved. The idea of adopting a 'new and pleasant' religious journalism, to amuse the mind and stir the emotions without awakening the conscience or making for the righteousness which comes by faith, was entirely foreign to his aims in age as in youth. The same healthful purpose obtained in his book-publishing. Cheap and popular editions of sound literature he issued in large numbers, but the 'yellow' sensationalism which easily attains to vast circulations was consistently rejected.

Diverse indeed were the matters, incident to the intricate problems of social betterment and the evils of abounding wealth and grinding poverty, as well as those necessarily connected with the warfare of the soul and the propagation of the Gospel, which he deemed to require comment. The increase of inebriety among women; the attempt to impose 'seven day' newspapers upon the country; the spread of impure literature, so that three tons were seized by the police within a week; the follies of fashionable Society, manifested in 'pink suppers' and the like luxurious fantasies in dress and decoration; the gambling and war-evoking fevers; the ever-recurring miseries of unemployment—all such were continually engaging his editorial attention.

In delivering a true testimony regarding the origins and effects of events and conditions, year after year for close upon half a century, a faithful writer is almost of necessity exposed to the criticism that he is 'setting

everybody right,' *ex cathedra*; but the criticism would apply more or less to every earnest and courageous soul right through the annals of the Christian faith. Dumbness and fearfulness are no qualifications for those who raise a banner of truth. The Christian Press is only fulfilling part of its obvious duty in withstanding the world-forces of selfishness, intemperance, luxury, and clamorous militarism.

As a prayerful discerner of the signs of the times, Mr. Morgan was neither a fussy gossip nor a sour commentator. When his soul was in heaviness, it was for the sins of humanity, for the world's rejection of his Saviour.

In March, 1907, the link of long years was severed, in the decease of his elder partner, Mr. Scott, after an illness of some weeks' duration. This served as a reminder of his own short tenure of life, and he thenceforward gave much attention to consolidating arrangements for the continuation of the business in succession to himself.

It was with a profound realisation of the guiding hand of God resting upon him that, on 28th May, 1908, he issued the 2000th number of THE CHRISTIAN. An editorial signed 'R.C.M.,' after recalling the purpose of the paper, said:—

'Without for one moment claiming that we have attained to that for which we were apprehended of God, or indeed that we have fully realised the ideals which our Heavenly Father implanted in our hearts, we take this opportunity of praising God for such

‘ service as we have been permitted to render; service
‘ which has been attended with blessing that has cheered
‘ our own souls and proved helpful to fellow-workers in
‘ various parts of the Lord’s vineyard. We have sought
‘ to unite, not to divide, to speak of faith and hope in
‘ the terms of love. What we have been privileged to
‘ give we have first had the joy of receiving. “Not
‘ unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give
‘ glory”—“for Thy mercy and for Thy truth’s sake.”’

With hopeful expectation he had looked forward to the completion of his editorial jubilee, but his journalistic ministry fell short of that period by half a year.

CHAPTER VI

PASTOR AND FLOCK

IT may be difficult to those who have only known the extensive London suburb of Wood Green during the last decade or two, to picture it as the rustic hamlet it was when, moving from Barnsbury, our family migrated thither in 1863. A meagre train service (phenomenally slow), supplemented by a few antiquated omnibuses, formed the only means of public access—except on Sundays, when the sylvan quietness yielded to brake-loads of pleasure-trippers, who mostly made the ‘Jolly Butchers’ tea-gardens their goal—a site now occupied by electric-tram yards. The ‘Nag’s Head,’ just below, was another favourite resort, the landlord of those days being a burly ex-pugilist.

But Mr. Morgan, kindled with the Revival fire, and ever on the alert for opportunities to fan its flame, soon found abundant scope for his energy and tact. Among my earliest memories (at the age of four, or thereabout) are Gospel services conducted ‘under a spreading chestnut tree’ (long since defunct, alas!), which over-

hung the boundary between the tea-gardens and what was then a village green, with the New River flowing close at hand. A few years later, the course of that perennial source of North London's water supply was altered, and the crown of the hill lowered several feet. The old river-bed remained, however, for long afterwards, a veritable bog of black mud—as I well remember, having once made a too venturesome excursion into its midst during a Sunday-school outing; for I stuck fast, until planks were laid down as a means of rescue. Pity the velveteen suit, white stockings, and patent shoes, in which I had been so heroically arrayed!

As a site for open-air effort, however, the 'Jolly Butchers' Hill,' flanked by the main road, occupied a strategic position; and here Sunday by Sunday in the summer months was the Gospel preached by my father and his friends. Nor were the neighbouring inns left uncanvassed, and from these many gathered to listen to the Word of Life.

Of immediate spiritual results accruing I cannot speak from my own knowledge; but I know that in 1865 was erected the 'Gospel Hall,' as the outcome of these services, and cottage-meetings held in the humble home of a dear old shepherd, Mr. Wright, near by; as well as others housed by a faithful soul, Mrs. Kerry, at Palmer's Green,¹ and a third contingent at Tile-

¹ A very memorable all-night prayer-meeting held at Mrs. Kerry's, led to a blessed manifestation of the Holy Spirit's power among the workers present.

Kiln Lane, where a barn also was hired for Gospel preaching.¹

I think I am right in saying that in those days the Wood Green Parish Church and a Congregational Chapel—both near the ‘Jolly Butchers’—were the only places of worship in the locality. At any rate, none existed at the further end of the straggling village, half a mile away. There the pathway was bounded by the road on one side, and, in some parts, by a ditch on the other; so that the skill of a Blondin was needed to negotiate it safely in slippery weather! Pedestrians carried lanterns after dark to light their way, and many would not risk a possible catastrophe by venturing out at all on wintry Sunday nights.

Thus the Gospel Hall supplied a real want as a means of grace; its ministry flourished, and souls were born there. For upwards of forty years Mr. Morgan was its honorary pastor; from time to time—especially in its remoter years—evangelists and others supplemented his ministry, and made our home their trysting-place.

Here, in 1867, D. L. Moody delivered his first discourse in Great Britain;² and among others I remember were: Harry Moorhouse, Richard Weaver, Joshua Poole, John

¹ At one of these services my brother Cope was used of God, while a mere lad, to lead a woman to the Saviour. For many years, until her death, she continued a staunch and earnest Christian.

² After this brief visit, Mr. Moody wrote from America to my father: ‘I want to tell you how thankful I am for ever going to London; it seems to me that I was almost in darkness until I went over there. I have enjoyed myself so much more in Christ since I got back. I would not take anything for what I learnt while in your city. I love the dear friends in London more than I can

Hambleton, William Carter, Gordon Forlong, Herbert Francis, Pearsall Smith, Grattan Guinness, William Booth, Annie Macpherson,¹ Geraldine Hooper, T. J. Barnardo, Gawin Kirkham, Reginald Radcliffe, Henry Varley, S. Pyall Diprose, etc. Of those times of blessing the last-named visitor writes me :—

‘ I suppose it must be about 1859 or 1860 that your father invited me to Wood Green for a fortnight or longer. There was a great wave of blessing flowing, and many were being saved.

‘ Mr. Morgan used to come to the prayer-meeting before the evening service, and I do not forget his earnest pleadings for the salvation of souls. I believe this is where the power lay—not so much in preaching, for that was easy work in those days, especially as compared with the present time. But it was a great joy to all to see sinners flocking to the cross. Dear Richard Hedges (a cripple) used to be drawn in his chair to the Hall every night, and was a great power in the meetings, being fervent in prayer.

‘ The second time I went to Wood Green I had the express with this pen, and my heart goes out to you all very much. May God bless you all, is my fervent prayer.’

¹ Miss Macpherson was very much blessed to the navvies engaged in building the first Alexandra Palace (which I saw burned down on 9th June, 1872). So also were my father and Richard Weaver, amongst those laying the G.N.R. line to Enfield in 1869, by holding Gospel services at the colony of huts erected for their accommodation near the ‘Dog and Duck’ at Palmers Green. In fact, my father never lost an opportunity for bringing the Word of God home to the hearts of men. It was under Miss Macpherson’s guidance, too, that my mother formed the first Mothers’ Meeting at the Hall. This weekly gathering yielded much encouragement, and was the spiritual home of many working-women. Years later, my step-mother took great interest in it, and under her direction it greatly prospered.

' privilege of staying with Mr. Morgan. I shall never
' forget his gracious manner, the morning worship, then
' into the City, and how he took me about from place to
' place—not showing me the great sights, but the
' earnest work for God done by humble servants of the
' Lord. I forget many of the institutions that he
' introduced me to, but I know it was just as Dr.
' Barnardo had started his Boys' Home.

' In every place there was the breathing of a prayer,
' and often a short address. Sometimes we were about
' at meetings as late as 11 o'clock, and past, till the
' trains and 'buses were gone, and we walked and
' talked by the way till after midnight.

' I must also mention that worthy little paper *The
' Revival*. It was most useful to me, and many others.
' I used to have a parcel sent down every week when
' living at St. Leonards, and afterwards at Dover. A
' few young men, new converts like myself, used to
' meet for prayer as often as we could in the week, and
' at 6 a.m. on Sunday, to read *The Revival* and pray for
' the places mentioned, and to encourage each other in
' the ways of God. The accounts of the Fulton-st.
' Prayer-meeting (New York), the Revival in America,
' in Scotland, and Ireland, were a great incentive to us,
' and were a means of spreading the fire in the villages
' around.¹

' I remember, too, how Mr. Morgan took me to meet
' Mr. Moody the first time he came to London, in 1867.
' So you see, I have a very loving memory of him,
' and have to thank God for allowing me to come

¹ It is remarkable how the Revival movement in many places was commenced and increased through the reports in this little periodical of the Spirit's manifestations elsewhere. Again and again testimony is borne in its pages that, through a 'chance' copy being found by a certain person in a certain place, blessing had resulted, first to an individual and then to an entire district. The spread of information stimulated desire; and thus the Revival-fire, once kindled, extended from place to place.

‘in contact with him, personally and through *The Revival*.’

An interesting testimony comes also from a well-known evangelist, Mr. Herbert R. Francis:—

‘I joined the fellowship at Wood Green about 1864. Your father was the one who chiefly ministered the Word of Life. We met in a small cottage belonging to a humble godly man, a Mr. Hedges, who was partially paralysed. He could use his hands, however, and did so to some purpose, as he painted beautiful texts, which were sold for his support. Many of these, I doubt not, are still to be seen framed in your father’s house.

‘The Gospel Hall was the outcome of this and other cottage-meetings. We prayed very much about it. I think I recommended the builder; but he did not dig out the foundation sufficiently, as I thought; and so early one morning, about 4 a.m., I got a spade and dug vigorously, when a policeman turned his bull’s-eye upon me, and demanded what I was doing. I soon satisfied him that I was doing good and important work, and he passed on.

‘Well do I remember how, when the floor was laid down, my dear friend and I knelt amid shavings and dirt, and pleaded with God that He would use this effort to the salvation of many souls—and indeed He did!

‘Your father’s preaching was always expository, illuminating and fresh, always spiritual and fervid. We went together to Tile-Kiln Lane, a hamlet a few miles off, to preach and sing the Gospel; and souls were born into the Kingdom there, a goodly number being gathered into church-fellowship. Then, after some years, another Hall was built—much larger, the old one being used for the Sunday-school.

‘Mr. Morgan was much used in establishing almost a

' new order of ministry. There were many ministers who were evangelistic in their preaching, but there were few who gave themselves entirely to evangelistic work. The Revival in Ireland and Scotland called forth and stimulated gifted men such as Richard Weaver, Brownlow North, Reginald Radcliffe, and Denham Smith; but *The Revival* paper gave publicity to their work, and by this means greatly helped on the wonderful awakening, and secured for the evangelists a hitherto unrecognised position.'

During this period were also held special missions for children (in days when child-conversion was sceptically regarded), by Rev. E. Payson Hammond and Josiah Spiers, whose labours culminated later in the formation of the Children's Special Service Mission. Here it may be mentioned that my father was a firm believer in the conversion of children, having had so marked an example in his own family in the person of his little Frank.¹ His own tender and sympathetic nature was a great attraction to children, and from time to time he led many into the fold.

So it transpired that the Gospel Hall became the rendezvous of a succession of Christian workers, who, little known as yet, afterwards grew to be men and women of spiritual renown. Well may we grieve that so few of them survive.

It speaks much for Mr. Morgan's perspicacity and sanctified insight, that he so clearly discovered the spiritual faculty in earnest souls years before they made their mark in Christian work and thought. This

¹ See Chapter III.

was an outstanding characteristic of his life, and in hundreds of cases his selection was justified by their subsequent careers. Of great names, as such, he took but little heed; by true-hearted men and women of whatever rank he took his stand, if only they might unitedly further the mission of the Redeemer among men.

It must not be supposed, therefore, that those whose names I have given were the only workers honoured of God at the Gospel Hall; a far greater host than could be enumerated here gave time and energy to minister on platform and in pew, in Bible-class and Sunday-school, in cottage-meetings and in the open-air. Most of these are now at rest, but their works do follow them. Missionaries, too, from the world's fields near and far, gave testimony to my father's flock. North Africa, China, Canada, South America—as well as many missions and churches in the home-lands—have gratefully welcomed helpers who were spiritually born or nurtured under his pastorate.

Many were the trophies of grace won to God through that simple ministry. The giddy servant girl, pierced to the heart by the words of an old Revival hymn—

O ye young, ye gay, ye proud,
You must die and wear a shroud—

laughing one moment, pale the next, she dropped her head as if she had been shot; then, with tearful eyes uplifted to the cross, she beheld Him who was wounded for her transgressions, by whose stripes she was healed. The fish-hawker, a strange character indeed, a heavy

drinker, a child of the devil; but oh, how changed through the sweet message of the Saviour's dying love—continuing for years, and still living, to glorify his Lord.¹ The postman, for weeks under conviction, until at last the Divine Light flooded his soul. The cab-proprietor, stricken on account of sin, who thoroughly gave himself to God.² So it went on year by year—children born anew in the Sunday-school; young men and maidens yielding their best years to the Great Husbandman; men and women, some aged, some in life's prime, knowing and being found of Him whom

¹ Some of the prayers offered by this rough child of Nature, so blunt and unconventional, were rare curiosities, but real gems. Scoffed at by some, they nevertheless revealed a wealth of sincerity and deep earnestness—as for example—(In a prayer for such as had left the Hall unsaved): 'O Lord, foller 'em, shake 'em up with Thy two-edged sword!' (Confessing his own weaknesses): 'Peculiar thoughts passed in my inmost parts; the devil had me down and kicked me'! (In prayer for my father during an absence abroad): 'I am always thinkin' and prayin' for 'im, Lord. Won't he come back brimful, and shan't we hear lots of things about Thy blessed truth! He is with furriners; carry 'im in the power of Thy blessed Spirit. I think of 'im and say, "Bless 'is dear 'eart!" Let angels be around 'im and lift 'im out of all danger, and snatch his precious body from all 'arm!' 'Don't let Your blessed servant want to go Home,' he petitioned on another occasion, after a reference made by my father to increasing age. Another dear fellow, converted there, said in one of his prayers: 'Lord, going home from the Hall is like going from a table laden with choice and luxurious food to a bare table of bread and cheese!'

² It will be noted that such converts, by reason of their occupations, were necessarily well known in the locality, 'living epistles, known and read of all men.' With great opportunities for witnessing for their Lord among their customers and fellows, they exercised this gift with fidelity and good results.

it became their joy to serve. A small, but far-reaching ministry, fruitful unto the eternal Harvest Day!

A favourite text of my father's, and one which largely moulded his public ministry of the Word, speaks of ‘the poor of this world, rich in faith.’ It was such that he loved to serve, seeking not great things for himself by way of recognition or applause, but choosing with noble self-repression what was to him the better part, among devout and lowly souls who could enjoy the deep things of God. Thus he consecrated a keen intellect, a well-stored mind, a forcefulness of expression, and a fervent heart, to building up believers and winning the unsaved in lesser and often out-of-the-way gatherings, the while that his marked natural gifts would have made him a highly acceptable leader of more imposing assemblies. As a meeting-place for Christians, the Gospel Hall was to many a veritable Bethel. To saint and sinner he gave ever of his best in Bible-study; and the blessing rebounded upon himself, for he first assimilated every truth he taught. On the platform, at the Communion Table, by the baptistry,¹ he had always some new treasure to unfold; the Divine Revelation was an unending inspiration to his soul.

I have dwelt at some length upon this particular corner of his life-work, because it loomed large in his thought and activity. With all reverence I might say

¹ Not till 1884 did the Hall possess its own baptistry. Prior to that, converts were immersed by my father at the Baptist Chapel, kindly lent for the purpose.

it was to him as 'the solitary place,' or the secluded Garden to which Jesus 'oft-times resorted with His disciples'—a place of rest, of counsel, of hope, and faith renewed. More than we can estimate, his world-wide usefulness found its springs in this little suburban sanctuary. When, in 1907, the County Council acquired its frontage for purposes of road-widening for tram-lines, it was with deep regret that the work was perforce given up, and the membership distributed among neighbouring chapels and halls. But Eternity alone will reveal its full tale of the spiritual results achieved during the forty-two years in which it thrived.

It is interesting to note that during the period of Mr. Morgan's pastorate, Wood Green claimed as residents Rev. Garrett Horder (minister of the Congregational Chapel from 1873 to 1893), who has done so much to improve Christian psalmody in public worship; Rev. G. Armstrong Bennetts (Wesleyan), well known in Temperance circles; Rev. Duncan Macrae, a convert of the Moody and Sankey mission in Scotland, whose only pastorate was that of the Presbyterian Church, from 1878 until his death in 1906. Also, and not least, Mr. T. B. Smithies¹—for long years Editor of the *British Workman*—an ardent lover of animals and a devoted worker in the Temperance cause. With him my father was in close and frequent fellowship, for

¹ The Memoir (all too short) of this good man, written by Rev. G. Stringer Rowe, contains many striking incidents in a beautiful life with which it would be well for young Christians and workers to acquaint themselves. Mr. Smithies did a great work in difficult days, as a pioneer of the then unpopular teetotal cause.

they were men of like spirit and exalted ideals. When Mrs. Smithies—a worthy helpmeet in her husband's life and work—died, an appropriate memorial was erected in the form of a drinking-fountain, suitably situated at cross-roads, at which man and beast could slake their thirst. With all the local pastors my father was also in sympathetic touch, and they frequently added their meed of encouragement by taking part in the Gospel Hall anniversaries.

As a true shepherd, Mr. Morgan never neglected his flock, even when away on prolonged tours abroad; he always sent them one or more pastoral letters for their guidance and edification, which also combined helpful notes of his journeyings. One characteristic example here will suffice¹:—

MY BELOVED BROTHERS AND SISTERS,—It is only five weeks since I left England, but it seems like five months. I have been here and there on the Lord's Days, but have found no place which I could put in place of the dear Gospel Hall, where we have so often enjoyed the fellowship of the Father and the Son.

I saw in Egypt the paganism of nearly 4000 years ago; here in Jerusalem I see the paganism of to-day, under the names of Mohammedanism and 'Christianity.' The Egyptian Pyramids seemed to represent dead paganism; the so-called Holy Places, with their mosques and churches, are more like living paganism, together with utter worldliness, worldly Christianity, or false spirituality. . . .²

Perhaps there never were more voices appealing to

¹ Other pastoral letters will be found in Appendix E.

² Reference is here made to a community which I need not mention.

us: 'Lo, here!' or 'Lo, there!' Every one feels the need of the Spirit and His power, and there are many who declare it rests with them. But it is not in this corner or in that, but in the recognition of the whole Church of God. Let us earnestly endeavour to 'keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace,' in 'that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, making increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love.'

Every one who loves his brother, who resists the devil that would prejudice us against others, who encourages his heart to pray for those whom he does not like, is helping to hasten the day of God.

Jerusalem and Wood Green are like every other place, full of sects—a man here and a woman there, trying to draw disciples after them. So many there are who 'seek their own, not the things which are Jesus Christ's.'

This is what we must all contend against; and if, looking off unto Jesus, we get our own souls filled fresh every day and hour with His love, we are providing a channel through which the Spirit can reveal Himself.

Remember me especially to the afflicted and the poor among us. I hope dear brother H—— and Mrs. C—— are better. We who enjoy our health and life can scarcely realise what they and others suffer. God be with you till we meet again.—Yours always in the Lord's love,

R. C. MORGAN.

I conclude this chapter with a birthday letter written by him, in 1907, to a true 'Dorcas,' one of the very earliest members of the Hall, who having loyally stood by him 'through rain and shine,' was now, like himself, closely nearing the allotted span of human life. Forty years of intimate Christian fellowship entitles a man

to write freely out of a full heart. Coupling his wife's good wishes with his own, he says:—

OUR VERY DEAR FRIEND,—As I begin to write, the old Scotch song comes to my recollection—

John Anderson my jo, John,
We've clamb the hill thegither,
An' mony a canty day, John,
We've passed wi' ane anither!

I look back upon the years—with so many faces of young and old, so many meetings and gatherings, so many prayers together with some who have long been gathered home, and so many others in recent years! And now you and I are looking forward to the great change.

We wish you with all our hearts, most cordially and affectionately, happy returns and many of your birthday; and beyond the last of these, fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore.—Ever and for ever yours, in the Love that changes not,

R. C. and WILMA MORGAN.

Scarcely half a dozen (of whom the recipient of this letter is one) still survive of the dear and saintly women who were among the earliest adherents of the Gospel Hall. Their influence and counsel did much in quiet and unobtrusive ways to permeate the membership with an atmosphere of grace and peace. Indeed, no record of my father's life would be complete without a grateful tribute to these loyal souls who gladdened and lightened his domestic and pastoral responsibilities. Of the men, Mr. Herbert R. Francis¹ is, so far as I am aware, the sole survivor of that ‘Old Brigade.’

¹ Mr. Francis it was whose gallant rescue of my father from drowning is related on page 40.

Dear old Wood Green! Not without many a heart-ache have I bidden farewell to scenes which intertwine with happy memories most of the years of my own life from childhood's earliest days; and to the Gospel Hall where I learned my first Sunday-school lesson, and in which I inflicted my first crude discourses upon all too patient and kindly hearers!

CHAPTER VII

THE INNER SANCTUARY

ALL who knew Mr. Morgan intimately—and many who met him only occasionally—felt him to be a man of prayer. Therein lay his spiritual power; and no one realised more clearly than himself how impotent were his best desires and service apart from this direct communication with his Lord. Many have testified to his loyalty to the Throne of Grace in every time of need; and often on other occasions, when some might think that prayer was not necessary, or when the way seemed quite clear without it, they found themselves led almost unconsciously into the Divine Presence, as he uttered a brief petition on their behalf or for the plans they had laid before him.

To him prayer was never out of place. Trifles or crises, it mattered not, his habit was to 'take everything to God in prayer.' Letters received since his decease have made frequent reference to this. Seldom was a caller at his home allowed to leave without it, whether the errand had been to solicit his donation to some worthy cause, or to project an evangelistic, personal, or

missionary scheme. Entering with kindly sympathy into his visitor's desires, he led him or her into the Holy Place.

And if this was so in company with others, still more was his dependence on God marked in his private devotions. Into that inner sanctuary no one might intrude during his life-time; but from an old diary found among his papers some glimpses are permitted to us of that sacred access to the Mercy-seat.

This diary seems to have been taken up at intervals of varying duration, not so much with the purpose of recording events, as to give utterance to the yearnings of his heart, together with notes of praise for prayer answered and mercies vouchsafed. The extracts given below are selected as tracing his growth in grace—with the ups and downs of spiritual experience such as are common to all who wear this mortal coil—and his desire to spend and be spent for others, for the sake of Him who withholds no good gift from them that walk uprightly. His home and family, his business and employés, the needy or outcast, sinner or saint—the burden of all these, and of his soul's condition most of all, are expressed in these petitions, which I have collated more or less according to the subjects of their respective pleas. The first entry marks the occasion when this diary was commenced; and it is thoroughly characteristic that it should sound the note of grateful praise for the forty years of mercy already experienced.

(1) Desires for Holiness

June 7, 1867.—Thanks, Heavenly Father, for all Thy loving-kindness until now. If, being as I am, Thou canst use me at all, what couldst Thou not do if I were altogether as Thou wouldst have me to be! O God, make me wholly Thine!

July 2, 1867.—Thanks, my God and Father, for giving me a fortnight's rest in Cornwall. Oh, help me to improve it. Give me grace to live closer to Thee.

Aug. 2, 1867.—O my Father, I am in an unhappy state of soul. Do Thou, Great Physician, restore me. Help me to stick unto thy testimonies, to cleave to Thy commandments.

Dec. 22, 1868.—The year is almost closed. My heart has often been stirred with desires for holiness, but the pressure of earthly cares seems to choke the Word, and it becomes unfruitful. Lord, cleanse me!

April 22, 1874.—For Thy gracious answers to many prayers, O Lord, I bless Thee. But oh, my sad neglect of prayer and the Word of God! Pardon me, my Father, and now restore my soul. Thou canst use me mightily, if I am sanctified and meet for Thy use. O Lord, I do once more to-day present my body a living sacrifice to Thee. Oh, do conform me to Thy holy, acceptable and perfect will. Fill me full of the Holy Ghost.

Feb. 1, 1876.—Am to speak on this and four following days at Noon Prayer-meeting, on King Saul. O my God, save me from Saul's spirit of self-dependence, of carnal will. I am too much like him: I so often backslide in

heart. Have I ever been truly baptized into Jesus Christ? O my God, search me and know my thoughts; try me and know my heart; see what wicked way there is in me, and lead me in the way everlasting!

Oct. 19, 1876.—Give me to know Thee more intimately. Take the entire direction of my life, that I may daily walk in the paths of righteousness prepared for me.

May 23, 1877.—Ten days past my fiftieth birthday! Oh for grace to live the rest, the small remnant of life, to God alone!

Sept. 13, 1879.—A week ago I lost my little Bible. Will it please Thee to oblige the person who has found it to return it to me?

June 5, 1880.—Into Thy hands I commit the keeping of my soul in well-doing as unto a faithful Creator.

July 20, 1880.—Guide me as to going to Keswick next week. If I go, bless me there, and make me a blessing.

Sept. 11, 1880.—In fellowship with thousands I praise Thee, O Lord, for the glorious weather. And I bless Thee for the blessing given us, and through us to the people, on our mission tour from Luton to the New Forest.¹

Aug. 10, 1882.—Let me know Thee myself, that I may speak of Thee to others.

Sept. 15, 1882.—I thank Thee, that Thou dost make the way plain before my face. (Added later)—This prayer was answered. But, O my God, go on to reveal Thyself to me more fully.

¹ See page 165.

May 13, 1880.—Another birthday passed. How soon must I also pass away! Oh to be *all* the Lord's! I am His. Yes, all His. He gives me peace in Himself to-day; and I know that I am His and He is mine.

May 26, 1880.—I pray that the realities of life, death and eternity, heaven and hell, may be so opened to me that I may always be mindful of them.

(2) *Home Petitions*

July 31, 1867.—My God, I pray Thy direction as to a house: whether to remain here or where to go.

Aug. 2, 1867.—Let me make no mistake as to this house—to go or stay.¹

June 10, 1875.—Guide how we should spend our Silver Wedding Day, 22nd. Oh that our Heavenly Father would give us a rich spiritual blessing on that day!

Aug. 26, 1875.—If it be not Thy will, yet prevent our going to the new house in the Crescent; if we are to go, give a name for it.²

Sept. 1, 1875.—Harry's birthday. Oh, save his soul! Gave him Livingstone's 'Life.' How thankfully would I give up my boy to go into the mission-field! Lord, wilt Thou accept him for this service?³

July 17, 1879.—Guide and direct about Bournemouth, and all connected with our removal. O Lord, if Thy presence go not with us, carry us not up hence!

¹ Petitions prior to leaving Wood Green for Winchmore Hill.

² Referring to removal from one house to another in Crouch End.

³ The first petition was answered later, to my father's great joy. But the Lord called my brother to Himself instead of to the mission-field.

Oct. 15, 1880.—Guide me, O God, as to taking Court Farm for dear Harry. I implore Thee not to let me make any mistake about this. Already ‘the mistakes of my life have been many.’ Do not let the enemy lead me astray in this case. Guide me by Thine eye.

Sept. 5, 1879.—Look on my beloved wife, and raise her up in health; my Father, deal very closely and tenderly with her at this time, and when she is so weak.¹

(3) *For Guidance in Business*

June 12, 1867.—Guide me, my God, as to *The Revival*.² Oh, give me all the grace, wisdom, strength, and all I need. And if Thou hast sent Mr. T—— to help me, do Thou make it manifest.

June 12, 1867.—Grant me grace for my daily work; make the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof may be still.

Aug. 13, 1868.—Mr. P—— called yesterday and pressed me to get another Editor for *The Revival*. It wants, he said, the introduction of new thoughts, the impress of another mind. May the Spirit guide me!

June 8, 1875.—Also give me more yearning after the souls of our young men, I beseech Thee.

Aug. 20, 1879.—I thank Thee, my Father, for Mr. H——. May he be happy in his work, and may we be mutually helpful. Give me increased wisdom and grace

¹ This was at the time of removal to Bournemouth, by which change my mother greatly benefited.

² His *paper* bearing that title.

and power in carrying on THE CHRISTIAN, and wilt Thou make it more and more a power for good.

Sept. 13, 1879.—Help me, O Lord, to write an article on ‘Following Jesus all the Way.’ First, *prepare my own heart* to do this.

Aug. 11, 1882.—Oh, reveal to me Thy will as to the papers that should appear in THE CHRISTIAN!

Aug. 11, 1882.—Guide us in all matters of business, especially as to Gospel Temperance and its advocates.

(4) *For the Blessing of Others*¹

May 22, 1875.—Give me grace to deny myself, that so I may the more effectually bless others and glorify Thee.

July 15, 1875.—O Lord, enlarge my heart, increase my sympathy, and don’t let me be like the slothful man who desireth and hath nothing.

Aug. 30, 1875.—Lord Jesus, reign in my heart over every desire and appetite. Make me willing to fast; enable me to exercise the ministry of *intercession*.

May 23, 1877.—Help me, O my Father, to help the M. G——s, the M——s, and others. Thou knowest my ignorance and helplessness. Give me grace to be generous to others and trustful of Thee.

Mar. 9, 1884.—Returning from preaching at the Metropolitan Music Hall, met a young person who gave her name N—— R——. Lord, wilt Thou save her for time and eternity, for Jesus sake! (Added later)—

¹ Many petitions for individuals (who might be identified by publication) are omitted.

Real name N—— H——. I got her away from London. May God convert her soul!

July 8, 1884.—Lord, I thank Thee for Thy goodness to N—— H——.

Aug. 6, 1884.—She has come back to a situation in London—and, I trust, is delivered from the streets. Now may God touch her heart and save her soul!

The foregoing excerpts reveal truly the heart of the man, and touch the various aspects of his life as a child of God, a labourer in His vineyard, husband and parent, preacher and teacher, editor and writer, business man and employer, friend and benefactor. It is given to few men to perform so many parts; it is the habit of fewer still, alas, to permeate their every desire, motive, thought and act, with such a spirit of supplication, devotion, and thanksgiving.

God answered many of his petitions promptly; others after long delay; some (in the sense in which they were presented) not at all. But his faith knew no perturbation, for he found comfort in Abraham's assurance: 'Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?' The *practice* of prayer was to himself as great a blessing as its answer; for it led him into constant touch with the Unseen, where, 'in the secret of His presence' his soul would habitually 'delight to hide.'

In view of the importance he attached to prayer, it is only natural to find him foremost among those who, at the urgent suggestion of Mr. Moody (during his first brief visit to London, in 1867), established the Noon

Prayer-meeting at the Y.M.C.A., Aldersgate-st.; whence it was transferred to Albion Hall, Moorgate-st., in 1874; and, two years later, back to Aldersgate-st. again. This gathering for prayer and Christian fellowship was very dear to him; and for many years he presided on Mondays (when not out of England), resigning his presidency only a few weeks before his death, amid many expressions of heartfelt sorrow from those who attended. It was a great wrench to himself also, to sever a connection (of no less than forty-one years) in which he had been so greatly blessed. It is interesting to note that this Noon Meeting was actually commenced on his fortieth birthday—13th May, 1867—and that his prayer-diary was commenced within a month of that date.

PART II
HIS RELATION TO EVANGELISM

CHAPTER VIII

REVIVAL

MEMORIES OF '59

WHEN there comes to Christianity, in times of spiritual revival, a new and revolutionary energy, not only are fine distinctions of view and severe details of organisation lost in the fervent glow, but unifying essentials stand out in clearer perspective, while the tangible results of the holy quickening multiply with amazing rapidity. Then, 'all things are become new.' A passion for souls calls out fresh battalions of missionaries to the foreign field; and the haunts of squalor and vice at home are purified by the sweet and tender ministry of the servants of the Nazarene. So it was in the days when Richard Cope Morgan eagerly responded to the Voice Divine, and became a focus of Revival interest, of Evangelical teaching, and of practical service to humanity.

In 1859 arose that great spiritual movement which to so remarkable an extent made Christianity again a vital force in the homes and lives of the common people. The days of wintry desolation were at an end, the time of the singing of birds had come. Commencing in

America, the new religious impulse (so far as the British Isles are concerned) began to be felt in Ulster, among a few humble working-people who gathered to prayer. Gradually, the apostolic spirit spread, and soon there was to be witnessed the extraordinary spectacle of vast numbers of people¹ under an overwhelming conviction of sin—and this in a Province which stood, and still stands, for all that is sober-minded and ethical in religious life and thought.

The movement had no fiery prophet for its leader; no St. Chrysostom held thousands in thrall of his golden eloquence, no great poet hymned the hallowed season in immortal verse, nor did any distinguished writer picture its triumphs in stately prose. It was essentially a stirring of the Holy Spirit among the commonalty. The bands of frigid ecclesiasticism were burst asunder. The old bottles could not contain the new wine. So deep and widespread was the awakening, that it was no time for languid observances of orthodoxy or fine conventionalities of procedure. What could a minister do when scores of his congregation, in agonies of conviction, were simultaneously imploring him to point them to the Way of Life!² Inevitably, his cry was:

¹ The Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, speaking on 'the State of Religion in the Nations of Christendom' at an Evangelical Alliance meeting, said, in referring to the Revival, that he thought 100,000 converts was probably under the mark.

² 'Most passed through a terrible ordeal, and received, like Bunyan, a fiery baptism. Spectral-like, their sins affrighted them; millstone-like, their sins pressed them down.'—Rev. H. W. Carson, describing the Revival in certain parishes.

‘Would God all the Lord’s people were prophets!’ However zealously he might labour (and the ministers toiled with tremendous energy), only with difficulty could he cope with the needs of his own flock. But beyond all such accustomed limits, the ungodly were pleading: ‘We will go with you, for we have heard that God is with you.’ Hence it befell that any who could frame a simple prayer, or bear a living testimony, came into urgent request as spiritual guides, if only among immediate neighbours. It was indeed a day when reapers were ‘thrust forth’ into ‘fields white unto harvest.’ Whether in church-buildings or in barns, in market-places or remote meadows, there were enacted scenes such as those which Divine Inspiration has recorded for our encouragement and example in the Acts of the Apostles.

Thousands to whom religion had been as an old wife’s tale, or a subtle piece of hypocritical witchery, were crying: ‘What must I do to be saved?’ Unholy books were burned, as by the newly-awakened Athenians of old; and as the spirit of soul-winning gained strength, there could be seen among the Ulster peasantry and townspeople living reminders of the burning zeal of Paul, the grace of Barnabas, the alms-deeds of Lydia, the deep fervour of Philip the Evangelist and ‘his daughters, which did prophesy.’

Amid these epoch-making events, the need for a Press organ, which should serve as a record, an advocate, and a stimulus, became increasingly obvious. It was truly the psychological moment—not for profit, but for service.

Endowed with prime qualities of courage and insight, Mr. Morgan was not slow to grasp the fact. In his printing establishment he was providentially furnished with the means of making widely known the splendid truth that God was visiting His people in power. The hour was come and the human instrument was ready—realising, with Jonathan Edwards, that ‘the tidings of remarkable effects of the power and grace of God in any place, tend greatly to awaken and engage the minds of persons in other places.’ My father, however, would not stir without the sense of Divine leading, though all the churches in Britain should invite him. Moreover, he was essentially a man to whom personal wealth was a thing of small account. Not for him were ‘rare opportunities for investors,’ such as might delight my Lord Fairspeech, Mr. Smoothman, or Mr. Anything. Religious journalism was in his view an asset of the Kingdom of God, not to be exploited for gain as though the Cross of Christ were to be classed with iron-ore or wood-pulp as a commercial commodity. His was the Miltonic ideal:—

‘I am not one who has disgraced beauty of sentiment
‘by deformity of conduct, or the maxims of a freeman
‘by the actions of a slave; but by the grace of God I
‘have kept my life unsullied.’

Convinced that it was the will of God, he set prayerfully to work, to warn the young convert from sloughs and morasses and luring will-o’-th’-wisps; to maintain the bond of unity; to foster Revival, and to light the road to fresh conquests of the Cross. It was in a quiet way,

and with a simple desire that the paper might immediately prove a 'sharp threshing instrument' in the Divine hand, that he issued the first number of *The Revival*, as already seen.

Some would have regarded the world's outlook at this time—and more especially so far as England was concerned—as peculiarly unpromising for a spiritual outpouring. Not so, however, did any who, like Mr. Morgan, all his life through watched for Revival 'as they that watch for the morning.' The times, indeed, were crowded with distracting events. The Mutiny was only just closing, with the execution of that elusive adventurer, Tantia Topee; and the work of India's pacification was engaging close attention. At home, the industrial sphere was disturbed by bitter contentions between Capital and Labour, through which thirty thousand men in the building-trade had come out on strike. It was the year, too, of a General Election; and when Palmerston came to accept office, it was during the height of the sanguinary conflict for the emancipation of Italy from the Austrian yoke, between the furious conflicts of Magenta and Solferino. The termination of the struggle, too, was followed by a war-scare in this country, arising from the fear that 'Austria was only one leaf of the artichoke,' and that Britain herself was to be the next which Louis Napoleon was ambitious to pluck.

Hence it was amid the clash of arms and a babel of voices that the little paper made its appearance, with its note of thanksgiving to God, and its call to the

Church to heed 'the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees.' The first number was an eight-page sheet, severely plain in outward form; and the editorial plea in its justification as a 'Weekly Record of Events connected with the present Revival of Religion' was the belief that—

'the desire for authentic and continuous intelligence
'respecting the present extraordinary work of God in
'America and our own land must be felt by all who
'discern the signs of the times.'

It certainly could not be charged against the new arrival that it sought to capture the coppers of the crowd by an adroit mixture of worldliness and religion. Beneath the title were quoted the words:—

'The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest
'the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh,
'and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of
'the Spirit.'

The co-operation of all who loved the name of Jesus was affectionately solicited, and was as lovingly rendered. The dominant note of the periodical was simplicity; indeed, so fascinating to the people of God were the plain, unexaggerated reports which it published, that expressions of gratitude and appreciation multiplied rapidly. The first number reproduced some of the experiences of a devoted minister at the Revival storm-centre of Ballymena—a flourishing town and a principal seat of the Irish linen-trade:—

'On my return after two days' absence at Synod, I
'found that many families had not gone to bed for the

‘two or three previous nights. From dozens of houses, night and day, you could hear, when passing along, loud cries for mercy from the convicted; or the voice of prayer by kind visitors; or the sweet, soothing tones of sacred song. Business seemed at a standstill. In some streets four or five crowds of people—in houses or before the open doors and windows—engaged in prayer or in praise, all at the same time. . . . Prayer-meetings, in town or country, became very numerous; in private houses, they were held at all hours of the day and night. Persons from England and Scotland and many parts of Ireland were to be seen perambulating the streets and lanes of Ballymena—ministers, missionaries, Sabbath-school teachers, and cool, inquisitive business men, anxious to witness with their own eyes this strange thing of which they had heard in their own homes.’

Describing a visit to Ballymena, an eye-witness told of ‘the deep humbling which he felt, as if going into the presence of God.’ He gauged the depth of the movement by observing that ‘the Lord Jesus was the only object and desire of those who had found peace’; and that those who bore testimony ascribed the praise to no individual, but to God, the human instrument being lost sight of under the vivid realisation of the nearness of the Lord.

There was, indeed, no lack of incident to report; and the supreme literary needs in an editor were lucidity and compactness. Thousands of converts gathered in unconventional meetings in the Ulster villages. Others were invited by expectant Christians to parts yet untouched by the movement. They spoke in the fervent terms of ‘Grace Abounding’ or ‘Heartsease for Sinners,’ and beheld wonders of the Spirit’s workings.

Five thousand people, assembled in a quarry, were

moved by powerful addresses from various speakers; but the most effective message came from an old man, who, hardened in sin, had brought his wife and family to beggary fifty years before. 'Gentlemen,' said the aged penitent, in trembling tones—

'you have but to look at me to recognise the profligate of Broughshane; the townland could not produce my equal in any sin whatever. But I have seen Jesus: I was born again last night week. My heavy and enormous sin is gone. I stand here to tell you that God's work on Calvary was perfect.'

While the venerable convert thus spoke—his poor clothing and the marks of a drunken life forming such an arresting contrast to his words of truth and soberness—many in the crowd were crying aloud for mercy. Groups of praying people clustered around the seekers, and the meeting (which proceeded for three and a half hours) was crowned with the rejoicings of those who found the Lord.

Such was a typical meeting; of such material were the staple reports to which the consecrated Editor gave prompt and glad insertion; and from many quarters came testimonies that the spread of the spiritual flame to this or that place was due to the perusal in *The Revival* of what the Lord had done in other districts. In no small degree, therefore—so far as human instrumentality is concerned—did Mr. Morgan help to extend the influence and increase the momentum of the great awakening. Such a work, had he done naught else in life, is an abiding monument.

He was careful, also, to show that the lives of the converts bore ungainsayable testimony to the deep reality of the work.¹

His intense desire was, not the glorification of men or organisations, but the showing forth of the workings of God, whether through the stated ministry or the rank and file of the Church Militant.

Comparing notes, readers agreed that in the new paper they had found a reliable and gracious record, and an Editor felicitously shrewd to consider what thoughts filled the minds of spiritual men regarding the immediate needs of the Kingdom.

Thus, he exercised the happy talent of selecting or writing articles which clothed timely and instructive thoughts in appropriate and Scriptural language. Such an early article, which encouraged many humble workers to stir up the gifts that were in them, was one

¹ It was a saying somewhat common at the end of the last century, that 'the next Revival will be of an ethical character.' Mr. Morgan realised, however, that in *all* true Revival 'old things pass away,' and ethical results—'the fruit of the Spirit' following conversion—abound. Thus, the third number of *The Revival* was able to announce in regard to Ballymena :—

'Where the sale of whisky on Saturday (market day) formerly 'amounted to £100, last Saturday it was only a little more than 'ten shillings.'

Again, of a work which broke out at Bolton, Lancashire, under the preaching of C. G. Finney, it was reported (in No. 34) :—

'Probably not less than two thousand persons have been 'awakened to the claims of God and religion ; and of these, large 'numbers have given up their evil course of life. . . . Hundreds, 'indeed it is believed thousands, of pounds have been restored since 'the delivery of Mr. Finney's sermon on "Restitution," in sums 'varying from trifles to £300 at once.'

contributed by 'A Servant,' in the course of which it was sagely said, regarding the humble character of many of God's instruments:—

'I reflected on Othniel, the son of Kenaz, Caleb's *younger* brother. I thought of Ehud the Benjamite, the *left-handed* man; of Shamgar the son of Anath, with his mean weapon, the *ox-goad*; of Deborah and Jael, the two *women*; of Gideon, the *least* of that *poor* family in Manasseh, and of his barley-cake; also of Samson with the *jaw-bone of the ass*; and of David with his *sling and stone*. . . . Life and power are alone from God. 'Tis vain striving to imitate power. Who has not been pained in seeing this attempted? As well may a child deck himself in the robes of a king; he makes himself only more of a child. Power declares itself, whether the work be done through an archbishop or a fisherman.'

Regarding this contribution, Mr. Reginald Radcliffe wrote, from Arndilly, to Messrs. Morgan & Chase:—

'I have just seen a copy of *The Revival*, and am delighted with the last article, signed "A Servant." I am taking the liberty of requesting my printer in Liverpool to strike off 20,000 copies of that article, as an extract from your paper. Please to send me 500 copies of the first number, and of each number in August, to my office in Liverpool.

'I do not know you personally, but I cannot be wrong in supposing, from your issuing such a paper, that you love our Most Beloved; and so, dear friends, "Let us love one another, for love is of God."

From the first, there emerged this sense of Christian intimacy between the Editor and his readers. While shrinking from any personal popularity that might come to him, it is not too much to say that numbers

who had never seen Mr. Morgan face to face came to cherish his name as that of an absent but well-beloved friend. Thus commenced that high esteem, and those tender feelings of love and good will towards him and his paper, which gradually extended throughout the world, and which caused the news of his departure to create a sense of personal bereavement in thousands of Christian homes.

CHAPTER IX

REVIVAL

ITS FRIENDS AND FOES

AN encouraging commencement having thus been made, Mr. Morgan sought zealously to maintain and extend his ministry of the pen, aiming to arouse 'slumbering churches, carnal Christians, and dead sinners.' Friends of the paper took pleasure in scattering copies broadcast, the publishers contributing to this end by supplying quantities for the purpose at special rates. A potent reason for increased popularity among the spiritually-minded was, of course, the impressive character of the news. As the Revival movement gathered force and intensity (particularly in Ireland), it became the absorbing topic of the day among those who held the Evangelical faith, as well as a source of wonder to the worldling and the formalist.

From town to town the Divine benediction spread. Factories stopped work while the operatives, smitten with conviction, gave themselves to prayer. The Bible

became a new book.¹ One meeting at Ballymena brought together an audience of eleven thousand persons, nearly double the entire population of the place. Regarding Coleraine, Rev. William Arthur² wrote : —

‘ United meetings were held, in-doors and out of doors, of Churchmen, Presbyterians, Methodists, Independents, Baptists—all classes who preach salvation by grace through faith, working together as one of heart and soul. A mighty power of the Spirit was shed down. Conviction of sin appeared to be granted to hundreds of the people at once, and that in the clearest and most awakening form. In cottage after cottage, groups were gathered to pray around penitents, or to read the Bible and sing psalms and hymns.

‘ One day the local newspaper had to delay its publication, for the convincing Spirit had touched the hearts of the compositors, and instead of being at work they were wrestling in agonies of prayer.

‘ A new Town Hall had been built and was to be opened by a ball ; but such a power of repenting grace came down upon the people, that place must be sought

¹ For example, in the *Memoir of J. G. M^cVicker*, it is said : ‘ Another result of his conversion was the place the Holy Scriptures *at once* took in his conscience. They became a Divinely-given and accredited test of all he had hitherto held and practised.’

² This eloquent and earnest minister stood out as a champion of Revival, and rendered important service to the movement. ‘ What is the Christian Religion for ? ’ he wrote in *The London Review* :—

‘ According to the Book, it is to save people from their sins ; but according to the mind of most men who profess it, nothing is so hard to believe, nothing so proper to suspect of being fanatical, as a statement that some few tens of thousands, out of all the uncounted millions, have been converted. Is conversion a myth, or an esoteric rite for choice fraternities, never to be opened to the common crowd ? If not, why all this wonder at large numbers being converted ; and why this criminal ease in the face of tens of millions capable of being saved, but slumbering in sin ? ’

‘ on all hands for mourning penitents to meet to seek for mercy. The Court-house, in another part of the town, was filled; and instead of the dancing throng, the new Town Hall was thrown open to a company of the weary and heavy-laden, who were resolved to wait at the feet of Jesus till He bade them “go in peace and sin no more.” . . . At one period it seemed as if it were no longer a *shower*, but a *full* of awakening influence. On all hands were men and women seeking God.’

A remarkable feature of the Revival was the assembling of vast numbers of people for meetings in rural places of scattered population. Ministers and evangelists laboured practically day and night for weeks together, preaching, visiting, and conversing with the anxious, until exhaustion forced them to desist. The movement spread into Connaught, and not a few Roman Catholics turned to Christ. Sunday-schools doubled their numbers. The ordinary public engagements of commerce and pleasure became tributary to the Revival.

In the annual fair at Newtown Limavady, five thousand persons assembled, not to mark the antics of clown and harlequin, but to hear the Gospel; and soon the fair-field was covered with groups of converted people ministering to the newly convicted, who were in all directions to be met with, seeking mercy. A dramatic touring party, revisiting a village where they had usually reaped a plentiful financial harvest, found an audience of one person only, to whom they hastily returned his money, and then fled the place. Time failed to tell of the wonderful transformations of hearts and homes. The experiences of ministers might have

been expressed in the words of Grimshaw of Haworth, writing a hundred years before:—

‘Souls were affected by the Word, brought to see their lost estate by nature, and to experience peace through faith in the blood of Jesus. My church began to be crowded, insomuch that many were obliged to stand out of doors. . . . It was amazing to see and hear what weeping, roaring, and agony many people were seized with, at the apprehension of their sinful state and the wrath of God.’

Political animosities were subdued. The rejoicing of the converted was like a national shout: ‘Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing.’ The letters of those engaged in the work had a pleading urgency. Testifying vigorously in the *London Standard* (the letter being afterwards reproduced in *The Revival*), an Anglican clergyman wrote, more particularly with respect to the neighbourhood of Belfast:—

‘There, the whisky-shops are almost universally closed. There, drunkards, infidels, blasphemers, and bad characters of every sort are either reclaimed or disappear at the resistless menace of public opinion. There, party spirit, quarrelling, and wrangling, both at home and in the streets, have died away, and love and union prevail among all classes and creeds, so that the constabulary have, in many places, a perfect sinecure. There, the Sabbath is observed with a solemnity and strictness unknown before; and the different places of worship are crowded so as to superinduce the necessity of additional open-air preachings. There, the clergy, Episcopal as well as Dissenting, are worn off their feet with the new, interesting, and multiplied forms of duty and Christian labour devolving upon them by the

‘unprecedented and extraordinary position in which they were placed.’

The progress of the Revival was marked by many events which showed that ‘of a truth God is no respecter of persons.’ The great awakening at Castle-derg originated through commercial travellers, whose business took them to the village, stopping over the Sabbath, when an opportunity was given them, after the evening services, to relate what they had seen and experienced elsewhere. In another district, almost all the matrons within an area of more than two miles were converted. These women exercised a mighty influence. They held a prayer-meeting of their own. At one town a number of school-children remained after school hours, twice a week, for prayer, the meeting being suggested by the children themselves; nor were meetings of the young uncommon, for the movement was cradled and maintained in prayer. A Presbyterian minister wrote:—

‘Nothing amazes me more than the number of prayer-meetings that are established everywhere throughout the country. All false delicacy and shame in matters of religion are laid aside.’

What was true of Ulster might be said, in a measure, of parts of Scotland and Wales, and then of England; and my father welcomed the good news from all quarters, no matter how humble the sender, or how difficult the caligraphy to decipher. *The Revival* developed speedily into a link of fellowship among zealous workers for Christ, drawing together the large body of sincere and faithful souls who stand by the Word of God and

delight to welcome and sustain all sane and earnest endeavours to further the Gospel cause. Such brotherly correspondents upheld the paper in prayer, and in many a kindly letter bade the sometimes hard-pushed Editor to ‘hope on, fight on!’

There was need for such encouragement. The work in Ireland had not escaped journalistic denunciation. The preachers, active in snatching men from the clutches of sin and vice, found themselves furiously attacked by a Belfast paper, which, not content with branding them as fanatics, roundly proposed, like some new Don Quixote charging full tilt into a flock of sheep, to ‘crush the doctrine and the false prophets together.’ Revival was ignorantly designated ‘a long dormant lie.’ Next, *The Times* lashed out in a similarly savage strain, sneering at Revival generally, and by implication deriding even Wesley and Whitefield.

To such unworthy criticism Mr. Morgan replied in a spirited editorial, in which he said:—

‘If the Revival is a lie, who are the liars? If it be the mother and nurse of crime, who are its abettors? The “liars and abettors” are such men as the venerable and beloved Earl of Roden, the indefatigable and philanthropic Lord Shaftesbury, the honoured and revered Baptist Noel, the noble Marchioness of Londonderry, laborious and self-denying lovers of souls like Brownlow North and Reginald Radcliffe; the worthiest ministers of Christ of every denomination throughout the United Kingdom; the most respectable portion of the metropolitan and provincial Press; the true-hearted and unobtrusive teachers in Sunday-schools; men and women of every rank and age, who work

‘because the love of God is shed abroad in their hearts by the Holy Ghost: these are the “falsehood manufacturers,” the “aiders and abettors” of the rampant and dangerous Revival “lie.”’

While the Revival leaders had to encounter the tense opposition of the vicious among those whom they primarily sought to benefit, they had also to combat the ostrich-like objections manifested by the leisured classes against aught that stirred the ‘great unwashed’ from lethargic slumber. When it was found, for instance, that vast crowds of the poor attended the theatre services, which were a feature of the Revival period, a resolution was actually moved in the House of Lords, condemning—

‘the performance of Divine worship at Sadler’s Wells and other theatres, by clergymen of the Church of England, as highly irregular, inconsistent with order, and calculated to injure, rather than advance, the progress of sound religious principles.’

Even the Archbishop of Canterbury, while urging that the services, being legal, ought not to be discouraged, admitted that he could not have sanctioned them had he been asked beforehand. In a noble speech, Lord Shaftesbury ably replied: ‘It is not the locality that will desecrate the Word of God, but the Word of God that will consecrate the locality.’ That his contention was emphatically justified, is clear from the fact that the services were crowded with eagerly attentive roughs.

Of one great audience, ‘so closely packed that a straw could not have been placed between them,’ it was com-

puted that 2000 belonged to 'the violent, dangerous and disorderly class.' It was asked, then, naturally enough :—

'Will the House of Lords tell such persons: "Come if you like to Episcopal churches, and there you shall be preached to in a stiff, steady, buckram style; we will have you in consecrated walls, or you shall never hear, from us at least, one word of Gospel truth"?'

In spite, however, of pointed questions and cogent arguments from Lord Shaftesbury, it was only with reluctance that the amendment was withdrawn. The spirit of repression which a hundred years before had thrust out from the pulpit to the churchyard open-air meeting, Whitefield at Islington, Wesley at Epworth, and Daniel Rowlands at Llangeitho, was still mighty; but with this marked difference—in the eighteenth century the objection was that the Gospel was preached *in* church, in the nineteenth that it was preached *out* of church! But 'where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty,' and so the work marvellously spread.

And what of the practical results of such meetings? What kind of converts were made, and did they stand? Glance at a sample report. A converted engine-driver, writing to *The Revival*, gives a vivid glimpse of the prevalent mood :—

'The place was crowded to excess. Some had lost an arm, some a leg, some were blind. There were street beggars, rag-and-bone collectors, harlots, ballad-singers. After the preaching we had a praying-meeting. The first to pray was a blind beggar; next, a man who used to travel with a show; next, his son, formerly a

‘Punch and Judy man; then a sweep; then a hawker of writing-paper. After this, I called on the women to pray: the first was the mother of the Punch and Judy man; she had found grace that night under the preaching.’

Truly, the Son of Man had gone to be guest with people that were sinners!

Gradually the attacks died down and the work of God went forward. There was, of course, nothing new in the expression of perverted views regarding the progress of spiritual religion and the awakening of the ungodly. Demetrius, the silversmith, is regularly goaded into energy when his craft is placed in danger; and that there were various crafts imperilled by the Revival is sufficiently demonstrated by such items as that which told how—

‘at a race-meeting, the course was all but abandoned, where formerly ten to fifteen thousand people would come together.’

Moreover, there is generally to be found in the secular Press, despite vast learning and ability, some journal which will lend itself to scoffing at religious awakening. In the present instance, the dismal forecasts of critics have been signally falsified. The fruit of ’59 abides. Wisdom has been justified of her children. Recalling the verdict of *The Times*’ special correspondent—‘that it (the Revival) will have much permanent effect upon the morals and life of the people, I do not believe’—it comes as a telling justification of the cause Mr. Morgan so ardently espoused, that, half a century later, the

Presbyterian Church of Ireland has re-issued the stirring history of the Revival (as it affected that body), which, under the title *A Year of Grace*, was prepared at the time under the supervision of Dr. Gibson, Moderator of the General Assembly in the Revival year. Avowedly, too, this re-publication is made in the hope that its perusal may lead to a fresh awakening; and in some weighty words in this Jubilee edition, the Right Hon. Thomas Sinclair (to whose father Dr. Gibson dedicated the original volume) records the following beneficent results, as accruing to the Presbyterian Church through the Revival:—

‘An immediate accession to her professed membership, reckoned by many thousands; a great increase of the sense of responsibility on the part of church-members in respect of active Christian work; an overflowing stream of candidates for the ministry, the high level of which lasted for many years; a very considerable development of most necessary Church extension; the creation of a new spirit of Christian liberality; a forward movement in philanthropic and missionary enterprise, of which the Sabbath-School Auxiliary to Missions, the Orphan Society, the China and Zenana Missions are lasting fruits; and, finally, a sense of generous loyalty to the Church.’

CHAPTER X

REVIVAL

MID-VICTORIAN EVANGELISTS

AS the years passed, Mr. Morgan steadfastly strove for his ideal of making his work a rallying-point for all that in his judgment was best and truest in the religious life of the time. His chief contributors were godly men who wrote from the midst of Revival scenes, in such moments as they could snatch, as their hearts were moved by Pentecostal events. They wrote with an artless picturesqueness which was entirely approved. It was held sufficient for edification to express the truth in clear English; and writers, known or unknown, were welcomed who could appreciate the graces of simplicity, and clothe illuminating thoughts in vivid language.

At this time, although it could not be said that Great Britain, as a whole, experienced a visitation like that which came to Ulster, there arose a generation of 'mighty men of valour,' who, by their awakening ministry among the masses, showed themselves so powerful in the proclamation of the Evangel, that

'Revival' is the only adequate term to apply to their astonishing and fruitful labours. The story of their endeavours is largely the story of my father's paper in its mid-Victorian stage. They found in it a fervent and unwavering ally; it made known their objects and their journeyings; it aroused prayerful expectancy with regard to their visits; and helped to clear the way for Revival by the kindling of new hope and the fusing of Christian effort.

In a striking article in *THE CHRISTIAN* on 'Lessons from Past Revivals' (written twenty-three years after '59, and in the midst of Messrs. Moody and Sankey's second extended campaign in this country), occurs this characteristic passage:—

'The meanest of us may be a Jahaziel, on whom the Spirit of God came in the midst of the congregation (not among the nobles and elders), and who told the inhabitants of Jerusalem and King Jehoshaphat not to be afraid, for the battle was not their's, but God's. He was an unknown Levite, but he had been in before the Lord, and was the instrument that lay nearest to His hand. God uses the ready vessel. We cannot thresh the mountains, but we may be the worm lying near to the hand of God, with which *He* may do it. No Revival has ever lasted, none will ever last, whose weapon is not the Word of God. Reverence and godly fear characterise the chosen instruments of God. God cannot work out His Revivals unless His servants yield themselves implicitly to Him.'

Such words, true in all times, surely apply with special force and fitness to the men whom God so signally used as soul-winners among their fellow-men.

Some of these evangelists were men of distinction, prominent by birth and education. Others sprang from the labouring classes — miraculously snatched from haunts of vice and inebriety. Their unity was holy, their comradeship superb. They travelled the country from end to end, seeking to win perishing souls. Our present-day conceptions are coloured by our less stirring experiences; we accordingly accept as an 'evangelistic mission' an assemblage of the most sympathetic elements in the church-membership, *plus* a sprinkling of 'outsiders'; but in those awakened days the common people flocked to hear the message. True, opposition was more pronounced and violent, but a spirit of profound earnestness swayed the meetings and the converts.¹ It was a day of vast crowds for the unconventional preacher,² in unconventional places.

Burdened with a large sense of human need, the evangelists were but slightly impressed with the importance of denominational distinctions. They had

¹ Mr. William Grove recalls that he saw the footway outside the Victoria Theatre, in the New Cut, blocked with people, at three o'clock on a Sunday afternoon, waiting for the opening of the doors for the seven-o'clock service.

² Richard Weaver would make his way to the platform, through a surging crowd, accompanied by one or two friends. There would probably be no choir. He would announce the opening hymn, pitch the tune, lead in prayer, sing a solo or two, preach for an hour and a half, and conduct the after-meeting. The evangelists, however, could often rely upon the invaluable co-operation of a band of praying people—weak, perhaps, in syntax, but strong in faith. They would go over the ground after the preaching, 'picking up the shot birds,' *i.e.* ministering to those who had been convicted of sin.

to encounter obvious difficulties—the ignorant prejudice of the flagrantly vicious, and the protests of respectable dulness against aught that threatened to disturb the accustomed ease of a lethargic religious observance. The apostolic labours of Whitefield and Wesley seemed as remote as the preaching of Wycliffe. To depart from the beaten track of routine preaching was to invite denunciation as an eccentric charlatan, or perhaps a seeker of gain. One fulminating minister was described in *The Revival* as triumphantly boasting his success in excluding a Revival preacher (probably the devoted James Caughey) from several pulpits; indeed, he had invited his ministerial brethren to wage a war of extermination against such ‘pestilential interlopers’!

We have to remember, too, the general condition of the people. A national system of education was yet to be. Life was of coarser texture. Places of infamous resort of the casino order, and all-night drinking-dens, were tolerated almost as regrettable necessities for those who ‘revelled underneath the moon and slept beneath the sun.’ Slum patches, such as those which blotched the land during the ‘hungry forties,’ still vomited vice and disease. Sluggish and muddy were the waters of social life.

But a better day was at hand. A godly remnant among both Churchmen and Nonconformists stood steadily by the old truths and walked in the old paths; and it is difficult to scan the ardent circle of Evangelical believers of that day without recalling some link with the subject of this biography. At the outset it was chiefly those who were actively engaged in Revival

preaching, with whom he formed intimate ties; and, to comprehend adequately the character of his activities during this period, it is desirable to realise something of the scope and nature of the soul-winning labours of those men of God. They left a deep and abiding mark upon their generation; they influenced the national life for good; and we do well to keep their memory green.

Perhaps the most prominent name in the pages of *The Revival* was that of Brownlow North. 'Repentant tears,' wrote the author of *Hudibras* in a single flash of spiritual inspiration, 'are the waters upon which the Spirit of God moves.' Those tears came late to Brownlow North. It was not until his forty-fifth year that he was convicted of sin. A grand-nephew of Lord North (Prime Minister under George III.), he had grown up in the expectancy of succeeding to an earldom, and hence was not educated for any particular profession. A daring rider and a dead shot, he was one of the famous figures of the country-side in pleasure-seeking and reckless adventure.¹ When the change came, it was revolutionary, and the news of his conversion was like an electric shock to the fashionable circle of which

¹ He wagered with Captain Barclay of Ury, to ride eighty miles, from Aberdeen to Huntly and back, in eight hours. A barrister who learned of this took North to task for undertaking a feat in which he would necessarily fail, but was met with the retort: 'I will not only win against Captain Barclay, but will wager against you to repeat the ride the following day.' The second match was accordingly made, and North (says his biographer, Rev. Kenneth Moody-Stuart) rode the eighty miles in hard snow and frost, danced all night at a ball, and rode and won the second match the following day!

he was the Apollo. It was as though Mirabeau, 'like a burning mountain blazing heavens-high after forty years of slumbering,' had commenced Pauline sermons before the Notables of France. When this once furious and frivolous leader of fashion was observed 'distributing tracts, with a gentle gravity,' people stared at his shooting-jacket and dangling eye-glass, and shuffled uneasily away. Nothing perturbed, he placed his 'silent messengers' by the way-side, in positions where they were likely to attract the passer-by.

Usefulness and popularity were bound to come to a man of North's gracious spirit and undoubted parts.

'There is something contagious (wrote one of his hearers) in a man who is so terribly in earnest; he begins in a low, faltering voice, but before he has got half-way through the opening prayer his breast begins to heave with a convulsive sobbing and his whole frame is agitated. He becomes a great example of the truth that there is no teacher of elocution like the heart.' 'Sir,' said an astonished listener of his, at an open-air meeting in London, 'your words should be written in letters of gold.'

Another familiar name was that of Reginald Radcliffe, of Liverpool. For years a skilful lawyer, he became prominent by his evangelistic zeal and the skill with which he set Christians to work. Blessed with a brilliant gift of advocacy, he enlarged upon the double theme of the call of Christ to the ungodly, and the responsibilities of His followers towards the heathen, holding, with Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Boston, that 'the best prayer-book in the world is a map of the world.' In

churches, theatres, or thieves' kitchens, alike in our own country and on the Continent, Mr. Radcliffe spoke with burning energy and pathos.

His varied labours, as described in *The Revival* from time to time, were of intense interest:—

'I remember (says Pastor Frank White, who accompanied him in many campaigns), he would sometimes seem on the point of breaking down; then, covering his face with his hands, he would burst into tears, and in a few broken sentences tenderly beseech his hearers to be reconciled to God. I have been with him at early "before-breakfast" meetings for young men, when the floor of the room seemed literally covered with broken-hearted inquirers, and one had to step among them with holy carefulness, like a surgeon on the battlefield.'

'We are much indebted to *The Revival* (wrote Mrs. Radcliffe in the biography of her husband) for preserving to us records of those times of manifest blessing. . . . Its originator and editor, Mr. R. C. Morgan, took a lively interest in the movements of Mr. Radcliffe, being a much beloved and valued friend, and intimately associated with him to the day of his death.'¹

Among the 'common people' the name of Richard Weaver, or 'Undaunted Dick,'² the Converted Collier, was one to conjure with. The chequered story of his life

¹ Mr. Radcliffe's work at Liverpool is perpetuated in the Sun Hall, where his son, Mr. Heber Radcliffe, regularly gathers one of the largest audiences in the kingdom.

² This nickname was not bestowed (as the reader might perhaps conclude) from his courageous bearing in his meetings, although he endured violence with fortitude; it was a clinging association of his ungodly days, coined by a drunken rabble after a shocking fight, in which he destroyed the sight of one of the eyes of his burly opponent.

was a fiery chapter of turbulence and suffering, but he moved multitudes God-ward by his homely eloquence and the simple charm of his singing. 'Give me the tinker's power to preach,' said John Owen the Puritan, in a reference to Bunyan, 'and you may have all my learning.' Weaver emphatically had 'the power to preach.' An experienced evangelist who was intimately conversant with the Revival movement, has expressed the ripe opinion that 'careful inquiry would probably reveal that more people were converted under Richard Weaver's preaching than through any other evangelist since the days of Whitefield.' Mr. Morgan wrote of him in later years:—

'He was the most prominent of the "working-men preachers." I very soon made his acquaintance, and 'from that time until God called him from service on 'earth to heaven, we were fast friends, without a break. 'Few men, if any, more simply expounded the Word. 'I have loved few men as I loved Richard Weaver, and 'I hope soon to sing with him in the "glory-land" of 'which he often spoke, the hymn which, when I 'first heard him sing it, thrilled me as no other has 'done before or since:—

'My heart is fixed, eternal God,
'Fixed on Thee, fixed on Thee!'

In strong contrast to these was the serene Hay Macdowall Grant, of Arndilly—brother-in-law to Robert Aitken, of Pendeen, and therefore uncle to Canon Hay Aitken.¹ In middle life he was spiritually transformed from a somewhat worldly-minded professor of religion into an evangelist distinguished by the quiet dexterity

¹ See page 133.

with which he sought to win individuals for Christ—although he carried ‘the Revival touch’ into any assembly, small or large. Forsaking easy dignity and the leisure which had been well earned by long years in West Indian plantations, he became so noted for personal work, that people came to seek his counsel in matters concerning conversion, just as in physical ailments they might call in a Harley-street specialist. He would spend days in tramping through heathery and swampy moors, visiting the scattered homes of the poor; once he was found lying in the road, having fallen through sheer exhaustion. At stated times he would enter in his diary a full and exact statement of the spiritual results of his labours, as a merchant might set out the record of his profits. North, Radcliffe, and Grant—sometimes called ‘the gentlemen evangelists’—emphasized three aspects of truth: the first proclaimed ‘God is’; the second declared ‘God is love’; and the third delighted to tell of ‘God’s gift of salvation.’

There were, of course, many other members of this consecrated band of workers. In earlier years, one was Elizabeth Duchess of Gordon, in whose Castle Park at Huntly were organised, by Duncan Matheson, those extraordinary Gospel field-days in which thousands gathered to hear earnest preaching, and many entered the Way of Life. Matheson himself, whose tender ministry to soul and body in the Crimean War endeared him to many in the allied forces, was another conspicuous figure. ‘I should like to die planning Revival services,’ were almost his last words, as he lay smitten

with disease, contracted through, or accelerated by, exposure to weather while preaching.

Another stalwart was Edward Payson Hammond, a young American student of theology, who, visiting Scotland, was providentially appointed to conduct services at Annan, on the Solway. A Revival broke out immediately. 'The public mind is deeply moved. A solemn awe seems to hang over the whole community,' said a secular paper. Conversions were numerous and genuine; the whole town was aroused to ponder the Divine claims on human hearts. The work spread to Dumfries; then such blessing was experienced at Glasgow, that in a thanksgiving meeting four thousand people crowded the City Hall, and the building might have been thrice filled. The work proved deep and permanent. But the chief result of Mr. Hammond's labours was the creation of an interest in Child Conversion surpassing anything previously known—amounting, in fact, to a revolution of ideas on this important subject—and the organisation of Gospel efforts for the salvation of the young, which continue to make large progress in our own day.

The story of James Turner, of Peterhead, curer of herrings and Methodist preacher, was another in which Mr. Morgan took peculiar delight. The brief, meteoric career of this good man was a continual blaze of Revival, as he journeyed among the fishing towns of the Scottish north-east coast.

'Parish after parish (wrote Mr. Gordon Forlong) 'furnished a host of converts. On one occasion I was 'told that there were no fewer than eight godly pastors

‘ following James Turner, ministering to the slain of the Lord ; and it is estimated that not fewer than eight thousand souls were converted through his instrumentality in Aberdeenshire.’

The Revival said of him : ‘ That which interests us even more than the work is the man himself. It is so rare a thing to meet one whom the zeal of God’s house hath eaten up.’ Turner died, with the words, ‘ Christ is all,’ upon his lips, in 1863.

A special intimate of Mr. Morgan’s was Henry Moorhouse. A Lancashire auctioneer’s assistant (converted under Richard Weaver), he was called of God to be an evangelist, and became ‘ a burning and a shining light.’ His diminutive stature and boyish appearance were in striking contrast to his convincing utterances. His chief excellence lay in Bible exposition, through which he exercised an epochal influence over D. L. Moody in regard to the use of the Bible in evangelism. It was truly said that ‘ he taught Moody to draw his sword full length and to fling away the scabbard, and enter the battle with the naked blade ’ of revealed truth. To think of him is to recall John iii. 16,¹ and to be

¹ Mr. Moody often told, with characteristic frankness, the story of his early relations with Moorhouse :—

‘ He introduced himself to me, and said he would like to come to Chicago to preach. He didn’t look more than seventeen, and I said to myself : “ He can’t preach.” . . . I wrote him a cold letter : “ If you come West, call on me.” I thought that would be the last I should hear of him. I got a letter stating that on a certain day he would be in Chicago and would preach for me. I was going to be out of town Thursday and Friday, and I told some of the church officers : “ You might try him. I will announce him to speak Thursday night.” On the Sunday, as I went to

reminded that this was the constant text of many of the Revival preachers. One evangelist preached from it, in theatres, for fifty-two consecutive Sundays—not as an eccentric fancy, but because it contained the gist of the Gospel. Probably every mission-hall and ragged-school—every place where the poor were gathered in—bore this text painted upon the wall or exhibited on a printed placard. Innumerable tracts were founded upon it; it was constantly on the lips of Christian visitors in prisons and lodging-houses; and it was the theme of countless open-air addresses.

When the Ulster Revival spread southward, a wonderful movement began in Dublin, where Joseph Denham Smith, who had ‘caught the fire’ in visiting Ballymena, preached to thousands of people in the Metropolitan Hall—once a circus. The audiences, assembling in the morning, would sometimes remain the whole day, until eleven or twelve o’clock at night. The character of the movement was described in *The Revival* as ‘very delightful; it is as the gentle refreshing breeze, or as the small rain upon the tender

‘the church, I noticed that every one brought a Bible. The morning address was to Christians. I never heard anything like it. He gave chapter and verse to prove every statement. When night came, the church was packed. He preached, from John iii. 16, the most extraordinary sermon. This heart of mine began to thaw out. I could not keep back the tears. It was like good news from a far country. I just drank it in. For six nights in succession he preached on the one text. The seventh night came, and he went into the pulpit. Every eye was on him, and . . . he preached the seventh sermon from those wonderful words: “God so loved the world.” If any man gets up in that pulpit and gives out that text to-day, there is a smile all over my church.’

grass.' Mr. Smith gave himself entirely to evangelism, and the Merrion Memorial Hall, designed to seat three thousand persons, was built for his services, and still continues to be a strong centre of evangelistic effort. A remarkable feature of this work of grace was the change wrought among the sailors on the express boats plying between Holyhead and Dublin. Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, travelling by one of these vessels, was hailed by the crew as 'Brother,' and, after inquiring into the reason for this phenomenon, he wrote: 'My heart was lifted up with joy, to think of a ship being a floating church.'

The visits to this country of Charles G. Finney—'prince of revivalists' as he has sometimes been styled, although he would by no means accept the praise of men—bring him into the present circle. More truly, however, he belonged to the previous generation.

Another fervent American, whom Mr. Morgan earnestly appreciated, and helped through *The Revival*, was James Caughey, whose views and style may be gleaned from an utterance truly characteristic of the man:—

'Let jesters and speculators have their say; the sword shall make havoc, by the power of the Holy Ghost, among the King's enemies; and before I leave this chapel I hope to be able to point to a great cloud of witnesses, a host of new converts, and say: "Behold the fruits of my ministry! They are of more value to me in the Church of God than thousands applauding my services."'

The story of Robert Annan, the working-man evangelist of Dundee, was one which deeply moved Mr. Morgan. Once a wild and disreputable character, Robert became

converted during the Revival, and gave his spare time to street-preaching and tract-distribution. The record of his labours was like a chapter from the Acts of the Apostles. His fiery zeal aroused both love and hatred; his life was crowded with good deeds, and frequently he would spend whole nights in prayer.

His end, at the age of thirty-three, was tragic. One morning, in 1876, before proceeding to his work at the docks, he took a piece of chalk and wrote on his gate the word 'Death,' and on the pavement, 'Eternity.' A few hours later, his corpse was carried over that pavement and through that gate. He had been drowned in rescuing a lad who had fallen into the water. By shaking himself loose he might have saved himself, but the lad would have perished. So he gave his life, while the youth was saved. At the funeral, a vast multitude assembled round Annan's cottage, where the word 'Eternity' was still legible on the pavement. Six hundred men, headed by the chief magistrate of Dundee, marched behind the hearse. A memorial service, held the following Sunday, at the church of which Robert had been a member, was so crowded that the service had to be preached in a field. The word 'Eternity' was, by request of the Hon. Jas. Gordon, carved into the paving-stone in front of the cottage-gate.

Of Henry Grattan Guinness, preacher, author, world-traveller in the work of God, and missionary-propagandist and organiser, it was well said, in the early sixties, that 'his preaching is entirely occupied with the central truths of the Gospel, of which he gives the

Puritan statement in modern phrase.' So anxious were the people to hear him, that Dr. Urwick, writing of earlier meetings in Dublin, said: 'Could a place have been had which would accommodate 10,000 or even 15,000, I have no doubt that the room would have been all occupied.' Mr. Guinness and Mr. Spurgeon were at one time the two most distinguished preachers in London. The interest they aroused was enormous, to which even the 'man in the street' could not remain indifferent, as—noting the marked contrast in the ministry of the two men—he flippantly described Mr. Spurgeon as 'Brimstone' and Mr. Guinness as 'Treacle'! Despite such eccentric criticism—which, however, was itself a tribute to their extraordinary influence—it is a matter of history that the Metropolis was deeply stirred by their vivid proclamation of the Word of Life.¹

The Revival movement produced not a few sturdy independent spirits, somewhat impatient of stereotyped methods, who desired to launch out, on apostolic lines

¹ Mr. Morgan's friendship with Mr. (now Dr.) Guinness was heartily continued with the eloquent preacher's distinguished family—Dr. Harry Guinness, of Harley College; Mrs. Howard Taylor (Geraldine Guinness), historian of the China Inland Mission, biographer of Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, authoress of *Pastor Hsi* and other powerful and instructive volumes; Dr. Whitefield Guinness, also of the C.I.M.; the late Mrs. Kumm (Lucy Guinness), of the Sudan United Mission, whose loss to the African mission field is being memorialised by the erection of the 'Lucy Guinness Home' for freed slaves; and—on into the third generation—Miss Geraldine Guinness (daughter of Dr. Harry Guinness), authoress of *Peru*. Of the work of the Regions Beyond Missionary Union on the Congo, and in South America and India, Mr. Morgan was always a warm supporter.

in direct Gospel work among the masses. Such a man was William Carter, a master chimney-sweep, of strongly marked and picturesque individuality, who for a considerable time exercised a magnetic power for good, especially in South London. A theatre preacher and an indefatigable organiser, he startled conventional ideas by a series of extraordinary tea-meetings, at which gathered an assemblage of ‘rogues, thieves, and vagabonds,’ the admission ticket bearing the specific statement that ‘no person of good character’ must on any account use it! In harmony with this idea, meetings were arranged for ‘five hundred sweeps,’ for costermongers, dustmen and scavengers, wood-choppers, and fellowship-porters—the latter being ingenuously described by their host as ‘a very wicked and blasphemous set of men who get their living by unloading ships!’ Of a second ‘rogues’ meeting’ it was said: ‘The spectacle of five hundred thieves was truly terrific!’ The wood-choppers, however, excelled in clamour and depredation—‘one woman’s pockets were emptied of cups and saucers, and we took from her enough provisions to supply a dozen people.’ There were many converts,¹

¹ At each meeting the speakers included representatives of the particular class or calling of those assembled. One of these was Ned Wright, whose terrible story as an erstwhile prize-fighter powerfully affected his hearers. Another was ‘The Coster King,’ so called because he had sung a song of that title, sitting on a donkey, on a theatre stage. ‘I’m a changed man, and you know it,’ cried the ‘King’; ‘you said it was only a nine days’ wonder, but it has lasted twelve months.’ Mr. Carter’s general experience was: ‘Order or ceremony is out of the question. We have to sing them quiet, or holla louder than they do, until they settle down!’

however; and the costermongers, in order to advertise the meetings, exhibited notices on their barrows; while a wood-chopper made it a rule to place a tract in every bundle of wood that he made up. Another pioneer effort—of special value in days when so many people were unable to read or write—was a Society 'for reading the Scriptures aloud in the open-air.'

Two other brethren of Revival days to whom my father was deeply attached, and whose multifarious efforts he highly honoured, were John Hambleton and Joshua Poole. These names may not be of much significance to the present generation, but at one time they were among the best known in the land. Hambleton, formerly an actor, leonine in appearance and grimly effective on the platform, appealed to crowds outside all Church influence. Sometimes in company with Reginald Radcliffe or Harry Moorhouse, but often proceeding alone to some great pleasure-fair, he trusted implicitly to the Spirit's leading, and the story of his free-lance adventures made captivating reading.

Joshua Poole, converted fiddler, a miracle of grace and a master of assemblies, attracted the very 'off-scouring' when he related his experiences, new and old; for he did so in graphic terms, which, if somewhat cryptic to the educated, were well understood in Whitechapel and St. Giles'. Joshua possessed arresting fluency, a fund of anecdotal humour, intense sympathy with the poor, and a passion for souls. He was usually accompanied by his wife, a homely Yorkshirewoman of

pleading pathos; and the bare announcement, 'Joshua and Mary Poole are coming,' was ordinarily sufficient to stir almost any slum in the kingdom.

The work of another outstanding missionary, commenced in the Revival year and still continuing, is the extensive evangelising of W. Hay Aitken (now Canon), who, entering upon his fiftieth year as a missionary in 1909, gives this interesting 'Retrospect':—

'It was in September, 1859, that I made my start, and I had not then completed my seventeenth year. My first evangelistic campaign came about in this way: I was paying a visit to my uncle, the late Mr. Macdowall Grant, of Arndilly, at his beautiful home on the banks of the Spey. A strong spiritual influence was making itself felt in both England and Scotland, as well as in the Emerald Isle. My uncle had become quite recently (after a visit paid to him by my father two years before) a thoroughly consecrated and devoted worker for God, and was already one of the most prominent lay-preachers in Scotland.

'He and the late Reginald Radcliffe had been engaged in a most remarkable evangelistic movement in Aberdeen; and so great was the stir, that it is no exaggeration to say that the whole city was moved as it has probably never been either before or since; and the joy of that ingathering led to my uncle's being invited to conduct missions in various parts of Scotland.

'Towards the latter part of my visit to Arndilly, I was invited to address a large open-air gathering in Elgin. A few days later, my uncle greatly surprised me by asking me to accompany him to Thurso, Wick, and other places along the Sutherlandshire coast. It had been arranged that the late Brownlow North was to be his fellow-labourer; but an attack of bronchitis

‘had laid him aside, and left Mr. Grant without a helper.

‘It was certainly a curious coincidence that I, who had spent the greater part of my life within seven miles of Land’s End, should thus be called to begin my work as an evangelist within about an equal distance of John o’ Groat’s Point; but so it was, and the blessing of God which rested on that series of meetings did more to shape my future career than perhaps any other event of my life. A wonderful time we had; and seldom in the intervening fifty years have I witnessed more remarkable manifestations of the power of the Holy Spirit, affecting a whole population, than I did then.

‘And so it comes to pass that I have had the privilege granted me for half a century of doing “the work of an evangelist,” during which time I have preached and spoken in public about 18,000 times, and I suppose the Gospel of God’s grace must have reached the ears of some millions of my fellow-creatures through my lips. Few other men have had such an opportunity as has fallen to my lot, and the thought of how much better a use I ought to have made of it is indeed humiliating and almost overwhelming. At the same time, one’s heart is full of gratitude to the Master I have sought to serve, that He has condescended to work with me, and to confirm the Word with signs following.’

Such were some of the true warriors of the Lord, whose far extended campaigns, glorious in spiritual accomplishment, rendered their time historic in Revival memory. *Si monumentum requiris, circumspice*. Their monument is seen in the children and children’s children of their converts. Mr. Morgan was with these brethren ‘in journeyings oft,’ a familiar figure in many a huge meeting, an earnest speaker, and active co-worker in

inquiry-rooms. At the same time, in his own special sphere of religious journalism, while sinking his own personality, he became increasingly influential, as, in humility and love, he fanned the flame of holy zeal, fostered the spirit of Christian unity, and helped to conserve, for the glory of God and the benefit of the generations to come, the abounding results of those wondrous Revival days.

CHAPTER XI

REVIVAL

A DISTINGUISHED CIRCLE

OF the circle of Mr. Morgan's early associates, contributors, readers, and friends, the majority have passed to their rest. Besides those mentioned in other chapters, there were many distinguished people who served their generation well, and with whom he was frequently in more or less intimate touch.

Prominent among these was Sir Arthur Blackwood,¹ permanent head of the Post Office; as a chief among Evangelicals, chairman of the Mildmay Conference, evangelist, and author, his memory is greatly honoured.

Another fragrant name is that of Lord Shaftesbury,

¹ Knighted for his public services (having previously been known as Mr. Stevenson A. Blackwood), he married Sydney Duchess of Manchester, who gave him earnest assistance in his many activities. Sir Arthur exercised a powerful influence for good among the wealthy classes, and was an assiduous preacher. For years he held weekly meetings at his own house. Many attribute their conversion to his clear Gospel ministry—notably Pastor Archibald G. Brown, now of the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

whose devotion to philanthropy—in which, of course, rather than in set preaching, he found his life-work—was founded on spiritual religion. Guiding legislation that made for the purification of social conditions, and advocating and supporting innumerable ameliorative agencies, he was also strongly interested in direct Gospel work.¹

Indeed, the ranks of earnest Christians in Victorian days included not a few remarkable men among the peers. The eighth Earl of Cavan² co-operated in the formation of the Evangelical Alliance; and with Rev. W. Pennefather in the erection of the Mildmay Conference Hall; he was likewise active in the Moody and Sankey campaign at Edinburgh: a frequent and acceptable speaker, particularly upon Scripture topics, he was also, like Grant of Arndilly, peculiarly gifted in impressing individuals for Christ.

An unostentatious but earnest helper in the Gospel

¹ One of the most curious contrasts in the annals of the peerage is surely that between this distinguished man and his ancestor, the first earl. Each was named Anthony Ashley Cooper. Of the first, Macaulay's acrid summing-up was: 'Every part of his life reflected infamy on the other.' Of the seventh, it was truly testified by a contemporary writer in the *Quarterly Review*, that he 'stands pre-eminent amongst British nobles for elevated, disinterested, untiring benevolence and philanthropy.'

² Lord Cavan was encouraged in the systematic study of the Bible by Lord Newark, who, like himself, had married a daughter of Lord Hatherton. 'A man,' wrote Lord Newark, 'had better be well stocked with what *must* be of use to him, than with what *may* be of use to him. And as he grows old, all knowledge will seem vain by the side of Scripture knowledge—"Acquaint thyself with Him, and be at peace."'

was Lord Mount Temple,¹ brother-in-law of Lord Shaftesbury and nephew of Lord Melbourne—to whom, during the Premiership of that peer, he had served as private secretary. As a preacher, he was well known at the Victoria Theatre, and as early as 1850 had himself established a ragged-school in Whitechapel. Among Christians, his name was associated with the famous Conferences at Broadlands, Hants; for several days in each year he opened his beautiful country-seat for praise and prayer and addresses on the Christian life, all comers being heartily welcome, whether rich or poor.

Another notable peer was the Earl of Roden, who bore a clear testimony for Christ, and was active in the defence of oppressed Protestants in other lands.

A loyal sympathiser with my father's work during the seventies (and more particularly during their residence at Bournemouth in the eighties) was Earl Cairns, a veritable man of God. Twice Lord Chancellor of England—and at the same time a Sunday-school teacher (sharing that honour with two other Victorian Chancellors, Lord Hatherley and Lord Selborne)—Earl Cairns dignified his calling, and the woolsack itself, with a true Christian serenity.² He was the warm

¹ Lord Mount Temple is perhaps best known by the public of to-day as the originator of the 'Cowper-Temple clause,' which, while dispensing with the obligatory teaching, in schools, of the Church Catechism, emphasised the reading and teaching of the Bible. He initiated the laying-out of flower-beds in London parks, and the distribution of surplus plants to the poor.

² When a member of the House of Commons, he was frequently

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friend of such men of God as D. L. Moody and Dr. Barnardo, and his spiritual insight may be gathered from a conversation recorded by Canon Hay Aitken:—

‘When we were discussing the prejudice that exists in the minds of so many against anything in the nature of sudden conversion, he remarked: “Yes, I observe that worldly people are almost invariably sceptical with respect to sudden conversions, except in one particular set of circumstances. I notice that they almost all, not only believe in, but practically *count upon*, the possibility of sudden conversion, provided that it takes place upon a deathbed. They don’t seem to believe in it at any other time!”’

It is always of interest to note cases in which the children follow worthily in the footsteps of their parents. A pathetic illustration of this Gospel succession was furnished in the Earl of Kintore and his family. He was himself an effective preacher of Evangelical truth, at once sound and convincing. His third son was the Hon. Ion G. N. Keith-Falconer, whose abilities and learning were early dedicated to the cause of foreign missions. Hebrew Lecturer, and subsequently Lord Almoner’s Professor of Arabic at Cambridge University, Mr. Keith-Falconer was led, through reading a notice in

detained very late, and yet had to proceed early in the morning to fulfil pressing legal duties; but he still rose at six o’clock, in order to secure an hour and a half for Bible-study and prayer before conducting family-worship. Early in his career a very important brief was offered him; its acceptance seemed to promise much in the way of enhancing his prospects. Nevertheless, as it would involve Sunday study, he immediately returned it, saying: ‘On the seventh day I am God’s man only.’

THE CHRISTIAN,¹ to give himself to the evangelisation of Arabia; but, after founding the Mission at Aden which bears his name, his promising career was suddenly terminated by death. On the passing away of another son, Arthur (when only fourteen years of age), Lord Kintore wrote to my father: 'He departed full of joy in the Lord; his love of music was with him almost to the close.' Several of Arthur Keith-Falconer's musical compositions were published in THE CHRISTIAN.

Lastly, the name of the kindly Duchess of Teck² must also be included in the circle under review. The royal

¹ 'A paper had been written by General Haig. A summary of 'this appeared in THE CHRISTIAN, where Keith-Falconer read it, 'and thenceforward the idea was slowly developed . . . to the day 'when, as though in answer to the question, "Who will go for us?" 'he answered—not with vague, crude ideas, only half-formed and 'doomed by their very nature to failure, but with a resolution as 'calm as it was deep—"Here am I, send me."—*Memorials of the Hon. Ion Keith-Falconer*, by Dr. Sinker.

² H.R.H. Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, was the second daughter of Adolphus Frederick, first Duke of Cambridge, the seventh son of George III.: she was therefore first cousin to Queen Victoria. Miss Macpherson once told how Her Royal Highness paid a surprise visit to the Home of Industry:—

'She had been visiting George Holland that afternoon, and had 'come over to see us. Soon, after a series of questions, her whole 'heart was in touch with both the hundred aged widows and the 'destitute children, tears of sympathy flowing freely. By this 'time Lord Radstock and half a dozen others were in the room, 'having walked to the Home while Her Royal Highness had 'driven. The Duchess turned to Lord Radstock and said: "This 'is a story that will do us all good in the West End. I will gather 'all the ladies I know; you arrange when and where we can meet, 'if Miss Macpherson will only come and repeat what she has now 'been telling me." Some weeks later the gathering took place, 'at Eccleston Hall.'

lady was a frequent visitor to Mr. George Holland's Mission¹ at George Yard, Whitechapel, and to Dr. Barnardo's and other institutions for the benefit of poor children, while many a foreign mission station benefited by her warm advocacy and personal gifts. She was, indeed, indefatigable in enlisting the services of the well-to-do in the cause of the suffering and distressed.

Turning to the commercial sphere, we think of those generous supporters of Christian work—whose names were household words in their day—Samuel Morley, George Moore, Quintin Hogg,² George Williams,³ and many others, in whom were combined the able business man and the zealous lover of missions.

Indeed, to whatever section of the community we turn, tender memories cluster round Mr. Morgan and his paper—memories of the group of valiant Irishmen including Mr. Talbot Crosbie, who were brought out for Christ in the Revival days; of Drs. A. N. Somerville and Horatius and Andrew Bonar; of erudite and spiritually-minded Robert C. Chapman, of Barnstaple; of George

¹ Even persons of eminence might well find encouragement in Whitechapel, although that is not a common place of pilgrimage for such a purpose. 'It does one good (wrote Lord Shaftesbury), 'heart and mind, to see that inestimable man, George Holland. I 'had rather be George than ninety-nine-hundredths of the great, 'living or dead. What a servant of our beloved and precious Lord!'

² Mr. Quintin Hogg, formerly a West Indian merchant, devoted ceaseless energy to the reclaiming of the lost of both sexes. But his abiding monument is the London Polytechnic Institution, which has been the educational and spiritual home of thousands of earnest-minded young men and women.

³ Founder of the Y.M.C.A. See Chapter XX.

Müller himself, and many another bold disciple in the torn ranks of the Brethren; of Charles Haddon Spurgeon, Newman Hall, and Samuel Martin; of Mrs. Josephine Butler and Miss Ellice Hopkins; of Thomas Sidney Cooper, R.A.; of Anna Shipton and Frances Ridley Havergal; of Capel Molyneux and Marcus Rainsford; James Culross, Adolph Saphir, Thain Davidson, Hugh Price Hughes, and Joseph Parker. The list might be lengthened almost indefinitely; it would include a host of Christian pioneers, organisers, and workers ¹ in the Old World and the New—some of rank and wealth who sank their caste in Christ that they might win souls; others in humbler life, faithful servants toiling for their Master in slum and alley, by the wayside or by the bedside, in mission-hall and Sunday-school—‘whithersoever the Spirit was to go they went!’ Any and all of such my father was proud to call his friends—pilgrim-saints who, while toiling on earth for the Heavenly Kingdom, were not ashamed to own that they ‘looked for a city which hath foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God.’

¹ Many are named in other connections elsewhere throughout this Biography. I have purposely omitted the names of living persons, of whatever rank, from the circle of my father's intimates and Christian associates; they would be too numerous, and distinctions are invidious.

CHAPTER XII

REVIVAL

PHILANTHROPIC MEMORIALS

STUPENDOUS as was the Revival movement of 1859, it meant much more than reform of conduct and a purification of manners. The visitation of the Spirit first taught afresh the lesson of the New Birth; then, living faith was translated into good works, multiplying on every hand and producing world-wide results. A host of zealous converts carried the message of Divine love and practical sympathy into the darkest abodes of human woe. It was the time of seedlings which to-day have grown into forest giants.

Lord Shaftesbury and his sympathisers in philanthropy—themselves cherishing definite ethical aims, born of spiritual revelation—found themselves re-inforced by men and women who were prepared to devote their all to the extension of the Kingdom of God and the welfare of their fellows. Reviewing those busy years, Sir John Kirk says:—

‘ All this zealous activity reacted upon the slums. Probably the impetus most apparent, as it throbbed

‘ week by week in the pages of *The Revival*, was that of outstanding aggressive evangelism. But this quickly crystallised into organised effort; it reached out to body and soul. The already-formed Ragged School Union felt the impulse of the Divine awakening; George Yard in the east of the Metropolis, Gray’s Yard in the west, Sermon Lane in the north, realised its influence; Mr. Fegan pitched his tent at Deptford, George Hatton in St. Giles’, W. J. Orsman in St. Luke’s, while Thomas J. Barnardo obeyed the call at Stepney. These are only a few among the many who either “lengthened their cords and strengthened their stakes,” or founded fresh enterprises for the rescue of children and the salvation of the very lowest in the community. At the back of, and around, these uplifting agencies was that big-hearted, widely-sympathetic friend, Richard Cope Morgan, whose voice, pen, purse, and pleas were used unstintingly for the furtherance and sustenance of these spiritual agencies. His well-directed sympathy took the most practical form, for it succeeded in not only gaining fresh recruits for service, but also in eliciting thousands of pounds sterling for the maintenance of the work. The whole of child-life in England, and indeed the whole world, is the happier and better for the devoted life-work of that good man.’

Probably the present generation, which sees vast sums expended on social work, and the growth of something very like competition in various places of Samaritan effort, scarcely realises its immense debt to the pioneers of Revival days, and their tremendous earnestness in the furtherance of evangelism and practical brotherhood.

One of the first records published in *The Revival* regarding the rise of the modern Home Mission movement, described a meeting held at midnight in a Piccadilly

restaurant, for the unhappy women who frequented the drinking-dens and dancing-rooms of the vicinity. During an address by the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, whose calm and beautiful spirit marked him as admirably suited to such an occasion, many burst into tears as they were tenderly reminded of home associations; and Mr. E. W. Thomas, who founded the Homes for ‘Friendless and Fallen’ women, conducted nearly twenty penitents to his institutions.

Valuable confirmation as to the beneficent effects of the Revival upon rescue operations is added by the present secretary of the Homes, Mr. W. J. Taylor, who testifies:—

‘The Revival stimulated Christian people to inaugurate fresh works of religion and philanthropy, while societies already in existence received a fresh impetus. Christian workers were raised up by thousands, giving themselves, for the Master’s sake, to voluntary labours on behalf of the lost. The purse-strings of others were loosened, and the humanitarian philanthropists were stirred to renewed zeal by the religious awakening. Mr. R. C. Morgan’s pen and paper were powerful in leading devoted people to “attempt great things for God.”’

Rapidly the good work was taken up in other cities also, being organised, by a group of Christian brethren, as ‘The Midnight Meeting Movement.’ It was estimated that a thousand women were rescued within a year, in addition to many others who were indirectly influenced to depart from evil courses. More than this, administrative methods were softened; the old order—under

which a refuge was called a 'penitentiary,' and was very like a prison—gave place to the new, when touched by the spirit of Revival, so that no harsh voice sounded, but rather the silver note of compassion—'Go in peace, and sin no more.'

As the Revival spirit deepened, it brought together workers of either sex endowed with special gifts for impressing particular sections of the community, and large opportunities were instantly seized. Among the many enduring friendships, illustrative of this truth, which were formed by my father at this time, was one with an energetic young medical student at the London Hospital—Thomas J. Barnardo. Prior to this, while living in Dublin, the future philanthropist had been a student of Voltaire and Tom Paine, much as a certain school among the youth of to-day gives itself to Haeckel and Blatchford. He defined himself as 'just as cheeky a young fellow as could be,' when, invited to a meeting in Dublin at the house of Mr. William Fry—the speaker being the solemn and searching John Hambleton—he was soundly converted.¹ While at the London Hospital,

¹ 'After we had all gone to bed (says his brother) he came in 'great distress of mind to the room of one of his brothers, and said 'how greatly the meeting had affected him, and that he could not rest. Many tears did he shed, in great sorrow and agony of heart, and the three brothers knelt together and cried to God, especially for the one in distress; and He graciously heard. Light and joy and peace there and then filled his heart. We all rose from our knees, rejoicing and thanking God.'

He attached himself to the Open Brethren, and used to go, for systematic Bible-study, to the house of Dr. Grattan Guinness. It is interesting to note that the first day's entry in his personal diary of spiritual experience begins: 'Blessed is he that considereth the poor.'

having been drawn out to the care and instruction of rough children in Ragged School work, he made, through *The Revival*, his first appeal to the Christian public, pleading particularly for—

‘the very large number who never enter a church or chapel or school, and who, with none to care for their spiritual welfare, pass the Sunday in all imaginable manners and haunts of vice. *I want to reach them.*’

Without hesitation my father was at this hopeful young worker’s side, to strengthen and to help. They prayed together, and a plan was developed to gather into a large room or shed the neglected children and rough youths, ‘the class which goes far to fill our prisons.’ The youngsters were attracted from the streets by processions, and banners inscribed with words of welcome. Funds were sent in, the interest increased, and the work duly inaugurated with a free tea to over two thousand of ‘the right sort.’ Shortly afterwards, two small four-roomed cottages were taken in a court on the confines of Stepney and Limehouse.

Such was the origin of the great institution which, even apart from its large spiritual results, has affected for good the entire British Empire, by transforming seventy thousand destitute waifs into prosperous citizens, and by providing permanent refuges for the physically disabled among the children of the abyss.¹

¹ Up to 31st December, 1908, the total number of children rescued stood at 67,634, of whom 20,760 were emigrated, with only one per cent. of ‘failures.’

My father stood by his friend in many a stern contest with critics and Romanists. Right on, indeed, to the pathetic close of Dr. Barnardo's crowded and strenuous career, the two men cherished a strong mutual regard.

Another remarkable venture of faith, with the inauguration of which my father was still more closely associated, arose in East London. Miss Annie Macpherson, who had established evening-schools, libraries, and coffee-sheds, for the coprolite diggers of Cambridgeshire,¹ came to London, and became a close friend of the leading spirits in the Revival, particularly with two cousins, Lady Rowley,² and Miss Clara M. S. Lowe (daughter of Napoleon's custodian at St. Helena).

It was in 1861 that Miss Annie Macpherson first made the acquaintance of Mr. Morgan. She was then residing in a village in Cambridgeshire, and thus recorded her experiences in that year :—

¹ It is illustrative of 'other times, other manners,' at any rate as regards the views of some employers, that sheds erected as places of amusement for these diggers (of fossil manure) were entitled *swearing-rooms*. Miss Macpherson wrote of her experiences in these abodes of blasphemy : 'Strong in the Lord, I have witnessed among these men and found a welcome, and many eyes flowed with tears at the lifting-up of Jesus, even where ministers and missionaries cannot venture.'

² Charlotte, widow of Sir Joshua Rowley, of Tendring Hall, Suffolk. This distinguished lady laboured with extraordinary zeal in the homes of the sick poor in East London. She daily visited hospitals and supported the poverty-stricken families of the sufferers in the accident wards. She likewise taught the blind, hired theatres and rooms for Gospel-preaching, supported a mission in Shoreditch, and founded a Home for young women. In fact, the agencies for good in which she was actively engaged were multifarious. She passed to her rest, 11th December, 1862.

‘ It was the turning-point in my life. I made a pilgrimage to London to attend the preaching of Reginald Radcliffe in the City of London Theatre, Shoreditch. There I met Dr. Elwin. On the following evening, at the Young Men’s Christian Association, Gt. Marlborough-st., he introduced me to Lady Rowley, Mr. R. C. Morgan, and many other Christian friends. Through them I was led to attend the next Barnet Conference, where I learned what it was to wait for the Coming of the Lord.

‘ In the winter of 1866, a tea-meeting was given for the boys of the streets, shoe-blacks, etc. There was no School Board at that time. Many of the boys among the evening’s guests were homeless; it was a bitterly cold night, and when the meeting was over, quite a number of them had to go back to the streets again. Mr. Morgan suggested that something permanent should be done to raise their condition, by receiving them into a Home, where they could be taught and trained to regular work. Through the kind sympathy of Mr. Morgan and other friends, the means were provided; two houses were taken in Gore Road, South Hackney—one for boys, and one for girls.

‘ In February, 1869, the Lord gave me the desire of my heart, and the “Home of Industry” was taken, and opened with prayer and praise, the rent being guaranteed by its trustees and myself.’

Earnest and immediate appeals were made, both in *The Revival* and by its editor personally, setting forth the hard lot of the gutter child. In fact, three institutions were started, called ‘*The Revival Homes*,’ for the support of which my father pleaded so effectively, that the first year’s financial statement showed that out of a total income of £978, no less than £935 had come from readers of *The Revival*. The work still spread so rapidly, that further accommodation became necessary;

and a large building, which had remained unoccupied since being used as a hospital during the cholera visitation of 1866, was opened as the headquarters of the work.¹ Miss Macpherson's plan was to train the young people in domestic duties, and ground them thoroughly in Bible truth. Perceiving the manifold advantages they would gain by emigration, she commenced to send parties to Canada; indeed, she led the pioneer band herself. Distributing centres were established in the Dominion, and Lord Dufferin's testimony was: 'We meet your children everywhere, and they are so happy.'² Although the devoted lady has fallen on sleep, the institutions are still extending their sphere of usefulness under the kindly care of the Merry family—relatives of Miss Macpherson who were associated with her from the first.

Miss Macpherson's brother-in-law, Mr. Joseph Merry, adds this gracious appreciation of my father's interest:—

'Mr. Morgan was one of the Council members from the first, and remained so up to his decease. He was a

¹ 'The adjoining streets,' wrote Miss Lowe, 'are known as the thieves' quarter. Three thousand, it is supposed, have their headquarters there.' Still more suitable premises were afterwards secured in Bethnal Green Road, the present centre. A Gospel Mission has been maintained for many years among the 'fanciers' who throng 'Bird Fair'—one of the most curious and bizarre resorts in London. Another branch is the Bible Flower Mission; the Queen of Sweden, hearing of it, established a similar work in Stockholm; and the present Queen of Denmark, when Crown Princess, asked for patterns of the texts used, so that she might start a like mission in her own country.

² Some 8000 children had been received into the Homes up to December 31, 1908, of whom 7707 had been happily settled in Canada.

‘true friend, a wise counsellor, and one on whom we could always depend for sympathy and prayer. Personally, I shall ever remember with a grateful heart his kind sympathy when my dear wife died. He had been ill for some time, but got up out of bed and came over to London Fields to attend the funeral. “The memory of the just is blessed.”’

Like a spiritual banyan tree, the Home of Industry has sent forth branches which in their turn have become roots. One of these was the excellent work among sailors on shore, commenced in Ratcliff Highway by Miss Rosetta Child (which she has since carried on at the Sailors’ Welcome Home, Canning Town).

Again, a tiny house was taken, as a rescue post, near to Ratcliff Highway, where the wild scenes in public-houses, the dancing-rooms and streets, paralleled the midnight pollutions of the fashionable West. Subsequently Miss Mary H. Steer took over the work, which, under the significant title ‘The Bridge of Hope,’ has proved a strong and true way of escape for thousands of hopeless girls; and which in more recent years has rendered further splendid service to the community by the establishment of the Cottage Homes at Chingford for the reception of little girls rescued from circumstances of extreme moral danger.

As varied efforts multiplied for the benefit of the poor and distressed, *The Revival* became, in its Home Mission aspect, a literary counterpart of what the Society of Friends calls its ‘Meeting for Sufferings’—that is, for the help of all whose woeful condition constitutes a righteous demand upon the means and

energies of Christian people. Relief was secured for the starving Spitalfields weavers who, working their looms at home, found their occupation gone, through the development of the modern machinery-equipped factory, until their long-existent colony practically disappeared. A fund on behalf of the sufferers in the Lancashire Cotton Famine was also warmly supported.

Long before the question of sweated industries became the subject of Exhibitions and Parliamentary inquiry, the atrocities of sweating were exposed in *The Revival*—Miss Macpherson voicing the wail of the little match-box makers, and Miss Lowe pleading for such cases as that of—

‘ a poor widow with two daughters, both on the verge of decline through want of air and food, employed in making the smallest sized dolls’ arms. They have to find all materials—calico, leather, paste, sawdust, and sewing cotton—and for making twelve dozen pairs (*i.e.* 288 arms) they receive but 1s. 6d.’

Amid all the new mission enterprises, the needs of women prisoners were not overlooked. Mrs. Susannah Meredith, a niece of Elizabeth Fry, had in her younger days accompanied her aunt in those expeditions to Newgate which made the name of that devoted lady synonymous with the Samaritan effort for the women of the gaols. There was now a clear call to Christians to afford these daughters of crime an opportunity to retrace their wandering steps. Mrs. Meredith’s plans were based on the Gospel; and her confidence in its sufficiency was well justified by such testimonies as—

‘I assure you, ma’am, I’ve *lost my steal!*’

Unassuming but whole-hearted labours of this kind commanded such cordial support, that Mrs. Meredith wrote at a later stage:—

‘The readers of *The Revival* have been the chief contributors to the Mission to Women Criminals. The money which many of them have sent, accompanied by loving words of sympathy, prayer, and faith, has been the greatest help received in the undertaking, and for it all thanks and praise are due to the Author of all good.’

Other instances of Mr. Morgan’s editorship being distinctively associated with permanent memorials of his life and work, are the following:—In 1889, a large block of buildings in a squalid district of East London was secured by Pastor Archibald G. Brown (then of the East London Tabernacle), and arranged in flats at low rents, so that poor Christian people might be decently housed. The capacious premises were duly designated ‘THE CHRISTIAN Buildings’; and they have proved a great boon, especially to struggling widows, and women engaged in ill-paid industries.

Then, a building in Mrs. Meredith’s ‘Princess Mary Village Homes,’ at Addlestone, Surrey, was erected with money raised through the paper, and was entitled ‘THE CHRISTIAN Cottage.’ Mr. Morgan’s own name appears as the founder of one of the cottages in Dr. Barnardo’s Village Homes at Barkingside; while the ‘Young Readers of THE CHRISTIAN’ have generously assumed responsibility for the upkeep of two cots and a bathing-

machine in connection with the Cripples' Home of the Ragged School Union, at Southend.

For many years his active interest was evinced in Dr. Grattan Guinness' East London Training Institute (now Harley College), which has equipped hundreds of missionaries for the foreign field; in Mr. Charrington's¹ Tower Hamlets Mission, with its Great Assembly Hall, which has become, perhaps, the largest undenominational mission in the world; in the Christian Colportage Association, a disseminator of vast quantities of evangelistic literature in the homes of the people; in Miss Mason's Homes of Rest for Christian Workers; in Mr. Russell Hurditch's Evangelistic Mission; Homes for Working Girls and Lads; Strangers' Rests, the Ragged School Union, Shaftesbury Institutes and Training-ships, the Christian Community, Homes for Blind, Reformatory and Refuge Union, Homes of Hope, Farningham Homes for Little Boys, London City Mission—but where shall I stop?—they defy tabulation!

Add, however, the 'Day in the Country,' 'Children's

¹ The financial aspect of Mr. Charrington's early brewery connection recalls Johnson's bustling remark at the sale of Thrale's Brewery: 'We are here to sell . . . the potentiality of riches beyond the dreams of avarice!' In 1905, Mr. Charrington calculated that the amount he had willingly sacrificed by leaving the business was about half a million sterling. The story of that great renunciation is dramatic: A wretched woman with two children pushed into a public-house, and pleaded with her drunken husband for money to buy food; he felled her to the ground. Mr. Charrington witnessed the shameful act; and looking up he saw the name of his father's firm over the house. 'The blow that knocked the woman down,' he says, 'knocked me out of the liquor traffic!'

Holiday,' 'Help the Poor,' and 'Christmas Dinner' Funds, all of which have been the means of distributing many thousands of pounds, in summer or winter, among needy missions without regard to denominational distinctions.

All these philanthropies bore a heavenly stamp, and set every man to help his neighbour. Through them, many an earnest child of God who appeared shut in to more restricted work than that for which he or she was fitted, was enabled to overcome obstacles and to launch out to serve the Lord Christ. And most, if not all, of these valued mission agencies owed their early developments to Mr. Morgan's advocacy and help, by which their needs were made known and met, and afterwards consistently supported.

Probably the most remarkable instance of extensive growth from small beginnings in those fruitful days, was furnished in connection with Rev. William Booth's tent-meetings in Whitechapel, in 1865, out of which arose 'The Christian Mission,' which in turn became the Salvation Army. Mr. Booth was a frequent visitor at the office of *The Revival*, and circulation was given to his appeals for help. In the early part of 1867, for example, Mr. Booth wrote:—

'Twelve months ago we had only one preaching-place, and that was available for the Sabbath only; now we have six. . . . Some little time ago your readers assisted me in the purchase of a Bible-carriage. To sustain this agency, pay the rents of the different places and other incidental expenses, near upon £6 per week is required, altogether apart from our own support.'

For a long series of years my father upheld all that was good in this wonderful organisation. He never liked its 'military' system, and dissented from some of its doctrinal statements, which, he considered, made for 'perfectionism.' For General Booth and his devoted wife and family, however, he had a profound personal regard, which he showed from time to time in a generously practical manner.

Turning again to the saving of the waif, a Samaritan effort dear to my father by reason of its sound Scriptural teaching, was that of Mr. J. W. C. Fegan. It is a telling illustration of the spirit of the Revival. Mr. Fegan launched out in faith—rather, he was 'thrust out'—to be a guide, counsellor, and friend to the child-Ishmaels of the London slum. His Boys' Home (first at Deptford, then at Southwark), the Orphanage at Stony Stratford, and the Canadian distributing centres, are monuments of the labours of years; but they represent only part of the service Mr. Fegan has rendered as Christian philanthropist, evangelist, and Bible teacher. Reminiscent of early days, he says:—

'When I first met Mr. Morgan, nearly forty years ago, I was only a youth of eighteen in a colonial 'broker's office, with a cottage rented at 5s. a week for 'a crowd of gutter-boys, amongst whom I was working 'single-handed. Without any of the cautions and 'queries and excuses with which others met me on the 'score of my youth, health, inexperience, and what-not, 'he, so to speak, tucked my arm into his, and said: "Come along!"'

One of the most difficult districts of the Metropolis in

the sixties was to be found, not in the East-end, but in the West. A vast area out 'Notting Hill way' was occupied by pig-farms and slaughter-houses. Here, men were to be found in hundreds, who, by reason of their trade, were isolated from anything like elevating surroundings, and who became in very deed a 'lapsed mass' of humanity.

In this neighbourhood, some months of earnest evangelistic effort culminated in the erection of the capacious Notting Hill Tabernacle, through the abounding energy of Mr. Henry Varley—rendered necessary, in fact, by the fruitful results of his own faithful preaching. Until the time came when he had necessarily to devote himself solely to Gospel work, Mr. Varley had conducted a flourishing business; cherishing a warm regard for the members of his old trade, he organised an annual 'Butchers' Festival' for the masters and journeymen—particularly of Smithfield Market. These occasions were marked by the delivery of characteristic 'hard-hitting' addresses, which, however, the audiences invariably took in good part. In some years the festival was held at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, the speakers, in addition to Mr. Varley, including Mr. C. H. Spurgeon and Dr. Barnardo.

Another energetic Gospel centre, a mile or so distant, grew out of the conversion of Mr. Gordon Forlong—a fervent revivalist and conspicuous figure of the same period. Commencing first in the Victoria Hall, Archer-st., W., he was subsequently instrumental in erecting the Talbot Tabernacle, in which he ministered with great

fidelity until, migrating to Australia, he was succeeded by Mr. Frank H. White, who, after long and fruitful years, gave place to Rev. W. Wright Hay, the present pastor.

These godly men were intimate friends of Mr. Morgan throughout his public career; each being notable for loyalty to Bible truth and lively interest in Gospel work in other lands. When Mr. Forlong passed away, in New Zealand, in August, 1908, Pastor White wrote for *THE CHRISTIAN* a worthy tribute to his memory, under the title, 'A King's Champion.'

It is no easy matter, however, even to enumerate all the agencies which from the commencement were energetically helped forward, the Editor being delighted to regard himself as a sort of 'working partner' in them. Among such were the institutions for soldiers at Aldershot, inaugurated by Mrs. Daniell and carried on by her daughter; others at Portsmouth, Winchester, and Dublin, headed respectively by Miss Robinson, the Misses Perks, and Miss Fry—each supplying patent evidences of the possibilities of Christian work in the Army; and the Homes for Orphans established by Miss Charlotte Sharman (a relative of my father's partner, Mr. Chase), the inaugural appeal for which was made in *The Revival*. In the London 'warrens,' or slums, arose Mr. Orsman's 'Costers' Mission'; the St. Giles' Christian Mission, founded by Mr. George Hatton, in connection with which so many thieves were reclaimed under the preaching of Joshua Poole, that the organisation has been ever since largely occupied with the rescue

of ex-prisoners—and now, under Mr. William Wheatley, of probationers also; and Mr. Catlin's work in Cow Cross. Other societies exercised a wide ministry in many parts of the land—*e.g.*, the Open Air Mission, founded by Mr. John Macgregor ('Rob Roy'), in 1853, which gained special strength in Revival days, as Mr. Gawin Kirkham and bands of evangelists witnessed for Christ amid scenes of ribaldry and riot.¹

Inaugurated by a number of friends whose names frequently recurred in the columns of the paper, the Evangelization Society began its useful and honourable career, taking the Gospel in quiet but effective fashion to the people, and insisting strongly upon the need for sound doctrinal teaching. Beyond these and other large enterprises were many humble undertakings originated and carried on by godly men and women—ragged-schools and refuges, mission-halls and homes.

Indeed, surveying the vast growth of Home Missions, the conviction gains force that the period following the Revival of 1859 was one of the most fruitful in the annals of Christianity in this country; and also that in these later days, when so many criticise and

¹ These, of course, were days prior to the abolition of public executions. Writing in *The Revival* of one day spent outside Newgate, among the vast mob that assembled to see a man hanged, Mr. Kirkham said: 'There could not have been fewer than forty thousand persons present, almost all of whom must have heard passages of Scripture, or received tracts.' The solemnising effect of the missionaries' labours was recognised by the secular Press, and the common hangman himself testified to the improvement in the behaviour of the crowds. Races and fairs were also visited, as now, with fruitful results.

scepticise about Revival, it cannot be too strongly emphasised that *the entire Home Mission Movement was not only inaugurated and manned, but also financed*, by Revival converts and sympathisers.

In all these manifold philanthropies my father took a leading part, both as campaigner and chronicler. It was also characteristic of him that he ever had a true eye—and still more a loyal heart and helping hand—for *small beginnings*. Show him a good work in its baby-stage, and he would nurse it and feed it, till, growing, it could walk alone; then he would seek another such helpless infant, and do the same with that—and so the process was continually repeated. Yet as each matured it never lost his interest; but, year in and year out, for forty years and more, he stood by as helper, counsellor, and friend.

The following letters, furnishing at first hand additional particulars concerning some Home Missions already mentioned, will be read with interest.

Of Mr. Morgan's association from its commencement with the St. Giles' Christian Mission, its honoured founder, Mr. George Hatton, writes:—

' I first met your dear father in the glorious Revival ' year of 1859. Having been told that a little paper ' called *The Revival* had just been issued, and being ' anxious to see it, I visited the publishing office (then ' in Whetstone Park, Lincoln's Inn Fields). I was ' kindly welcomed by Mr. Morgan himself, and thus ' commenced a long and faithful friendship, extending ' over nearly fifty years.

' The St. Giles' Mission was set on foot in January

' 1860; and by the kindness of Mr. Morgan, our first official statement was allowed to appear in his paper, and was also issued separately by Messrs. Morgan & Chase.

' An interesting fact occurred in connection with the appearance of this little unpretentious booklet. On 10th March, 1868, a Custom House officer, who for some time had been considerably concerned as to his spiritual condition, was on his way home from the Docks, and passing down Ludgate Hill his eye caught the contents-bill of that week's *Revival*. He stopped to read it, and musing to himself said:—

' "I wonder if that would help me to find Christ!"

' Stepping into Mr. Morgan's office, he purchased a copy; and on opening it, he at once noted the report headed—"The Lord's Work in King-st. Mission Hall, St Giles'." He read it through, and seemed to hear the Lord say: "Find that place out." Without delay he did so. It was our usual prayer-meeting night. Seated at the back of the hall, he soon became deeply moved, as evinced by the big tears that rained down his face. At the close of the meeting we went to him, and found it easy work to lead him to the Saviour.

' He went home rejoicing, and began at once to spread the good news all around; and for many years he was one of our most devoted workers. His wife was also converted at our St. Giles' Mission services; and he recently wrote to tell me that he is one of the village preachers in connection with the church to which he belongs, and that all three of his daughters are devoted children of God.

' Mr. Morgan frequently visited our meetings, and warmly supported them. In 1877, the work among the discharged prisoners commenced whilst Joshua Poole was holding special services in the Mission Chapel, Little Wild-st., Drury Lane. In all that subsequently followed in connection with this remarkable effort, Mr. Morgan took a keen interest, and helped in

‘every possible way. No “criminal supper” was considered complete without his presence and earnest support.

‘I recall, too, such old-time mission-workers as W. J. Lewis of Spitalfields, William Catlin of Cow Cross. To the latter’s afflicted daughter Mr. Morgan showed great kindness while she was an inmate of the London Hospital, visiting her himself often, and ever endeavouring to comfort her in her weakness and intense suffering from a fatal disease.

‘Then, as for dear Richard Weaver and Joshua Poole, what they would have done without the aid of our beloved friend I know not; but this I know, they were never weary of expressing their love and gratitude. He was one of the noblest and most unselfish men I have ever known, and I heartily bless God for every remembrance of both him and his splendid work.’

Here is a note of gracious cheer from Mr. W. J. Orsman, J.P., the receipt of which, upon his eightieth birthday, gratified my father much. Incidentally, it shows his helpful fellowship in the initiation of the Golden-lane and Hoxton Mission—since better known as ‘Costers’ Hall,’ on account of its splendid work among costermongers, street-traders, and others:—

‘MY DEAR VETERAN FRIEND,—I count it an honour to greet thee on the attainment of thy eightieth birthday; and, if the Lord will, I hope to be able to continue to maintain thy valued friendship in the coming years.

‘If ever a leader deserved a recognition of his brethren for his helpful guidance in the work of the Lord, I am sure thou dost.

‘Personally, I owe much to thee for kindly advising and helping me in the sixties—when I began my evangelistic work in Golden-lane, E.C. Lord Shaftes-

‘bury, C. H. Spurgeon, S. A. Blackwood, T. B. Smithies
‘—and last, but not least, thyself—will ever live in my
‘memory as my best friends.

‘Barzillai the Gileadite got in a pessimistic mood
‘when he was fourscore years of age (2 Samuel xix.
‘35), but I cannot imagine you in that condition.
‘Rather would I like to think of you as following in
‘the steps of Moses, who began a new work for
‘Jehovah when he was eighty years old (Exodus vii. 7);
‘and it may be, dear brother, that by husbanding and
‘conserving the physical strength, you may be able to
‘use your mental and spiritual experience—so ripe and
‘well balanced—to guide and assist the younger brethren
‘in these last days.

‘The Lord graciously bless thee and thine, and keep
‘thee strong in his joy—“until the day dawn and the
‘shadows flee away”—is the earnest wish of—
‘Your loving friend in Christ, W. J. ORSMAN.’

Another friend forwards the following reminiscence :—

‘The instance given below has returned to my memory
‘again and again, so I am sending it to you.

‘It was my privilege, together with a young friend,
‘to attend the Noon Prayer - meeting, at the time of
‘its start, in 1867. The winter, I believe, of that year
‘was very severe, and the distress in the East End
‘great. It seemed laid on your father’s heart, and he
‘asked us one day if we could do anything to help in
‘the Isle of Dogs. It comes very vividly to me the
‘pleasure we both took in acceding to his request. We
‘could not help with money, but we looked out all we
‘could in the way of warm clothing, and managed
‘somehow to carry a large bundle, furnished mostly
‘from my friend’s old home, to the office in Ludgate
‘Hill. If the receiving gave your father the delight it
‘gave us in helping, it was much.

‘Often in the years gone by I have been helped by
‘the words given by Mr. Morgan and Mr. Chase.’

Writing from the 'Royal Sailors' Rest,' on 9th Nov. 1908, Miss Agnes Weston says :—

' When I was commencing my work with Miss Wintz among the men of the Royal Navy in 1873, and was anxious to start a Sailors' Rest at Devonport on a small scale, Mr. Morgan allowed me to insert a letter of appeal in THE CHRISTIAN. That letter brought in nearly £1000, and enabled me to start the building that has since developed into the "Royal Sailors' Rest," Devonport, which is now doing a grand work for the spiritual, moral, and temporal interests of our blue-jackets.

' Many will help a work when it is established, but few will aid it in its early days. We can never forget the deep debt of gratitude that we owe to your dear father, who is now reaping his reward.'

Thus it will be seen that in countless directions my father gave rein to the practical enthusiasm for the cause of Christ which had taken hold upon him in his young manhood; and he never lost the 'Revival touch,' for he kept in touch with the God who inspired it. His life was itself an enduring memorial of the spirit of the movement; and whether the year were '59 or '99, or any other, his purpose never wavered, his ideal never grew less distinct, his keenness never lost its edge. Steadfast, immovable, he abounded in the work of the Lord.

Following his bent toward forms of spiritual effort which lay off the beaten track, the cause of Village Evangelisation was one which lay very near his heart. Ever ready to help, and by no means a stickler for large audiences, he made frequent visits, either alone or in company with kindred spirits, to outlying districts

where 'the people' were to be met with in their native simplicity—or darkness, as the case might be.

In the early days, the Mission of Mr. George Brealey on the Blackdown Hills, Somerset, greatly attracted him—as well it might, for it was one of abounding interest and blessing, and is still maintained on the same lines by his son, Mr. W. J. H. Brealey. Mr. T. S. Heley, another pioneer among rural hamlets, especially in Bucks and Oxfordshire, provided my father with many opportunities of witnessing the power of the Lord in converting humble souls. So also the sorry plight (spiritual and material) of the hop-pickers in the 'hopping' season often drew him into Hampshire, Kent, and other suitable centres, to minister to their needs.

He would delight in devoting a summer vacation to such work as this. I well remember a fortnight's tour with him, in company with Mr. G. D. Shipley and Ned Wright, through the villages and towns in and near the New Forest, in 1880. The means of locomotion was a curious vehicle, described by a facetious critic as 'something between a gipsy-van and a bathing-machine.' But its very strangeness attracted; and it did very passable duty as a Bible-carriage, carrying, besides its passengers, a stock of Christian literature, an organ, and an adjustable platform for open-air meetings. Experiences amusing and serious were plentiful and memorable. Road-journeys by day gave opportunity for conversations by the wayside, at cottage doors, gardens, and in inn parlours, or wherever else careless or seeking souls were to be found. Then, each evening, some town square or

village green was reached, where the Old Gospel was proclaimed in speech and in song. So great was the attention generally on these occasions, that it was sometimes eleven o'clock before the gathering could be dispersed.

Very vividly I recall a moonlit night at Amesbury, near Stonehenge, when, after a powerful address, Ned Wright besought his listeners to give themselves to God, in penitence or consecration. As if spontaneously, the entire audience knelt on the bare ground, in moments of most solemn intensity. These were stirring scenes for a young fellow scarcely out of his teens to take part in; and the writer has owed much, by way of preparation for subsequent service, to such unconventional but essentially practical forms of evangelism; and many lessons were learned during that tour in the art of personal dealing with people of various types.

In accordance with his custom to encourage unpretentious but useful efforts of a kind so apt to be overlooked in the multiplicity of larger Christian agencies, my father did much to further this cause of rural evangelism. Realising the indebtedness of our cities and towns to the hamlets and villages in which the truths of the Gospel are taught to myriads of persons, young and old, who migrate to more populous centres, he frequently set himself to cheer lonely workers in outlying districts, holding in the highest esteem those who, with little reward by way of human praise, toiled on year by year for the Master's sake.

Nothing would please him more than to get together

a number of such humble labourers for conference and mutual counsel. Such occasions were held times of great blessing. Recalling some of these happy scenes, Mr. G. D. Shipley writes:—

‘Soon after making your father’s acquaintance, in 1879, I was invited by Mr. Thos. Heley, of the Bucks Village Mission, to visit his neighbourhood, as I was engaged in similar work. He took me to many chapels, and numbers were added to the Lord in each place. As an expression of thankfulness to God for the blessing vouchsafed, the first “Village Mission Conference” was called together at Wing, to stimulate and strengthen the hands of village workers, of whom many came from different counties, in response to the invitation extended through the pages of THE CHRISTIAN. Mr. R. C. Morgan was present, and it was a memorable time.

‘The second Conference, on similar lines, was held at Breachwood Green, near Welwyn, Herts, which was then my own working centre. Mr. Morgan preached on the Sunday, the convention lasting three days. His visits were often repeated, and will not be forgotten for years to come by many who received blessing there. I can well remember even now the Scriptures he expounded. Much spiritual power was manifested, which affected that place and neighbourhood for some years.

‘A third Conference was held at Chenies, Bucks, after a five weeks’ mission and a great ingathering, a fourth being convened the following year at Thirfield, Cambs. Nothing I can think of could prove more helpful to village work and workers than such gatherings as these, in which Mr. Morgan took, both financially and personally,’ a keenly interested part.

Weight of years and failing strength prevented him from participating in the more recent Welsh Revival.

But as an old war-horse, to which the trumpet's sound will recall memories of glories that are past, and which will sniff the air and stamp his feet with keen desire, so my father's spirit was stirred by the accounts that reached him from the Principality, to which he devoted large space in his paper. He found early opportunity, however, to make the acquaintance of Mr. Evan Roberts (whom he visited in company with his friend, Mr. Wintle of Pontymoile), and often spoke of him as 'a man whom God can use, because he is a man of humble spirit.' This movement, and those that followed it in India, Korea, China, and other distant lands, engaged his prayerful interest.

CHAPTER XIII

REVIVAL

THE MOODY AND SANKEY CAMPAIGNS

IT is assuredly given to few men to shine as a central figure of Revival in two continents for a quarter of a century; but such a description may be rightly applied to Dwight Lyman Moody. Inured to hardship in early boyhood, and gifted with indomitable energy, breasting the blows of circumstance and overcoming the drawbacks of scant education, he early followed his bent to 'go west' by proceeding from his home in Northfield, Mass., to Chicago. For an enterprising young man it was the psychological moment, when that city was making history by the rapidity of its progress towards a commanding position in the commercial world.

Speedily attaining a reputation for courage and integrity, he pursued his business with an ardour which won the delighted confidence of his employers, but nevertheless found his chief satisfaction in the onward movement of the American Revival of 1857.

'There is a great Revival of religion in this city,' he wrote to his mother, 'I go to meeting every night.'

Pray that the work may go on until every knee is bowed.'

Mr. Moody's youthful ambition had been 'to make a hundred thousand dollars'; and he could report a fair commencement, when the realisation came to him that his life-work lay, not in money-spinning, but in soul-winning, and few men have made greater sacrifices of worldly prospects for the sake of Christ. In pioneer missioning among street-children and the ragged poor, in the inauguration and upkeep of a Young Men's Christian Association,¹ and in the organisation of Sunday-schools on a soundly practical basis, it became increasingly clear that the amazing New Englander, whom worldlings and formalists had styled 'crazy Moody,' was a man chosen of God to carry His message to the English-speaking world.

It was in the nature of things that when this ardent evangelist paid his first visit to England, he should make an early call upon 'Morgan & Chase.' This was in 1867, and, referring to the talk which ensued, my father wrote nearly twenty years afterwards:—

'One day, in 1867, a plain, sturdy, stoutly-built young man came into our office in Ludgate Hill. He was about the Lord's business. He had heard of us through *The Revival*; and we were, so far as we

¹ After being mainly instrumental in the erection of Farwell Hall, the Y.M.C.A. centre at Chicago, he saw it destroyed, a few months later, in the great fire. But before the ruins had ceased to smoulder, sufficient money had been raised, chiefly through his abounding zeal and amid scenes of desolation, to build still larger and more convenient premises.

‘remember, the first on whom he called in London. . . .
 ‘Nothing which he has spoken since then has exceeded
 ‘in burning interest the description to which we listened
 ‘of the unique and thrilling way in which he pursued
 ‘his reclamatory efforts among the rough and lawless
 ‘children of the Western City.’

Moody's keen and retentive mind had become stored with innumerable incidents and illustrations, garnered during his assiduous labours and pathetic experiences, not only among the motley population of Chicago slums, but in ministering to the wounded on some of the great battlefields of the Civil War. Direct and epigrammatic in style, he *spoke* rather than preached, and his utterances throbbed with intensity. The characters in his stories seemed to live and move in sudden, swift reality, as in a verbal biography; this was the natural outcome of an extraordinary anecdotal gift and a pleading urgency, as he sought, not to tickle the imagination, but to lead his hearers to an immediate, saving trust in his Lord. Such ambitions and methods were, of course, entirely in harmony with the ideals of Mr. Morgan and the purpose of his paper. ‘A warm attachment,’ says Mr. W. R. Moody,¹ ‘sprang up between these two men, who were working, each in his own way, to spread the Gospel.’

The first extended campaign of Mr. Moody in this country began in the summer of 1873. The invaluable co-operation of Mr. Ira D. Sankey had been secured, the splendid gift of that talented apostle of evangelistic song

¹ IN THE LIFE OF DWIGHT L. MOODY.

proving, from the first, a potent attraction. Free from academic fetters and the stereotyped methods of the professional school, endowed with a tenor voice of extraordinary range and capacity, and wisely recognizing the importance of clear enunciation—Mr. Sankey's chief power yet lay in a spiritual ability so to impress the message, that the Gospel was instantaneously and vividly realised to be the one, but all-sufficient, hope of sinners—'the power of God unto salvation.'

A personal reminiscence kindly furnished by Mr. W. Hind Smith, a well-tried friend of the evangelists, says:—

'In 1872, Mr. Moody visited Manchester alone and stayed at our home. I made an effort to get some Christian friends together at midday, but only succeeded in gathering six, including Mr. Moody and myself. A further effort was made for an evening meeting, but we only mustered twenty-two.

'At the close of this evening meeting, Mr. Moody asked: "Where do the people spend their evenings?" I replied that the music-hall was the chief place. "Let's go to some of them," said Mr. Moody. I took him first to a popular place in Dean's-gate, where we heard a girl singing. Mr. Moody, in his own quaint way, said: "That lass has got hold of the audience. I see the people like to hear good singing." From this place we went to the Oxford Music Hall, where the people were crowding in after the close of the theatres. The admission fee was one shilling. Mr. Moody said: "It isn't worth it," and so we contented ourselves with remaining some time outside, looking on at the crowds willing to pay a shilling to hear more singing. As we stood, Mr. Moody said something like this: "I say, Hind Smith, I see the people will have good singing. I have a friend in America connected with the Y.M.C.A., who is a splendid singer; his name is Sankey; if I live

‘to come over again, I will bring him with me—see if I don’t.’”

Thus, by a Divinely ordered prescience, Mr. Moody, on his return to America, adjured the singer to ‘leave all and come and help me,’ adding: ‘I have been looking for you for the past eight years!’

The inaugural meetings, at York (held in the church of which Rev. F. B. Meyer was then minister), which were reported in *THE CHRISTIAN*,¹ proved to be the commencement of a widespread awakening. Although the work was started practically without notice, about a thousand people assembled on the first Sunday afternoon; and on a July night, a large church was literally crammed with people long before the announced time for beginning the service.

The inquiry meetings—regarded at first with a little misgiving—became a mighty power; while, by reason of Mr. Moody’s original and striking way of expounding the Scriptures, careful study of the Bible was greatly encouraged. As the evangelists proceeded from one

¹ The reporting for *THE CHRISTIAN* of this wonderful campaign in England and Scotland was undertaken almost entirely by Mr. George Rettie, an able Scotsman, who for twenty-four years acted as sub-editor of the paper. His facile pen, obeying the promptings of a keen discernment, sound common sense, and spiritual insight, winged the news of the great awakening into thousands of homes week by week, and thus contributed enormously to the interest aroused. (*THE CHRISTIAN* was, in fact, the only journal which systematically and lengthily reported the progress of the evangelists throughout Great Britain.) Messrs. Moody and Sankey esteemed Mr. Rettie very highly; and it was amid feelings of deep sorrow that his employers and fellow-workers paid their last tribute at his grave in 1899.

great city to another, they won—by their transparent sincerity no less than their rare capabilities as leaders of a new type of evangelism—the enthusiastic support of troops of ready adherents in the churches.

The story of the campaign at Sunderland and Newcastle, Edinburgh¹ and Glasgow, Dublin and Belfast, and many other centres, furnishes a fascinating chapter in the history of Revival. Newcastle saw the introduction of *Sacred Songs and Solos*. Mr. Sankey had experienced some difficulty in getting his collection of hymns published; but telling, at a later date, how the book eventually came into existence, he said²:—

¹ Here began the notable association between Moody and Henry Drummond. 'As soon as Moody came to Edinburgh,' said Dr. John Watson, 'Drummond allied himself with the most capable, honest, and unselfish evangelist of our day, and saw strange chapters in religious life throughout the United Kingdom.' It is suggestive of an instructive parallel with the 1859 Revival, that Drummond's biography demonstrates the fruitfulness of the 1874 campaign in stimulating Home Mission efforts.

² In his book, *MY LIFE AND SACRED SONGS*. In England, at least, the public mind was not unprepared for the revolutionary movement in favour of Gospel song, with which Mr. Sankey's name is rightly associated. Richard Weaver's artless but powerful rendering of Revival melodies led to the popularisation of such hymns (as solos) as 'I'm a Pilgrim, Bound for Glory,' 'In Evil long I took Delight,' 'Christ for Me,' etc. A considerable demand had followed the publication, by Messrs. Morgan & Chase, of a volume of 'Revival Hymns'; later came Mr. Philip Phillips, the 'Singing Pilgrim,' so called from a popular book of his, founded on Bunyan's allegory, the title of which peculiarly fitted his own life-work. He made a tour of the world, and was an incessant composer and compiler, issuing at least twenty-seven distinct hymn and tune books. Perhaps his best-known hymn is, 'I have Heard of a Saviour's Love.' 'Phillips' voice,' said Mr. Sankey, 'inspired me, and I said: "Oh, if I could only sing like that!"'

‘ Mr. R. C. Morgan came to Sunderland to record the work; and on hearing of the declination of other publishers to take the hymns, offered to take them and publish them in small pamphlet form. So I cut from my scrap-book twenty-three pieces, rolled them up, and wrote on them the words: “Sacred Songs and Solos, sung by Ira D. Sankey at the meetings of Mr. Moody of Chicago.” This book, with the edition of words only, has now grown into a volume of 1200 pieces, and up to the present time [1906] has had possibly the largest sale of any book except the Bible.’

An amusing incident, indicating the Scottish objection to the use of a musical instrument in public worship, occurred at Edinburgh, while a visit from the evangelists was in contemplation: Dr. Horatius Bonar, having gone south to investigate the new movement, returned with a glowing report, and advised that an invitation should be sent. ‘But what about Sankey’s organ?’ was a question instantly asked.

‘ Ah, well,’ replied Dr. Bonar naïvely, ‘ It is a *very little* one!’ His testimony carried the day, and thereafter were seen the great meetings in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and the North, in which so many turned to God.

In illustration of the power of the consecrated singer: There were two men who attended the great London mission. On coming out, one said (referring to Mr. Sankey): ‘ Well, what do you think?’

‘ Why, he’s a nice singer,’ was the reply.

‘ Is that all?’ replied the first, ‘ he has *broken my heart!*’ The man had become a Christian. Another man was a prisoner in a cell at Belfast, and through the open window came floating in the words: ‘ Hold the fort, for

I am coming,' which Mr. Sankey was singing in a building near by. The poor prisoner there and then believed on the Lord Jesus and was saved; he afterwards became an active worker, bringing many to Christ.

As in Great Britain, so in his native land, Mr. Sankey's singing produced lasting results, in some cases entirely apart from the 'excitement' attributed to large gatherings. At Northfield, where Mr. Moody had his home, an old man refused to hear the latter preach, saying: 'I knew Dwight Moody when he was a lad on this farm; what can he teach me?' The meeting was to have been held in the old chapel, but it was too small, and a move was made to the open air. The man who refused to attend was away across the river, but 'The Ninety and Nine,' sung by Mr. Sankey, reached him, with its specially appropriate words: 'One was out on the hills away.' He was deeply affected, was converted shortly afterwards, and became an earnest helper of the work.

The detailed weekly record of the evangelists' progress became more and more valuable as a means of compelling public attention. Again to quote Mr. W. R. Moody:—

'Thousands of copies of the paper had been sent to the clergymen of Great Britain, and the movement had been closely followed by the Christian public. Appreciating the benefit of such a medium, Mr. Moody wished to distribute the paper still more widely over England; and Mr. Mathieson agreed to raise a fund of £2000 to circulate the paper gratuitously for three months to thirty thousand clergymen and Nonconformist ministers all over England. The accounts

‘ which it gave of the movement in Scotland stimulated the desire for a similar work in London.’

The sequel of this enlarged interest, therefore, was the Metropolitan campaign of 1875. Despite a vitriolic outburst of journalistic scorn, from periodicals whose customary occupation was to exalt the pursuit of frivolity into a society cult, no fewer than 285 meetings were held, attended by over two and a half millions of people; Christian ministers in all parts bearing grateful testimony to the deep and lasting character of the spiritual results.

Returning to his native land, Mr. Moody found himself in a position of greatly enhanced opportunity, the news of Revival in Great Britain, published far and wide in the States, having rendered him a subject of national comment. Moreover, he had kindled in many hearts in the parent country a lively desire to witness his work in his home-sphere in Chicago. To this end Mr. Morgan also sailed for New York, in November 1876, receiving the ‘Godspeed’ of a large gathering of representative workers, at a meeting called for the purpose, at the Aldersgate Street Y.M.C.A. At this meeting an affectionate commission was entrusted to him to carry ‘fraternal greetings to our beloved brethren, Messrs. Moody and Sankey.’ On Chicago being reached, the message of British goodwill—signed by many well-known brethren—including Mr. (Sir) George Williams, Mr. J. E. Mathieson, Dr. Grattan Guinness, Mr. Henry Varley, and Mr. Robert Paton—was read by my father in the Tabernacle (where the

evangelists were conducting services) to an audience of about six thousand persons.

During his sojourn in America, Mr. Morgan contributed a series of helpful notes to his paper, giving a graphic survey of religious work and methods in the States; and some shrewd counsels were transmitted from Mr. Moody himself. One of these is of special interest to-day, as dealing with a feature of mission work which is exercising the minds of many evangelists:—

‘ Mr. Moody asks me to press upon all evangelists ‘ the importance of staying in a locality long enough ‘ to ensure the continuance of the work when they ‘ leave. It is little use to build a bridge half over a ‘ stream. There have been instances of this here, the ‘ evangelists’ labour being almost lost because it has ‘ been left uncompleted.’

Great as the work in London had been, Mr. Moody now felt that he and Mr. Sankey should have stayed there at least a year, because of the vastness of the population. The verdict of a man of Mr. Moody’s ripe experience is well worth attention in these days of ‘ eight-day ’ missions. In the first week the meetings are largely attended by those who are easily attracted; but it takes a second, a third, or even a fourth week to draw in the real ‘ outsiders.’ Certainly the most permanent results come from longer missions.

One dispatch told of fellowship, in evangelistic meetings at Peoria, with Major D. W. Whittle and Mr. P. P. Bliss—two able and consecrated brethren whose names remain fragrant throughout the English-speaking

world by reason of their contributions, in verse and tune, to Gospel hymnology. Major Whittle was described as 'richly taught in the Scriptures, without crotchets, having the yearning for souls which marks the true evangelist'; and Mr. Bliss, as 'one of the sweetest singers in Israel.' Alas, a few weeks later came the news of the tragic death of Mr. and Mrs. Bliss in the railway disaster at Ashtabula, Ohio—a bridge giving way, the train was precipitated into the chasm below, and immediately caught fire.

Close friendship with Mr. Sankey naturally brought association with that remarkable group of American hymn-writers and composers, whose labours have, in a generation, practically revolutionised the singing both of the sanctuary and of evangelism. Their influence has been world-wide; indeed, according to the measure of the circulation, it is not too much to say that the devotional and appealing productions of these masters of Revival-song are equally popular in every Continent with vast numbers of people.¹

¹ That there is a danger of degeneration into mawkish sentiment and stereotyped expression in the multiplication of hymns is not to be disputed; but the same difficulty might be suggested with regard to sermons! Mr. Morgan's question was: 'Is the hymn only an "echo," or has the author a *message* for saint or sinner, 'couched in luminous language and happily wedded to some 'beautiful melody?' The mere fact of a demand caused many poor productions to be offered, but the times were ripe for a change. As the biography of Dr. Gordon, of Boston, says: 'In these days of 'substantial hymnaries, not to speak of the endlessly issued Gospel 'hymns . . . congregational singing seems a perfectly natural 'institution. A generation ago, however, the prevailing hymn-books were of such a dry, jejune, characterless description, that

The work of Mr. Bliss proves abiding. His memory is dear to many, if only for 'Man of Sorrows, what a Name,' 'Almost Persuaded,' and 'Still there's More to Follow.'¹ Regarding the unselfish spirit of these noble men, it should be sufficient to quote Mr. W. E. Dodge, in the authoritative and full statement given in the biography of Mr. Moody, which shows that the royalties accruing from the hymn-books were 'paid directly to the trustees of the schools at Northfield and Mount Hermon'; and tells how Mr. Bliss and Mr. Sankey 'were willing to contribute their own hymns and tunes, 'and the copyrights which they held, and joined with

'the wonder is men and women ever sang at all.' Dr. Gordon, it will be remembered, composed the tune to 'My Jesus, I love Thee,' and also to the late Mr. Spencer Walton's exquisite words, 'In Tenderness He sought me.'

¹ Mr. Bliss expressed the hope (in speaking to Mr. Sankey, who relates the facts in interesting detail in *MY LIFE AND SACRED SONGS*) that he would not be known to posterity simply as the author of 'Hold the Fort' (undoubtedly the most popular in the first British campaign, being the first of the hymns which took the public ear, by simplicity and novelty). 'I have written many better,' said Mr. Bliss. But his monument shows that his anticipation was well founded; he is described as 'Author of "Hold the Fort!"' Bliss was present when Major Whittle (who had himself been engaged in the Civil War) once told the story of Sherman's signal—to a besieged garrison of fifteen hundred, assailed by a Confederate force of six thousand—'Hold the fort, I am coming!' Shortly afterwards Bliss produced the words and music which became so famous. The pine-tree from which Sherman's signal was flown was cut down some years ago, and a baton of the wood was presented to Mr. Sankey, in memory of the popular hymn. Other productions of Mr. Bliss were: 'Only an Armour-bearer,' 'Hallelujah, 'tis Done!' 'Wonderful Words of Life,' and 'Dare to be a Daniel!'

‘Mr. Moody in giving up all possible claim to any benefits which might arise from their publication.’

Major Whittle, most modest of men, was yet a conspicuous member of the company of writers. Under the pen-name of ‘El Nathan’ he collaborated much¹ with Mr. James M’Granahan, this holy fellowship commencing under tragic circumstances at the scene of the Ashtabula accident, whither both had gone to seek news of their mutual friends, Mr. and Mrs. Bliss.

Another prominent name is that of Mr. Geo. C. Stebbins, the gifted composer of ‘Saved by Grace,’ and many another delightful melody. Of Mr. Sankey’s own work, the favourite is still ‘The Ninety and Nine’ — the tune of which, under a strong spiritual impulse (and following a powerful address by Mr. Moody on the Good Shepherd), he improvised in a great meeting in the Free Church Assembly Hall, Edinburgh, having Miss Clephane’s words ready to hand. In this holy circle, too, one figure stands out pathetic and compelling—that of Fanny Crosby. Blind, aged, left almost solitary by the passing of so many old friends who have entered ‘the Home over there’ (among the last of these being Mr. Sankey himself and Dr. Cuyler), she is still full of faith and zeal, and holy joy. My father always made opportunity, when in America, to pay the

¹ In ‘The Love that Gave Jesus to Die,’ ‘Redemption Ground,’ ‘The Coming of the Kingdom,’ ‘There shall be Showers of Blessing,’ ‘Not My Own,’ and many others. Another charming instance of collaboration will be recalled in ‘Moment by Moment,’ the words being by Major Whittle and the music by his daughter, now Mrs. W. R. Moody.

indomitable little lady a visit of cheer and encouragement.¹

In the autumn of 1883, in response to an urgent invitation from representative men of all denominations, Messrs. Moody and Sankey again visited Great Britain, their stay being prolonged, amid manifold signs of blessing, until the following summer. This campaign, like its predecessor, closed with a mission (of six months' duration) in the Metropolis, where two large movable buildings of iron and wood were erected alternately in various strategic centres. The effects of the preaching and singing were as immediate, startling, and spontaneous as during the former visit. When the evangelists were at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, 'the building was packed with over six thousand people, while ten thousand were vainly seeking admission in front of the building, and two thousand in the rear.' It was estimated that in the course of the tour the Gospel was heard by more than two millions of people. Into all these missions, as in the previous campaign, my father threw his energy to an extent almost beyond his physical strength, not only as a member of the executive, but also as a worker in

¹ Much space would be required even to enumerate the titles of her hymns; among them are 'To God be the Glory,' 'Blessed Assurance,' 'Behold Me standing at the Door,' and 'Safe in the Arms of Jesus.' To many, such as 'What a Gathering' and 'God will Take Care of You,' Mr. Sankey furnished the music. The life-story of the blind poetess—a beautiful record of more than four-score years of sanctified activity—is published by *Hodder & Stoughton* and *Morgan & Scott*.

the inquiry-rooms, where he was the means of leading many seeking souls into the light of God.

So far-reaching were the results and requirements of this campaign, that Messrs. Moody and Sankey were joined also by Rev. Dr. Pentecost and Major Whittle, who were accompanied, respectively, by Mr. Stebbins and Mr. M'Granahan as singers. Their help was invaluable, both in conducting overflow-meetings at the Moody and Sankey services in London, and in holding separate missions in various provincial and Metropolitan centres. Special reference must also be made to the master-mind which directed the organisation of the London meetings. Both in 1875 and 1884 this was a herculean task almost beyond conception, and of a kind which none but an indomitable Scotsman could effectually carry through. Such an one was found in the late Mr. Robert Paton, to whose marvellous acumen and resourceful energy no tribute great enough can be paid.

In addition to the ingathering of a great multitude of genuinely converted persons, as the result of these meetings throughout Great Britain, Christian work received a new impetus; and the spiritual and moral life of the community became powerfully energized by the coming of a spring-time of love and obedience towards God. Many important mission and Y.M.C.A. premises in a number of our large cities are among the permanent memorials of those stirring days. Certainly, this country has witnessed no such Revival movement since. At the meeting of the London Committee, at

which leave was taken of Mr. Moody—Mr. Sankey having been compelled by ill-health to sail at an earlier date—testimony was borne that many thousands of hearers had given in their names as inquirers; and of the chief platform figure, Mr. S. A. Blackwood said:—

‘No man has been more prominent in this work than Mr. Moody, and no man has seemed in his own mind ‘to occupy so small a space.’

In 1892, Mr. Moody was again in Great Britain and Ireland, in response, primarily, to a memorial signed by 2500 representative men in Scotland; but the physical strain was heavy; and when, in the course of a visit to London, the evangelist was medically examined, an irregularity was discovered in the action of the heart—indicating the trouble which, seven years later, bore him hence.

There are living to-day many men of birth and rank—to say nothing of a host of evangelists and others—who have since become prominent in the Lord’s work, and were converted, or who received a never-to-be-forgotten impetus in their spiritual experience, during those memorable campaigns. Some in Africa, some in China, some in India, and a host of workers, clerical and lay, in the homeland, have carried the Light into obscure or populous spheres of labour. It is an open secret that the present Chairman of the Keswick Convention attributes his conversion to the message used by the Spirit of God to arrest his attention at the Agricultural Hall, in 1875; and Rev. Prebendary (then plain Mr.) Wilson Carlile, founder of the Church Army,

made his first public appearance in Christian work, when presiding sometimes at the organ in that vast auditorium during the same mission.

As in London, so in other cities also, permanent missions were started and manned by converts filled with a new-found joy and zeal for God and humanity (*e.g.*, the Carrubbers Close Mission, Edinburgh). Thus, the actual results traceable to the earnest purpose of the evangelists in setting others to work, have multiplied beyond all possible computation.

The close friendship which had been formed with my father in 1867 lasted without a break until the day when D. L. Moody, having, like a faithful Greatheart, led many pilgrims along the King's highway through the wilderness, himself made his way to the brink of the river, to return no more, in December 1899. Owing to the holidays, the Christmas issue of THE CHRISTIAN had of necessity been closed early, but was not yet on the machine. Directly the news was made known, my father left home and made his way to the printing-office in Whitefriars. There he sorrowfully penned a noble tribute to the memory of his departed friend, waiting while it was set in type, 'let in' to a suitable page, and a fresh 'plate' cast ready for machining. Under the title, 'D. L. Moody Gone Home,' he wrote:—

'When we were with our beloved friend in Canada, two years ago, he said in one of his addresses: "When I am gone, people will say, D. L. Moody is dead. No, he is not dead; he is gone home."

‘Mr. Moody was personally endeared to thousands of friends in Great Britain and Ireland, as well as in his own land; in each, a great multitude own him as their father in Christ, many of whom have passed on before him, but most of them still remain to call him ‘blessed.’

So ended the earthly chapter of an intimate relationship which had been fruitful in mutual help as well as in spiritual uplift to uncounted multitudes. ‘Moody and Sankey,’ while they differed greatly in mental constitution, were at one regarding the claims of Christ and the body of Evangelical doctrine; at one in seeking to break down the barriers interposed between the Gospel and the people by the superior exclusiveness of class prejudice; at one in endeavouring to substitute a vital faith for morbid and secretive ceremonialism or sapless and effete Rationalism. Both, too, could be truly described in the words of Dr. Cuyler respecting the saintly M‘Cheyne:—

‘They dwelt during a fruitful ministry far away from the doubts that arise by Doubting Castle, and hard by Beulah Land, where the sunlight ever falls.’

Their ambitions were those of the Kingdom of God. Neither had time for lesser things; and there is a peculiar force in the application to both of the pungent and courageous words of Wesley in his funeral sermon on Whitefield:—

‘The fundamental doctrines on which Mr. Whitefield everywhere insisted, may they not be summed up, as it were, in two words—the New Birth, and Justification

‘ by Faith ? These let *us* insist upon with all boldness
 ‘ and at all times, in all places, in public and private.
 ‘ Let us keep close to these good old unfashionable
 ‘ doctrines, how many soever contradict and blaspheme.’

Mr. Sankey, in later years afflicted with blindness (which forged a new link of love and sympathy with his friend, Fanny Crosby), and a general physical breakdown as the result of the intensity of his life-work, entered into his heavenly rest on 13th August, 1908. Gipsy Smith, who visited the afflicted singer at Brooklyn, in 1906, has this pathetic reminiscence:—

‘ I had the happiness of calling upon Mr. Sankey,
 ‘ and of singing to him, “ Under His Wings,” one of his
 ‘ own hymns. I reminded him how, many years ago,
 ‘ he and Mr. Moody had driven out to Epping Forest on
 ‘ one of their rare moments of leisure during the great
 ‘ mission in London ; and how Mr. Sankey had patted a
 ‘ little gipsy boy on the head and said: “ The Lord
 ‘ make a preacher of you, my boy ! ” I told Mr. Sankey
 ‘ I was that gipsy boy, and God had allowed me to grow
 ‘ up to be a preacher. It touched him very much.
 ‘ Although quite blind, he had “ songs in the night ” to
 ‘ comfort him, and a sweet realization that his work for
 ‘ God goes on bearing fruit in the lives of people
 ‘ scattered all over the world.’

When the news of Mr. Sankey’s home-call reached London, my father arranged and presided over a memorial service, held at the City Y.M.C.A., when many beautiful and worthy tributes were paid to the beloved evangelist’s noble life and work.

Of his co-adjutors, Major Whittle and Mr. M’Granahan have also crossed the bar. With deep feeling we may

well recall one of Fanny Crosby's beautiful hymns (which Mr. Sankey set to music and sang with great effect) as we think of these devoted workers ; of the noble host, my father among them, who rallied round them ; and of the still greater multitude, which no man can number, who through their instrumentality were brought to Christ :—

When our eyes behold the City with its 'many mansions' bright,
And its river, calm and restful, flowing free ;
When the friends that death has parted shall in bliss again unite—
What a gath'ring and a greeting there will be !
What a gath'ring of the ransomed in the summer-land of love—
What a gath'ring of the ransomed in the happy Home above !

CHAPTER XIV

REVIVAL

THE EVANGELISTS AND THE CHURCHES

IT is indeed pitiable to hear, as one sometimes does, the ignorant opinions of certain ministers and others (who might know, if they would only acquaint themselves with facts) as to what they suppose to be the 'ephemeral results' accruing from the great Revivals during 1859-60, and the Moody and Sankey missions. It is with the hope of informing and enlightening such—and especially those of a later generation—that I have devoted so much space to the recital of facts in these 'Revival' chapters.

Whether the launching of similar widely-demonstrative efforts is the method best suited to the present day is a matter upon which experts will differ—'Other times, other manners,' some will say. But that God can and does move mightily in mysterious ways, apart from regularly appointed and conventional methods or stated principles, is undoubtedly true; and probably there is no greater need in the Church of God to-day than for its ministers to *inform themselves accurately* of His

working during the last century; to breathe in the Divine inspiration of its message; and to give themselves to earnest, effectual prayer for a manifestation of the Spirit's power—that, by whatever means, He will once more revive His people and thrust them forth to win souls for Him.

What was the real and abiding contribution of Messrs. Moody and Sankey to the spiritual enlightenment of the community; and what was the general effect of their visits, broadly considered, upon the church-life of Great Britain?

The rationalistic fantasy which unworthily described their meetings as a mere efflorescence of hymn-singing and anecdotes, or as formulating mainly a novel religious entertainment for the unthinking and weakly susceptible, has been long since consigned to the limbo of dark and unobservant criticism—where it might mingle with the somewhat similar and equally unfounded asperities which had been cast, a century before, at Whitefield and Berridge, Wesley and Grimshaw. Not so rapidly dispelled, however, is the idea which has occasionally found expression among those who have not realised the force and spirit of the movement, that the campaigns of the American evangelists were instrumental in creating a vogue for undenominational missions—indeed, almost a new sect of ‘undenominationalists’—admittedly devoted and eager in soul-winning, but seeking isolation rather than unity of heart and purpose in the wider life of the churches. Such conclusions are pre-eminently unsound.

It was Mr. Morgan's design, not only to afford publicity by a lucid record, but to shed a light upon the path of those who prayed and worked for Revival in all the churches, whether Episcopalian or Nonconformist. His life-work made for the truest prosperity of every denomination. Thus, the support, both personal and literary, which he gave to Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey was assiduous and unwearying; and it would be a complete vindication of his principles and his position—were such needed—first to point to the vast crowds and the enthusiasm which attended their labours, and then to show how truly apostolic and Scriptural was their mission, how fruitful in results among all classes, and how enormously advantageous, in the highest sense, to the spiritual and active life of the Church of Christ.

My father has sometimes been spoken of as 'narrow' in his ecclesiastical outlook. Truly, if 'fidelity to the old paths is to be interpreted as "narrowness,"' then he gloried in it; but if the epithet be used to convey a suggestion of unconcern for the prosperity of the churches, it is enough to say that, while seeking always to honour Christ rather than men, he loved unity rather than division; and rejoiced in such men, such movements, such methods, as tended, not to discord, but to the drawing together of Christians of all denominations in the bonds of holy affection and mutual effort. His sympathies were in reality pan-denominational; and equally marked was the true catholicity of Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey in their work and aims.

But was not their success chiefly among the poor and

illiterate? No; we have only to follow the accounts of their first meetings in Scotland in order to learn the difficulty of finding a parallel, even in the records of the land which produced Livingstone of Shotts, and Burns of Kilsyth. After crowded meetings had been held in St. Stephen's Church, Edinburgh, for three weeks, the demand for admission continued so strong, that in extra meetings two thousand people crowded the building each time, and, said THE CHRISTIAN:—

'St. Stephen's congregation is composed almost entirely of the upper classes, many of whom attended and were deeply impressed. Every evening there were around the pulpit ministers of all denominations, from all parts of the country; while among the audience there were members of the nobility, professors from the University, and distinguished lawyers. Mr. Moody's direct and faithful preaching held the vast audience in breathless interest.'

Again, on a Sabbath evening when the Free Church Assembly Hall was devoted to a meeting for students only—

'the doors were besieged (wrote Professor Blaikie) by an immense crowd, even after it had become obvious that the hall was already filled, and . . . to mitigate the disappointment Mr. Moody went out and spoke for some time to the immense gathering in the quadrangle.'

As to the effect of the work throughout Scotland, Professor Blaikie bore further witness that—

'requests for the services of Messrs. Moody and Sankey are pouring in from all quarters. Requisitions signed, not only by ministers, but by provosts, councillors,

‘and leading citizens, are received daily from towns large and small. The anxiety for a visit seems to be of a remarkably serious and earnest kind. It is not to gratify curiosity, but to promote spiritual and eternal good that their presence is sought.’

This certainly was not the work of evangelists fitted only to influence the woeful inhabitants of slum and lodging-house, however valuable that department of evangelism might be; nor was the language of THE CHRISTIAN that of a ‘narrow’ organ nursing unworthy prejudice against the churches.

The position in Scotland was this—that after men had had time for careful reflection, the representatives of the best elements in the capital, the thoughtful and spiritual church-members, were, in the interests of the Kingdom of God, giving well-considered support and firm adherence to the new movement. Nor would the results of the preaching be likely to prove shallow when Mr. Moody’s counsel to the picked body of Christians set apart for personal ministry in the inquiry-rooms, was: ‘Wait patiently and ply them with God’s Word; think what it is to win a soul for Christ, and do not grudge time spent on one person.’ Or when he addressed to his audience such comments as:—

‘See the effect of the conversion of Zaccheus—he began to restore fourfold what he had unjustly taken. I wonder how much you distillers of whisky would have to restore to the widows and orphans of this city!’

Would people who were not deeply convicted seekers respond to an invitation to enter an inquiry-room under

such auspices? But when Mr. Moody, after addressing six thousand men in the Edinburgh Corn Exchange, asked those who wished to hear further of salvation to precede him to the Free Church Assembly Hall, seven hundred at once responded, and on again being addressed, the great majority signified that they did there and then yield to Christ:—

‘There were ministers and laymen round Mr. Moody who had witnessed the Revival movements of the past forty years; and it was the testimony of every one that they had never witnessed such a solemn sight as the one before them.’

Amid the full tide of so deep a spiritual movement, Mr. Moody remained cool and collected, and was full of intense desire that the best common-sense arrangements should be made. No detail, however small, seemed to escape his attention; *e.g.*, he was as insistent as Spurgeon on the need for fresh air in a crowded building. His very plain and practical ‘*Hints on Methods of Conducting Prayer-meetings*’ were highly esteemed, and the sagacious suggestions of over thirty years ago may not be without their use to-day. Of the seventeen ‘Hints’ which appeared in THE CHRISTIAN, I append three:—

‘*Do not scold* the people who have come because the rest have not come; but make it interesting, and those who come once will come again. Stiffness and formality must be taken out of the meeting, or they will smother it. *Get the people together.* Do not let them be scattered over a large place as if they were afraid of coming near the leader. If we want a fire to burn, we lay the sticks close together, and they kindle one

'another. *Be sure to have the meeting open half the time.*
'Let any one speak or pray who has a word or a petition.
'If I go with a burden laid upon my heart, and one or
'two take up all the time, I have no opportunity; the
'Spirit is grieved, for His working is hindered.'

Mr. Moody always urged that Christians should be set to some duty in the meetings: 'It is better that ten men should be at work than that one minister should do the work of ten!'

If any minister of that time was a wise and faithful judge of men, it was Dr. Horatius Bonar; yet he was at great pains to champion the evangelists, and to urge ministers to take full advantage of the widespread readiness to hear the Gospel.

'This is the day of earnest men and earnest things
'(wrote Dr. Bonar to a friend).¹ We ask for soundness
'in the faith, and we do well; these men are sound.
'We ask for a consistent and humble walk, and we do
'well; these men are consistent and humble. We ask
'for self-denial, and we do well; these are self-denying,
'hard-toiling men, who are spending and being spent in a
'service which they believe to be not human but Divine.
'We ask for definite aims and an ultimate aim in which
'self shall have no place, and we do well; these men
'have the most definite of all definite aims—winning
'souls to everlasting joy—and they look for no fame
'and no reward, save the Master's approval and the
'recompense in reserve for those who turn many to
'righteousness. Let us work with them.'

Furthermore, Dr. Bonar declared his belief that there

¹ The letter was a private communication, but on account of its general interest, permission was given that it should be printed in THE CHRISTIAN.

was scarcely a Christian household in Edinburgh in which there was not one or more persons converted during this Revival.

Edinburgh may well be chosen as a criterion. If the stately Scottish city, with its historical inheritance and its noble literary and scientific associations, could thus esteem the American evangelists, then no cramped, parochial pettiness clung to them, we may be sure, but they were worthy of honour in any city of the world. Nor could profound regard be withheld when it could be publicly declared ¹:—

‘In Edinburgh and throughout all Scotland, during the past year, ministers of all denominations have been examining and admitting many thousands of applicants for communion; and in doing so they have been, consciously or unconsciously, declaring that a notable work of God has been going on in our land. Here, then, are our witnesses, the ministers of Scotland. We can call them by hundreds, and they will bear testimony.’

How the ignorant, as well as the cultured, felt thoroughly at home in the Moody and Sankey meetings, is aptly illustrated by a curious and ill-spelt letter received by Mr. Moody at Glasgow, and reproduced in *THE CHRISTIAN*. It ran:—

‘I have been in the Hall every Sabbath day since the Hall opened, and has heard severall prayers offered for people in great affliction; but there is a few young men who come here every Sabbath day that would require a few words to the Lord to get them out of

¹ Dr. Bonar, in *THE OLD GOSPEL*: not ‘Another Gospel,’ but the ‘Power of God unto Salvation.’

‘ there affliction, and I, sir, am one of them. These men, sum of them, has not been in a bed this two month; we sleep in brick-fields, coke-ovens, and at coal-pits, all through the dulness of trade, and they have got so far reduced that no one will give them employment. You can easily distinguish them in the Hall by the Blackness of their faces. I have known three or four that has passed to their Home through starvation and exposure to the cold and in a Christian Nation, and no one to give a helping hand to those recked on the Ocen of Life; but if we can’t find a friend in this World, we Hope that God will be a friend to us. . . . I hope you will not be offended with this letter, that all we want is to offer up a general prayer for us to-morrow morning, if God Willing, and Sir, you will greatly Oblige your Humble Servant,

‘ From one that wishes to do well.’

Many of the youths referred to were helped into situations; and, to cope with the educational needs of such unhappy creatures, an evening school was opened. Other important philanthropies were commenced, which, extended on a considerable scale, thrive to this day.

As in Scotland, so in England and Ireland, one of the chief features was the inquiry-meeting, revealing a wonderful depth of conviction and readiness to accept the Saviour:—

‘ I have seen the sun rise from the top of Helvellyn and the top of the Rigi (wrote Dr. R. W. Dale of Birmingham),¹ and there is something very glorious in it; but to see the light of Heaven suddenly strike on man after man in the course of one evening is very much more thrilling. These people carried their new

¹ In MR. MOODY AND MR. SANKEY, by R. W. Dale, M.A.

‘joy to their homes and workshops. It could not be hid.

‘The results at Birmingham, as elsewhere, were seen among employers and employed alike. . . . The large majority of the converts are working-people. In some cases the young men told me that they had been in the habit of swearing and using bad language up to the night when the truth came to them. “And never since?” I have asked. They smiled as though I had asked a very unnecessary question, and answered: “Never, sir!” And when I talked to them about their conduct to their parents and about their temper, it still seemed that I was going over ground that they had already gone over themselves. “Things don’t put me about now, sir, as they used,” was the answer of a rough lad of sixteen or seventeen. I heard, through a friend, of a manufacturer who had a violent temper, and who had been accustomed to swear a great deal at his men, but who was suddenly so much changed that the men noticed it, and of course inferred that “he had been to Moody.” For a whole week they tried, “for the fun of it,” to get him to swear at them, but failed.’

The results of the work were far from being confined to the actual services. For instance, to quote Dr. Dale once more:—

‘A son of one of the members of my own church, a lad of seventeen, came to me and said he wished to join the church. I talked to him for a few minutes, and took for granted that Mr. Moody’s services had led him to religious decision. He had all the brightness and joyousness which I have come to regard as characteristic of the typical Moody convert. I asked him which of the services had the greatest effect on him, and he replied that business engagements had precluded him from going to any of them.

“How was it, then, that you came to trust in Christ?”

“ Well, sir,” he said, “ I could not go to the meetings ; but I heard a great deal of what these two gentlemen were doing, and I came to the conclusion that they could not be doing it themselves, but that God must be doing it ; and then I came to see that I could look to God myself and get all the good.”’

The effect in England and Ireland was much the same as in Scotland. There was no trace of ‘ narrowness,’ but the churches prospered wonderfully. A denominational paper said of the Birmingham meetings, some weeks after the evangelists had left :—

‘ Evidence of practical good abounds on all hands. It is seen principally in the increased life of our churches. Preachers are preaching better and teachers are teaching better. Christian workers seem everywhere to be aroused, and there is, as a consequence, increased zeal in seeking to win souls. There never was such a spirit of expectation as now. Our congregations are greatly improved. There is scarcely an Evangelical church or chapel in the town that has not had its membership and congregation increased ; and in not a few instances the recently reclaimed ones are in the front ranks in the special work which the churches have now in hand.’

The attitude of London, after a few ebullitions of sarcasm, was that of Edinburgh and Birmingham :—

‘ Here come two simple, unlettered men (wrote Lord Shaftesbury in his diary) ; they are calm, without an approach to the fanatical. They seek neither to terrify nor to puff up ; eschew controversy and flatter no passions. Nevertheless, thousands of all degrees bow down before them. . . . Moody will do more in an hour than Canon Liddon in a century.’

And the Earl—who, while an earnest and loving friend of the poorest, was yet of essentially aristocratic temperament, and not given to hasty approval of things novel—afterwards testified:—

‘I have been conversant for many years with the people of the Metropolis, and wherever I go I find the traces of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, of the impression they have made, and of the stamp that I hope will be indelible on many of the people. I can speak that as the truth, as to many parts of London, and the lowest parts.’

Without pausing to examine Lord Shaftesbury’s suggested comparison with Dr. Liddon, it is desirable to note that the remarkable meetings held in the Opera House—then standing in the Haymarket at the corner of Pall Mall, a convenient centre for fashionable London—afforded a striking confirmation of the Scottish experience, that the cultured and the leisured, as well as the poor and hard toiling, were ready to hear. The noon prayer-meetings in the Opera House were attended by thousands of people. Among the speakers from this platform of unity were Charles Haddon Spurgeon, George Müller, Lord Cavan, Hay Aitken, and Mark Guy Pearse; and so great was the volume of prayer, that Mr. W. Graham, M.P., in reading out the ‘requests,’ sometimes found it necessary to ‘group’ them thus: ‘198 parents ask prayer for their children; 29 children, for their parents; 50 brothers, for their sisters; 28 persons ask prayer for Christian work; 63, for relatives and friends’—and so on through a lengthy list.

The awakening at this place was almost entirely a 'West End' movement, for the evangelists were holding vast meetings during the same weeks in other parts of London—at the Agricultural Hall in the north, Bow Road Hall in the east, or Astley's Amphitheatre in the south. The attraction of the afternoon Bible-readings at the Opera House was so great, that (said THE CHRISTIAN)—

'The tickets [for the opening afternoons] have all been taken up in an incredibly short space of time; and if these meetings are to be continued, we shall not be surprised to see the announcement—usually made in connection with functions of a different sort—'Seats may be booked a month in advance.' . . . The interest was heightened by the presence, in the boxes, of the Princess of Wales, accompanied by the Duchess of Sutherland and others. Her Royal Highness seemed to take a deep and lively interest in the whole service, and remained to its close. We pray God, who ruleth among the kings and queens of the earth, to make her visit to the Bible-reading fraught with untold blessing to her and to this nation.'

It is interesting to note that the subject on this occasion was 'Grace,' Mr. Moody tracing the record of 'undeserved mercy and unmerited favour' through many Scripture passages, and urging, as THE CHRISTIAN reported:—

'You must work *from* the cross, not *towards* it. As long as you are working to be saved, you are trying to add something to the finished work of Jesus. Salvation is distinct and separate from all church ordinances. The last man whom Christ saved before He expired on the cross was that poor thief. He had a nail through

‘each of his hands—he could not work for his salvation. He had a great nail through his feet—he could not run on any errands for the Lord. When he had the use of his feet, they were swift to shed blood; and when he had the use of his hands, they were doing the devil’s service. But as he hung there, he cried: “Lord, remember me!” That prayer was right to the point; I hope there are some who will make it to-day. Don’t be looking round to see how it suits your neighbours; take it home to yourself. No one gets salvation till they come down to this point. That prayer fell on the ears of the Son of God, and immediately there came the answer: “This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise.” Christ snatched him from the jaws of death, from the grasp of the devil, and took him into Paradise with Him. . . . What will you do with Christ?’

One Sunday afternoon Lord Shaftesbury and a large party of friends occupied the Royal Box, while Lord Cairns was on the platform; and when Mr. Moody afterwards proceeded to the Agricultural Hall, Mr. Gladstone was near him, at the front, entering heartily into the service. Of another Bible-reading at the Opera House, the report ran:—

‘The Royal Box was full. We will not mention names, except to say that the presence of the Duchess of Sutherland so constantly is remarkable, and on one occasion, when we missed her earnest face, the meeting kept looking for her coming.’

That afternoon Mr. Moody said: ‘I will not preach a sermon; I want to tell you how we may be saved.’ Accordingly, the subject of his address was: ‘What must I do to be saved?’ It is, of course, not suggested that the

presence of Royalty and prominent members of the aristocracy in Pall Mall was more desired, or was of greater importance in a spiritual sense, than that of factory-girls or Thames-side labourers at Bow Road or Lambeth. But it is a tribute to the memory of Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey, and to the strenuous co-operation which my father gave them, that, as the ex-tapster of Gloucester was equally at home, with the one Gospel, among the Georgian aristocracy in the Countess of Huntingdon's drawing-room, as among the rough miners of Kingswood—so was the ex-boot-salesman of Chicago, among the wealthy of West London as among the poor of the east and south, atoning for the lack of systematic education by unwearying devotion to the study of the Book of books.

Referring to the Opera-House meetings, in *THE CHRISTIAN*, a chatty 'Letter for Friends at a Distance,' by Mrs. Barbour, said :—

'Ladies in Belgravia have trembled in the presence of their worldly splendour; and, after going two or three times with the blue ticket to the reserved tiers, have returned, the possessors of the free salvation, to give orders among their dependents, henceforth, with an eye to the glory and an ear for the bidding of a gracious Lord. The day Mr. Moody preached from, "He was wounded for our transgressions," the whole service and surroundings were august beyond the telling. We saw the scene from the reserved seats, having to lead friends there. You could have heard a pin fall; the fans, intended for use, did not move. Many a soul was there to realise—as some did for the first time—oneness with the Man of Sorrows, as accursed outside of Jerusalem.'

These 'blue tickets' were in keen demand in Society circles; and dignitaries of Church and State were frequently to be seen in the boxes. On the concluding Sunday afternoon—

'every possible position in the building was filled with women of all grades of society, from the humble domestic servant to the lady of fashion. When Mr. Moody asked all who wished to be prayed for, to rise, there arose a great army, and the inquiry-rooms were crowded.'

The closing noon prayer-meeting saw the building once more crammed from floor to ceiling. 'We came to London with trembling (said Mr. Moody), but I am bound to say that this week has been the best of my life.' Much of the result of the London campaign was due to the diligence of the inquiry-room workers, both at the time and subsequently. (During the meetings of 1883-4, Mr. Moody said of Lady Anne Campbell, that, throughout the years that had elapsed since 1875, she had kept in close touch with the inquirers after the Way of Life, with whom she had then spoken).

At the close of the Opera-House services, the evangelistic effort was continued for a time in the West End by special services at various churches and chapels, notably at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Conclusive evidence of the loving sympathy felt for Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey by the churches was forthcoming at the farewell meeting, in the presence of hundreds of ministers, all desiring to witness to the excellence of the spirit in which the evangelists had

sought to work for the prosperity of the Kingdom of God.

This is not the place to discuss in detail the secret of Mr. Moody's power as a preacher. It is easy to say, ‘he was not eloquent’; but what constitutes eloquence? Truly, he was a magnificent advocate. There was assuredly much that was beyond the common in a speaker of whom Earl Cairns, himself one of the first orators of his time, said:—

‘The simplicity of that man's preaching, the clear manner in which he sets forth salvation by Christ, is one of the most striking and delightful things I have ever known.’

Strong in the faith, and encyclopædic in dealing with varied questions of life, doctrine, and duty, Mr. Moody had pondered deeply the advice of Henry Moorhouse: ‘Stick to the Bible. Since I have been an evangelist, I have been a man of one Book.’ In searching the Bible, he spent laborious, if pleasurable, days, comparing text with text, seeking light on great subjects, and collating truths in right sequence. The hints given him by Dr. Andrew Bonar were a vast help, and he gleaned some capital ideas from the picturesque addresses of Dr. Punshon.

Summing up, it may be said that the distinguishing attraction of the Moody and Sankey visits to this country—for the subsequent campaigns showed no falling off in power or interest—was the simple and noble proclamation of the Evangel, and the bringing forth of treasure—‘things new and old’—from the storehouse

of truth. Such a message, with illustrations from the daily struggles and sorrows of the common lot of humanity, proved, not 'narrowing,' but inspiring; and my father deemed it one of the greatest privileges of his long life, that he had been inspired to stand by these two men of God, from the days when they knew scarcely a dozen people in all Great Britain, until the time when the entire nation held them in such high esteem. His own affection for Mr. Moody was lasting and true; and the latter, in his turn, never changed from the sentiment with which he concluded the first letter he ever wrote to my father, in 1867: 'Good-bye, my dear brother. *I love you dearly.*'

CHAPTER XV

REVIVAL

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE CONQUESTS

BY no means the largest in point of numbers, but certainly among the most important in point of influence, of all the missions held by Messrs. Moody and Sankey in the British Isles, their visits to Oxford and Cambridge stand out conspicuously with distinctive characteristics of their own. Then, as now, there were ill-informed critics who imagined that the work of the evangelists was merely emotional, and therefore ephemeral; that at the best it affected only the uncultured class, and that men of education were not brought within its range. There could be no greater mistake; and it is worth while to review in some detail these two remarkable missions; for what happened everywhere else happened there also, with the addition of certain unusual features due to the unique character of undergraduate audiences. A week's visit was paid to each University, and when they were concluded, Mr. Morgan wrote editorially as follows:—

‘ After the unparalleled scenes that have been witnessed at Cambridge and Oxford these last two weeks in connection with the labours of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, we should hardly think any of our modern *savants* will dare to assert that the good old Gospel has lost its power. All who wish well to England must be unfeignedly thankful that God has endowed Mr. Moody with such marvellous force in presenting and applying the truth to these young men at our national halls of learning. Both in the choice of suitable subjects, and in the treatment of them in the hearing of so many unfriendly and critical ears, it is evident that the evangelist has been specially guided of God.

‘ When it is considered that in a few years these young men will be scattered over the British dominions, holding positions of high trust and influence in Church and State, or in the learned professions of science, law, medicine, etc., it is impossible to estimate the results on Society that may accrue from this Evangelical Revival in these two University towns.’

The following reminiscences, gathered partly from my own knowledge and partly from contemporary sources, convey an accurate impression of what occurred :—

AT CAMBRIDGE

Visiting first the eastern University, by invitation from the Cambridge Inter-Collegiate Christian Union—numbering among its membership such well-known names as Armitage Robinson, Montague Beauchamp, Granville Waldegrave, Kynaston Studd, and others—the American brethren faced their first ordeal in the Corn Exchange on Sunday evening, 5th November, 1882.

This meeting had been looked forward to as a critical and crucial occasion. It was for 'Varsity men' only, and out of the 2900 men in residence, about 1800 came to listen to the strangers of whom they had heard all sorts of contradictory rumours. It needs some acquaintance with University life, circumstance, and character, to appreciate the significance of such a gathering, in view of the fact that these were the future 'men of light and leading' who would influence for good or evil the coming generation. Moreover, it was 'Guy Fawkes' Night,' and gunpowder was in the air!

A large choir of men had been drilled previously in the homely 'Sankey' melodies, and their first contribution was greeted with hearty cheers. In many minds this created a dread suspicion of foreboding trouble, which was only too forcibly verified when Mr. Moody's opening prayer was similarly applauded. He asked his audience to desist from such manifestations—*more cheers!* Mr. Sankey sang—*cheers!* The Scripture was read—*cheers!* In fact, each succeeding item was received with noisy pleasantries—for, as one Christian (!) man said to me the next day—

'We went, meaning to have some fun; and, by Jove, we had it!'

Mr. Moody's address was upon Daniel, and his favourite one-syllabled pronunciation of 'Dan'l' was the signal for repeated outbursts. Still, he stuck manfully to his task, and made some impression, not, however, venturing upon an inquiry-meeting. Later,

at his hotel, as he took off his dripping collar, he remarked to his fellow-labourer :

‘ Well, Sankey, I guess I’ve no hankering after that crowd again !’

And Mr. Sankey concurred. But that was only the human side of the evangelists. Their souls were deeply stirred, and a season of fervent prayer followed, in the course of which they pleaded that God would ‘ show strength with His arm ’ during the succeeding days.

The week-evening meetings were held in a gymnasium, not well suited to the purpose, but an accustomed rendezvous of undergraduates. The men could be counted by hundreds rather than thousands; and, beyond more respectful attention, no manifest results were seen on Monday or Tuesday. But on Wednesday night came the fateful ‘ break.’ After the meeting for townsfolk in the afternoon, Mr. Moody had, with infinite tact and feeling, gathered together *a hundred and fifty mothers to pray* for the young men he was to address at night; and abundantly those mothers’ prayers were answered.

At the close of his address, at the evening meeting, he said :

‘ I have not yet held an inquiry-meeting for you, gentlemen; but I feel sure many of you are ready and yearning to know Christ. When you are in any difficulties over mathematics or classics, you do not hesitate to consult your tutors. Would it be unreasonable for you to bring your soul-troubles to those who may be able to help you? Mr. Sankey and I will

‘ converse with any who will go up to the empty gallery
‘ yonder. Let us have silent prayer.’

A long pause followed this invitation, during which no one moved. Then the first man, half hiding his face in his gown, bounded up the stairs ‘two at a time.’ Another followed, and another, till some threescore men had so far broken their bondage, and many of them found complete deliverance. Among these was one of the ringleaders of the Sunday-night demonstration, who had excused his rowdyism with the remark :

‘ If uneducated men will come to teach the “Varsity,” they deserve to be snubbed.’ He went home to make a ruthless clearance of his wines, cards, and other dangerous delights ; and from that time he took a prominent part in spiritual work at the University until taking his degree. This man was Gerard Lander, the lately-appointed Bishop of Victoria (Hong Kong), who in the intervening years had done splendid work as a clergyman in the Liverpool diocese.

The tide had now completely turned, and night after night men crowded to the meetings. On the Friday night the attendance was still largely increased. Mr. Moody spoke on ‘Excuses.’ Many were impressed, and in deep silence all heads were bowed while Mr. Sankey sang ‘Almost Persuaded.’ The result was that when Mr. Moody invited the unsaved, and those who had received blessing that week, to go into the gallery, they could not go fast enough, and they trod on each other’s gowns as they slowly ascended the staircase. Meanwhile between two and three hundred joined Mr.

Sankey near the platform in praise and supplication, and in quick succession some twenty prayers went up from the Christian men for this great work, and to plead for rich blessing on the next week's visit to Oxford. Thus these after-meetings nightly deepened in interest. Here one saw an M.A. in prayer with an undergraduate; a freshman explaining the Way of Life to a third-year man, a second-year man to a B.A.; and I saw two Bachelors, who had found peace only two nights before, busily leading others into the light. I watched the faces of a few who bade Mr. Moody good-night; and one rather stylish man, as Mr. Moody asked him if it was all right, exclaimed, with tears in his eyes: '*Yes; thank God I ever came in here!*' It was nearly twelve o'clock when the gas was put out.

To this mission was largely due the subsequent departure to China of the well-known 'Cambridge Seven.'

AT OXFORD

The following week the evangelists proceeded to Oxford. Here 'a hot time' had been prepared for them, the young blood of the older University having been aroused by the fact that the Cambridge men had 'knocked under.' A cleverly organised opposition was encountered; but Mr. Moody was better prepared now than a week ago. It was a quizzical audience he had to face. There was the man well known in the High Street, and in worse places, whose manners were not equal to the task of keeping his face from a contemptuous smile. There was the intellectual scholar,

inclined to agnosticism. There were also not a few as earnest spirits as you would find in any age or any society. During the Scripture-reading, some of the audience commenced stamping and shouting in a very impious manner. Mr. Moody immediately closed his Bible, and in scathing tones of rebuke said:

‘I would rather play with forked lightning, or meddle with the most deadly diseases, than trifle with the Word of God.’

He then asked those gentlemen who wished him to continue, to rise, and the large majority immediately responded. But he had to speak amidst the constant titterings and whisperings of the *bons esprits*. The next night was more encouraging; but on the third, the enemy was re-inforced, and the meeting was reduced to a hubbub, the singing and speaking of the evangelists being interspersed with opprobrious epithets and personalities bordering upon the meanest vulgarity.

It was here that the devil over-reached himself, and gave Mr. Moody his chance. With grim calmness he said:

‘We came to this city expecting to meet the flower of British gentry. I put it to you, gentlemen, have you treated us strangers with ordinary courtesy? Whatever you may think of us and our message, we demand that you should behave at least as gentlemen towards us.’

These were bold tactics, whose very audacity appealed to the better feelings of the opponents. At the close of the meeting several came forward and proffered

their apologies. These would have satisfied an ordinary man, but Mr. Moody was not ordinary. His reply was characteristic :

‘No, gentlemen, I will not accept your apologies unconditionally. You have treated us in a manner beneath contempt. Your discourtesy has been public; your apology must be public too. I will reserve three rows of seats in the front of the auditorium for to-morrow night’s meeting, and if you will attend, occupy those seats, and allow me to inform the audience that your presence there is your apology, Mr. Sankey and I will accept it.’

To a man they came, and allowed Mr. Moody to explain the situation to the audience. The effect was simply electrical. At the end, he said :

‘I’m much obliged to you, gentlemen, for giving me a hearing; there are thirty or forty of you here who promised me you’d come to-night and listen fair, and you’ve done it. I’m much obliged.’

There was dead silence. Not a few heads hung down in shame. Then forty or fifty followed Mr. Moody to the inquiry-room, and of these a large proportion boldly and simply gave themselves to Christ.

From that time forward the hearing accorded to the evangelists was respectful and sincere. During the week some of the leading athletes of the University—men accustomed to include in their sports the sport of things Divine—ranged themselves once and for all on the Lord’s side.

Another noteworthy incident occurred during this

mission which showed the ready resourcefulness of the evangelist. Preaching in his usual Biblical strain, he had been insisting on the necessity of the New Birth. Several undergraduates came to him and said:—

‘Mr. Moody, we do not understand your preaching. As members of the Church of England we have been baptized into the family of God. You address us as if we were outside of it altogether.’

Finding they had no common point of departure, he telegraphed to Canon Wilberforce to come to his aid, which the latter willingly consented to do. The announcement of this gave great impetus to the mission, and a huge crowd attended. The Canon’s message was one of restoration, rather than of conversion; but the end was the same, and he held his hearers spellbound with his intensely eloquent appeal.

‘Most people in Oxford (wrote the *Undergraduates’ Journal*) are more or less familiar with the fervid character of the Canon’s eloquence; on this occasion it was evident that he was speaking under considerable emotion. His address was a powerful plea for throwing off coldness and formalism; a denunciation of trusting in mere creeds, sacraments, or externals; and a stirring testimony to the truth of what Mr. Moody had been urging. Instead of trusting in forms, however good, or in ceremonial, however time-honoured, let them trust in Christ, by whom alone they could be saved. They heard a great deal about sensationalism, and it was widely sneered at; but he did not know that any one could be saved through intellect—“with the heart man believeth unto righteousness.” They were discussing about Christian evidences and the credibility

‘ of miracles, without coming to any conclusion, while
‘ miracles of conversion and evidences of holy life—the
‘ only testimony which could not be gainsaid—were
‘ occurring around them every day.

‘ Let them criticise as they would—a mighty wave of
‘ spiritual awakening and a widespread stirring-up of
‘ the dry bones was seen in all directions, and they
‘ might as well doubt their own existence as to deny
‘ its genuineness. They might say it was excitement,
‘ but he could give them endless instances to show that
‘ it was a great deal more. Excitement there was, no
‘ doubt, and must necessarily be, where men and women
‘ are in earnest about their souls; but it was much more
‘ than that. He had been present at the deathbed of a
‘ Christian, saved in one of such enthusiastic meetings,
‘ who was dying in Southampton Hospital, with both
‘ legs cut off. It was ten o’clock on a Sunday morning;
‘ the speaker had to be in church at eleven; the man
‘ knew he was dying, and he (the Canon) asked what he
‘ should say to his people. The dying man told him to
‘ tell them that he was going to meet his Saviour without
‘ fear, knowing in whom he had believed. Excitement
‘ in a Revival meeting was all very well, but did they
‘ think that was all that upheld a dying man in an
‘ hospital with both legs cut off? It was absurd to talk
‘ about excitement in the face of such a fact as that.
‘ The heart once given to God, there came enthusiasm
‘ and a holy character; but the cold intellect was like
‘ a lamp burning inside the ribs of a skeleton.’

Then in marked contrast to the eloquence of the Canon, Mr. Moody, in homely fashion, leaned over the platform-rail, gazed with yearning eyes across the sea of earnest faces, and, after a brief pause, began :

‘ You dear young fellows, enjoying the best of health,
‘ and strength, and life—no wonder your mothers love
‘ you!’

And then, with 'a mother's love' as his text, he magnified the wondrous love of God; and continued:

'It will be a cross to you to confess Christ to-night, but the best thing to do is to take it up. If you are ever to see the kingdom of God, you will have to take up the cross; and to do that will never be easier than now. "Whosoever shall confess Me before men, him shall the Son of Man confess before the angels of heaven." Think of Jesus Christ confessing you, and saying, "This is My disciple"! Is there not some one here who is willing to take up his cross, and say right out—"I will"?''

Nor had he long to wait. At once a strong, manly voice responding gave courage to others, and the stream of 'I will's' came thick and fast, while Mr. Moody, with deep feeling, interjected such encouraging remarks as:

'Thank God! I like these "I will's." Young men, you do not know how cheering this is; it is worth a whole lifetime of toil. This is a joy that fills me full; thank God for giving you the courage to speak out!'

Seeing how ready was the field for the sickle, Mr. Moody hazarded a further test, though he said he had some hesitation in doing so. He suggested that those sitting in the three front seats should vacate them, and that those who had spoken out should come, and, kneeling there in the sight of man, should dedicate themselves to the Lord. The request was scarcely uttered before some five or six rows of seats were filled with a solid phalanx of anxious seekers. The power of God seemed to be present in such degree, that these young men,

many of them among the rich flower of the rising intellect of the land, seemed to be swayed at His will, like the ripe standing corn yielding to the breeze.

Men known to be living without any form of religion, who never went near a University sermon, who would sleep through a college sermon, were arrested in their thoughtless career, brought to face their sins when appealed to by the thought of home, the love of God, and the certainty of judgment to come. No one could look into those faces and doubt that a real message from God had reached them.

Mr. Moody was visibly affected ; tears were in his eyes, and emotion in his voice ; nor, indeed, were there many dry eyes in the meeting. In concluding, he slowly and painfully—for his emotion increased as he neared the word, Farewell—began to bid his hearers adieu. Two of the happiest weeks of his life, he said, were those he had spent in Cambridge and Oxford—especially among the undergraduates, for he realised the infinite possibilities that lay in their lives. He charged them to consecrate themselves to the service of the Master ; to seek, as he was seeking, for the souls of men ; to have good courage, knowing in whose hands they were. Let them begin in their colleges. There was not an undergraduate there, who had begun the Christian course, who ought not to ‘be good for a dozen of his fellows right away.’ If they only trusted God, He would never fail them, but would stand by their side and bring them off victors at last. Then, in broken accents, this fatherly man prayed

for them all in the most pathetic and touching way, and one could not but recall to mind the parting of the Ephesian Church on the seashore with the great Apostle of the Gentiles.

‘Everyone’ had said the mission would be a failure—everyone, that is, who passed for being wise and experienced in University ways. ‘Oxford men,’ said the Don critically, ‘are only touched by the presentation of clear ideas, or by the force of personal character.’ But the would-be wise man did not consider that some very clear ideas might be presented by an American evangelist, even *without* a University education, and that even in such an earthen vessel the most perfect of all characters might be most forcibly represented to the sympathies of young and ardent minds. The difference lay here—the Don was thinking of Mr. Moody; Mr. Moody was thinking of his Master.

And so, what ‘everyone’ said did not come true at all. The mission was not a failure; for God ‘hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise.’ Such results were achieved, not in the ‘college fanes’ by—

‘The noise their high-built organs make,
Which with thunder-rolling music shake
The prophets blazoned on the panes—’

but in the most secular of rooms, with an American organ and the simplest of hymns. The preacher was not a Dean or a Provost, a Warden or a Master, but a simple, earnest man, showing to a half-sceptical and

half-astonished world what wonders can be wrought by a life that is wholly consecrated to God ! And it was in my father's little Gospel Hall that this Apollos, so mighty in the Scriptures, delivered his first Gospel message in Great Britain, sixteen years before.

PART III
MOVEMENTS OF HIS DAY

CHAPTER XVI

IN THE REALM OF THEOLOGY

TO any who should ask of Mr. Morgan a definition of his theological beliefs, his reply was in the descriptive phrase, 'The Foundation Truths.' For many years a valued member and official of the Evangelical Alliance, he accepted its concise Doctrinal Basis¹ as being as nearly his own as any human form of words could convey. Without, however, binding himself to specialised interpretations of its articles, he was content to follow the words of Scripture itself in regard to debated doctrines, apart from mediæval or conventional embellishments.

It is not without significance that for his office 'telegraphic address' he adopted the hopeful word, *Millennium*; and this thought of the coming Divine Reign kept him serene through all Time's changes, his mind being ever fixed upon the ultimate triumph of the Lamb. He lived and moved in the 'blessed hope' of his Lord's Return. Though fully persuaded of its 'pre-millennial' character, yet in his interpretation of the Book of Revelation, for instance, he followed no

¹ For the 'Basis' of the Evangelical Alliance, see page 236.

'school' in its entirety, laying emphasis rather upon the practical application to modern life of the underlying and eternal principles which, in his view, the Apocalypse was designed to teach. To him it was in very deed 'the Revelation of Jesus Christ,' who is 'the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.' He simply revelled in this Book, never wearying to expound it to intelligent and interested hearers, if only he might lead them to share the strength and joy which he himself derived from it.

Although reared in Congregationalism,¹ he was led by conviction in early manhood to declare his faith in Believers' Baptism, as emblematic of the risen life of the soul. This 'perversion' greatly troubled his Congregational grandfather, who expressed his displeasure more unmistakably than agreeably in his will!

Few troubled, however, to inquire on what ecclesiastical roll my father registered his name. Whether among Evangelical Churchmen or spiritual Nonconformists of any sect or none, he was equally at home, so long as Christ was exalted by them in life and aim. To all such his character and his work were enough. We should not ask Ithuriel for his paper qualifications; his spear would suffice.

In some reminiscences² of days between 1854 and 1859, the late Mr. T. Kyffin Freeman recalled Mr. Morgan as occasionally visiting—

'an assembly of Christians known as "the Brethren."
'They were not unworthy of the name, for there

¹ See Chapter I.

² Quoted by Dr. Pierson in his *Life of James Wright of Bristol*.

‘was an intensity of love to Christ and His people which bound them together in holy fellowship.’¹

Although not enrolled as a ‘member,’ these hallowed gatherings appealed to his love for simplicity and high spiritual tone. The Bible was given the place of honour,² there was a genial freedom, in their worship, from personal domination; the meeting for ‘breaking of bread’ realised afresh the agapé of primitive Christianity; and entire unworldliness was part of their ideal.³

The Foundation Truths of the Gospel, then, were Mr. Morgan’s unfailing rule and reference. ‘Do you call

¹ Among the group were James Wright (son-in-law to George Müller, and his successor as superintendent of the Ashley Down Orphan Houses); Henry Heath (at one time co-worker with Robert C. Chapman, of Barnstaple); and William Thomas Berger (associated with Hudson Taylor in starting the China Inland Mission).

² ‘The minds of the Brethren were associated with the words of Scripture; they talked of them when they sat in their houses and when they walked by the way, when they lay down and when they rose up. Conversational Bible-readings were their principal recreation, and in the olden days an invitation to tea might almost be taken to imply an invitation to social Bible-study.’—Neatby’s *History of the Plymouth Brethren*.

³ Lord Congleton supplied a striking instance of the extent to which this habit prevailed among the Brethren. Possessing an income of £1200, he took a house of which the rent was £12, and furnished it with wooden chairs and a plain deal table (afterwards stained, as a concession to the house-maid!). He used pewter tea-spoons, and he rejected carpets. This from a sincere desire to live humbly, watching eagerly for his Lord’s Return. The same nobleman, however, interested in an evangelist who was extending mission-work among the poor, handed him a sealed envelope, bidding him read the contents at leisure. It contained a bank-note for £500!

this mixed multitude a church?' asked George Fox. Similarly, my father, abiding by the Scriptural law, would accept only the New Birth as giving right of entrance to the fold of Christ.

He remained to the end a bulwark against secularisation, upholding the pure Gospel, and appraising a direct sermonic statement which set forth the Vicarious Sacrifice as of more value than mere literary essays, doctrinal discussions, or semi-political pronouncements.

An inevitable result, also, of an Evangelical apprehension of the work of the 'One Mediator,' was the taking of a firm stand against all domination of the priest, whether Romish or Anglican.¹ He realised, of course, that those who hold to the Scripture truths of personal responsibility to God and free access to the Redeemer, as against sacerdotal presumption, are apt to be classed as a sort of violent rabble, thirsting for fresh Gordon Riots and conflagrations new! But Mr. Morgan took high ground. He was jealous for his Lord with a great jealousy, knowing only too well, through his wide travel, the abounding evidences which demonstrate that Mariolatry and the Mass are parts of a system which visualises superstition; while, on the other hand, pure Bible-teaching means intelligent apprehension of all that is holy, just, and good. 'I have seen by THE CHRISTIAN,' wrote Francis William Newman,² 'how Protestantism has justified itself.'

¹ See Chapter XVIII.

² Younger brother of Cardinal Newman, and fellow-missionary in Syria with Anthony Norris Groves. It is common knowledge

In withstanding error and deprecating the encroachments of worldliness in the Church, Mr. Morgan bore brave witness against the seductive and popular cults of New Theology and whist-drives. Consistently as 'a man of one idea,' he steadfastly maintained a fixed standard, nothing daunted by any charges of 'narrowness' and 'bigotry,' his narrowness being that of the Narrow Way; and often he vehemently denounced the suicidal policy of the false 'liberality,' so aptly described as—

Freedom, free to slay herself, and dying while they shout her name.

Nor had the Oxford or the Broad Church movements either, any ground of appeal to such a man. In a word, his views and teachings were those of the Divinely-inspired Word. He never tired of insisting upon the prime importance of Bible truth, alike in evangelism, in the instruction of converts, and the edification of established believers. 'The entrance of Thy words giveth light'; and as he devoted himself more and more to the close and reverent study of the Sacred Page, his heart burned within him, and reflected upon his Christian character a perennial glow.

This delight in the Word shone out at all times in the most natural manner, so that it was no effort to detach himself, in the midst of a business discussion or a home table-talk, in order to elucidate mystical passages in the

how, while John Henry Newman made shipwreck of his early Evangelical faith, Francis William drifted into the shallows of rationalistic speculation.

Old Testament Scriptures or to expound the doctrines of the New. Among companies of Christians he loved to draw the living water from the wells of truth; and sought, in opening his Bible, so to interpret things rare and profitable, as to shed fresh light and kindle new fires of zeal. Taking the Old Testament, he showed: 'The New is in the Old concealed'; or, turning to the fuller revelation, he declared: 'The Old is in the New revealed.' The foundations of his faith were deeply laid in the one Book—not in the exaltation of the letter, but in the instruction of heart and mind by the Holy Spirit's aid.

He was thoroughly at one with Mr. Spurgeon in his famous protest, made in 1887, against the 'Down Grade Theology,' which was becoming all too prevalent in that day. He dissented, however, from the acrimony with which the controversy came later to be tinged owing to certain personalities introduced by partisans of either side. This caused him to be somewhat misunderstood, and, in some quarters, even blamed. But it was a rule of his life to distinguish between a teacher and his teaching, loving the *man* while deprecating his *doctrine*. Thus, at a later date, some readers of THE CHRISTIAN rated him soundly for referring to a prominent minister (an exponent of certain 'advanced' views) as 'our dear brother' So-and-so. Such blows, however, touched him but lightly; for while, as occasion might demand it, he stood firm to the principle, '*first pure, then peaceable,*' he nevertheless sought in measure to imitate his Lord in characteristics of '*grace and truth.*'

If there was one subject more than another in which (apart from doctrine) he found himself at variance with many younger ministers of his day, it was in regard to the theory that 'the world is growing better,' and that this improvement would extend gradually, till finally it ushers in the Millennium. For such theological optimism he could find neither warrant in Scripture nor encouragement in the facts of life. That 'there are more Christians in the world to-day than ever before' he thankfully accepted as true; but he would add: 'And there are more sinners too'—taking into account the all-round increase of population. He held that 'the natural heart of man is the same in all ages,' and that if—controlled by local restraints or influenced by public opinion—its outward brutalities decreased, yet they were replaced by sin in more refined forms, which was essentially *sin* all the same.

An ardent supporter of social reform and all that tends to make life more livable for the poor, he never allowed himself to hope that outward reforms could effect the regeneration through which alone a man can enter into the Kingdom of God.

'You may whitewash old Adam,' he would say, 'but that does not *create a new man*!'

For it was SIN, more than heredity or environment, that he held to be the root-cause of all social sorrow.¹

¹ Apart from Scriptural assurances, he found support in this view, as evinced by two conversations he had with Dr. Barnardo and General Booth respectively. The first told him how among his rescued 'waifs' were those whose parents and grandparents had

Nor was he much enamoured of the average ministerial training-college. Of course, he recognised with much appreciation the good work done in some of them by faithful men of God, in wisely directing the students in holy enthusiasms and ideals. But he found that in others the earlier desire for soul-winning was stifled by a quasi-professional atmosphere, or overlaid by the weight of erudition. Individual cases he could recall of hopeful young preachers who, entering the colleges with a burning zeal, had left them sadly altered in their doctrinal views and practical aims.

As a student of Scripture he found, too, that God's chosen messengers in Bible times were very frequently men trained only in the school of God—*e.g.*, Gideon, Elijah, Elisha, Amos; or whose chief qualification was their own nothingness—witness, Moses, Isaiah, Jeremiah; that our Lord's chosen Apostles were drawn chiefly from humble ranks; and that Paul himself did his best work, not as the brilliant pupil of Gamaliel, but as the self-emptied follower of the Man of Nazareth—dis-

been confirmed drunkards, and who, therefore, on the ground of *heredity*, had every reason for succumbing to the habit of intemperance; but who, under Gospel influences, had grown up to be sober, industrious, and God-fearing. The second speaker, reviewing some of his experiences of social work among the 'submerged tenth,' had found that unless a man gave himself to God 'while on the lowest rung of the ladder'—*i.e.*, when at the end of all social hope—he was more unlikely still to do so when he had been raised by a new *environment* to a position of comparative respectability; for then he began to 'fancy himself,' and to think he was 'not such a bad sort after all!' These testimonies coming from such authoritative sources, confirmed the impression upon my father's mind.

carding the words of man's wisdom (1 Cor. ii. 4), and declaring: 'The gospel preached by me is *not after man*; for I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it, but by the *revelation of Jesus Christ*' (Gal. i. 11, 12). Thus it was that my father could often listen with more edification to a man of small education who *knew his Book*, than to many of the élite of the divinity schools.

For many years he delighted to attend on Monday afternoon—although always a busy Editorial day—a fraternal gathering in the Y.M.C.A., Aldersgate-st., for the consecutive study of Scripture. Here he met Dr. Weymouth and many other accomplished expositors, and he greatly helped in the elucidation of many a difficult passage. It was in connection with this meeting that Dr. Weymouth commenced his *Translation of the New Testament*, bringing to his comrades week by week his rendering of the Second Epistle to the Corinthians—with which the work opened—and which was first published in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN.

My father was not a keen controversialist. He yielded to no man in standing for the truth, but he never entered the lists as a mere debater on spiritual themes or an arguer of Christian Evidences. Accepting the truism that—

A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still,

he sought, not so much to convince the mind of reason, as to convict the heart of sin. He would meet negation with *positive* truth; for Christian Evidence he would

point to changed lives and homes transformed as the most potent argument for the truth of the Gospel.

'Offer men *something better* for their denials or their sins,' was his maxim; and he would tell the story of a ragged urchin clutching tightly a handful of broken biscuits with which he could not be induced to part, until the sight of a sixpence in exchange effectually converted him to the better gift. Or again, he would relate the pathetic incident of a lad shouting joyfully down the street:

'Father's converted! Father's converted!'

'Well, what difference does that make to you?' asked a bystander.

'Why, he hasn't knocked mother about all day!' was the significant reply. Homely enough, no doubt, were such illustrations, but they touched hearts.

Thus my father's theology was simple, direct, clear-cut; and—on the ground that the Bible is vested with Divine authority—it was unassailable. How little he was moved from his original position by the comings and goings of Modern Thought is shown by his reply to a recent interviewer, who asked: 'Comparing 1859 with to-day, do you see much improvement?' Here is his answer:

'In matters of religion one wishes for the days of 1859 again. No doubt there are in many ways great improvements in our social life; and some abuses of former years have disappeared. But we have not the overpowering earnestness, the intense zeal, the high purposes of that period. In 1859, one dominant note was deep *conviction of sin*. For long there had been

‘preaching of a legal kind, not followed by a clear Gospel testimony; and assurance of salvation was neither generally taught nor enjoyed. The Revival of that year produced conviction of sin so overwhelming, as to lead in many cases to the physical phenomena which were so remarkable.

‘To-day the sense of sin is not found in anything like the same degree. Yet though saying this, I am not blind to the great good being done, not only by men who stand where we stand, but by many Christians who on some points are out of sympathy with us.’

Mr. Morgan’s note of faithfulness continued clear to the end, as he sought to illuminate and purify the public mind with spiritual truth. The times had by no means grown easier for men of his view. Down ‘the ringing grooves of change’ there had appeared no new desire of the world to heed the things of God; the tendency of theologians was towards the breaking down of old landmarks; the line of demarcation between the children of light and the children of darkness was becoming indistinct; the hand of materialism was working to set back the clock of spiritual progress; the superficiality of an age in which man, having ill-digested the facts of scientific discovery, superficially founded novel and revolutionary assumptions upon the airy theories of its little day—all these made it increasingly difficult to impress the old truths of human depravity and of atonement for sin. Yet, with an unflinching confidence in Christianity as the one all-sufficient panacea for the sorrows and unrest of mankind, he knew no discouragement, persuaded that if one section

of the race hardened its heart against the old Evangel, there were ever fresh and splendid entrances for the truth, and God fulfilled Himself in many ways. Though New Theology should pervert true doctrine, Pentecost was repeated in Korea. Though churches might shiver in 'critical' frost, or be stupefied in the fumes of incense-smoke, the tents of the Evangelisation Society were filled with hearers. If occasionally the leaders were prone to prostrate themselves before the bogeys of German rationalistic speculation, the rank and file were still largely of Moody's mind, and found their creed in the fifty-third of Isaiah.

Dr. Donald Fraser has said: 'Jesus Christ laid stress 'not so much on the prohibitions so frequent in the 'Decalogue, as on positive requirements to love God and 'man, and to do well.' It was to basal truths that my father turned again and again; grace was still the only resource, and the truth remained: 'No man cometh unto the Father but by Me;' and 'other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.' Regarding mankind at its best, he 'raised to heaven the magnificent testimony of our nothingness'; regarding Divine things, his days of growing physical weakness told the same simple story as those of his prime, that he bowed himself willingly to the yoke of Christ.

CHAPTER XVII

‘UNITY, LIBERTY, CHARITY’

I HAVE already referred to the harmony of thought in regard to doctrinal beliefs which existed between my father and the Evangelical Alliance;¹ and in regard to its practical aims and purposes there was a like cohesion between them. They were at one in emphasising ‘the life of God in the soul of man,’ and not the exaltation of human ability and energy. Each held to the familiar Augustinian motto: ‘In essentials, unity; in non-essentials, liberty; in all things, charity.’ They were further agreed that *unity*, more than a harmony of minds regarding great questions, should be that of Spirit-filled people striving for the Kingdom’s interests; their *liberty* was not of fantasy, but of sound judgment based upon the Word of God; and their *charity*, no timid cloaking of error, but the love that is first of all faithful, as becometh the children of light.

Founded in London, in 1846, at a great gathering of distinguished men—Christian ambassadors who represented the cause and principles of the Reformation in

¹ See Chapter XVI.

many lands,¹ the Evangelical Alliance is still a redoubtable world-champion of the Christian faith and religious liberty. Including in its spacious ranks Evangelicals who hold widely different views on certain details of doctrine and administration, it unites them to-day, as it did their fathers at the outset, in the holy bond of the spiritual and inspiring truth, ‘Unum corpus sumus in Christo.’²

¹ There were eight hundred delegates, representing fifty denominations.

² The Basis of the Evangelical Alliance is defined as follows :—

1. ‘The Divine inspiration, authority, and sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures.

2. ‘The right and duty of private judgment in the interpretation of the Holy Scriptures.

3. ‘The Unity of the Godhead, and the Trinity of Persons therein.

4. ‘The utter depravity of human nature in consequence of the Fall.

5. ‘The Incarnation of the Son of God, His work of atonement for sinners, and His mediatorial intercession and reign.

6. ‘The justification of the sinner by faith alone.

7. ‘The work of the Holy Spirit in the conversion and sanctification of the sinner.

8. ‘The immortality of the soul, the resurrection of the body, the judgment of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ, with the eternal blessedness of the righteous, and the eternal punishment of the wicked.

9. ‘The Divine institution of the Christian ministry, and the obligation and perpetuity of the ordinances of Baptism and the Lord’s Supper.

‘It being, however, distinctly declared that this brief summary is not to be regarded, in any formal or ecclesiastical sense, as a creed or confession, nor the adoption of it as involving an assumption of the right authoritatively to define the limits of Christian brotherhood, but simply as an indication of the class of persons whom it is desirable to embrace within the Alliance.

‘In this Alliance, it is also distinctly stated that no compromise

Throughout its history it has made a bold stand against many foes of righteous progress, combating with equal devotion the superstitions and subtleties of Rome, the earth-bound spirit of Materialism, and the sombre conclusions of calculating but blind Rationalism.

‘You will be without defence,’ cried Cajetan to Luther ; ‘where will you hide’ ?

‘Under Heaven!’ answered the reformer. And the Alliance has sought, not only to kindle and sustain such unwavering courage and faith, but to be the defender and succourer of humble believers harried by powerful and persecuting foes.

One of the chief departments of the work of the Alliance was the organisation of the Universal Week of Prayer, which, at first observed only among the members themselves, was afterwards, by urgent requests from workers at home and missionaries abroad, so extended as to link together Evangelical believers in all parts of the world. Its ‘prayer-circular,’ embodying a wealth of carefully considered suggestions for united supplication day by day throughout the Week, remains a model of simplicity and comprehensiveness. Supervised annually, as to its composition, by representatives of the churches, it receives the approval of Christian leaders in a hundred countries, and is printed in many languages.

So warmly did Mr. Morgan appreciate the opportunity

of the views of any member, or sanction of those of others, on the points wherein they differ, is either required or expected ; but that all are held free as before to maintain and advocate their religious convictions, with due forbearance and brotherly love.’

and recognise the desirability of girdling the globe with a chain of praying believers, that when *The Revival* was but two years old the greater part of an issue was devoted to accounts of the Week of Prayer meetings. The influence of the 1859 Revival was of course still strong, and no passion for 'snippet' literature had arisen to vitiate the taste for solid reading. Hence, lively satisfaction was found in column after column of prayers and addresses. The fervour of the proceedings is illustrated by a comment in *The Revival* concerning one of the meetings at Willis's Rooms, a fashionable place of assembly in St. James's:—

'Although Captain Trotter and the Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel prayed at great length, the two occupying nearly an hour, there seemed to be no weariness in the congregation.'

The Week was deemed so important an institution, that numbers of visitors came to London to take part in the meetings; and in this connection *The Revival*, in a striking way, spoke of the blessing that might well be the outcome of an extended practice of Christian hospitality, and deprecated the popular notion that hospitality is a social virtue rather than a Christian exercise. Thus we find that—

'many Christians received other Christians perfectly unknown to them previously. The Episcopalian brother received the Nonconformist, and the Nonconformist the brother differing from him, all in the name of the one Master and for His sake, according to 3 John.'

Yearly accounts of the Week of Prayer have continued to figure among the features of the early January numbers of *THE CHRISTIAN*; and Mr. Morgan would be found each day at one or another of the meetings, whether at Mildmay, Aldersgate-st., or Exeter Hall. On many occasions he occupied the chair or gave the address on the prayer-subject of the day; always he sought to turn the thoughts of his hearers towards the privilege of approach through the great High Priest, while he pointed to the advances and opportunities, as well as the declensions and failures, of the time, as incentives for the urgent cry: 'Wilt Thou not revive us again, that Thy people may rejoice in Thee?'

Another feature of the Alliance which figured prominently was the annual Conference of the British branch, held at some suitable metropolitan or provincial centre. Such gatherings—in days, it must be remembered, when there was neither Church Congress nor Free Church Council, when Conventions were few, and 'Keswick' and the Bible League had not as yet come into being—were of the highest importance as rare Evangelical rallying-points. My father endeavoured to help forward the unity for which the Alliance stood, by giving prominence, for instance, to addresses so brotherly as those of Thomas Curnie, of Sandford, a talented Anglican speaker, who regarded it as a delightful experience that a stranger, if unfamiliar with the speakers, could distinguish the denomination of none, so urgent were all of them in dwelling upon the glory of God and the exaltation of the Saviour's Name. Mr. Curnie was

wont to emphasise—and the saying is assuredly timely in our own day also—that 'wherever, in the Revival, the work of God has been deepest, there Christian catholicity is most marked.' And as evidence of this he pointed to the 'union prayer-meetings,' formed in many places for loving co-operation, and to the host of religious societies which had been lately founded upon an entirely unsectarian basis.

The Alliance stood, in a large sense, for the Bible; and the unity which prevailed so widely in the Revival, and which was consequent upon a return to primitive faith and zeal, likewise had, for its visible bond of agreement, the written Word. Hence my father was glad to call attention to pronouncements of the Alliance leaders, which, in days of danger and failing faith, declared with strength and iteration for the Holy Scriptures. Typical of such timely sayings was that of Dr. Henry of Belfast, who, at the Conference of 1875, said:

'I confess I have no fear for the future of the Church of *the Bible*. The sword of the Spirit, that great instrument which is destined to overthrow the stupendous systems of superstition and idolatry which make the world groan under the pressure of accumulated misery, is carried over every sea, into the doors of entrance opened in the darkest and most distant climes, for the healing of the nations and for the establishment of righteousness.'

While the unswerving loyalty of the Alliance thus drew my father closely to it, he also rejoiced that its message was not addressed solely to the learned, to the

profound student of types, or to those versed in the languages of ancient civilisations; but to the great body of Christians, such as might say, in the characteristic words of Dr. Joseph Parker, given in *THE CHRISTIAN*:

‘I took the Book of Revelation and read it through at once, right away. I never stopped from the first verse to the last. Every now and then there was a green place with fountains and trees, and I said: “I know that bit.” When I read of the trumpets and vials and the horns and the woes, I could make but little of them; but when the writer said: “I saw an angel flying through the midst of heaven, having the everlasting Gospel,” I looked with the eyes of my heart and I hailed that messenger as a friend.’

Having come into being at a time of general turmoil among the peoples, the Evangelical Alliance was from the first an ardent champion of persecuted believers in other lands who held the fort against great odds. In the upheaval of monarchical ideas which marked 1848 as an epoch in modern history, the question of religious as well as political liberty inevitably came to the front in countries where the still lingering mediævalism of European Courts and of the Papacy were intertwined, and where the worldly interests of each were deemed to be mutually self-supporting.

One of the earliest struggles of the Alliance, in this connection, was (in 1852, in unison with the then powerful Protestant Alliance) for the deliverance of the two *Madiai*—Francesco and his wife Rosa, two poor shopkeepers of Florence, who had been condemned to several years’ imprisonment with hard labour. The offence of

this earnest-minded and exemplary couple, was, practically, that they had possessed and read copies of the Bible and the Book of Common Prayer. Lord Shaftesbury was looked to as the leader of the popular movement for their release which arose in this country. To that statesman the Prince Consort wrote:—

'The cruel case had already attracted the Queen's attention, and I attempted a personal appeal to the Grand Duke [of Tuscany]. I tried particularly to impress him (or rather his Confessor, who is the ruling power) that the case will do irreparable mischief to the Roman Catholic cause in England. . . . This is the Church which calls *us intolerant*, merely because we do not choose to be *governed* by it.'

In the end, the Grand Duke bowed to the storm by commuting the sentences to perpetual exile from Tuscany. He could scarcely resist the feeling which boiled against oppression, not only in England, but in Italy itself. The Madiai settled quietly at Nice, helped by Sir Culling Eardley and other friends.

The labours of the Alliance in defence of the religious rights, not only of individuals but of peoples, were thenceforward among Mr. Morgan's warmest interests—particularly in the defence of Matamoros¹ and his friends against Romish persecution in Spain; and in the aid given through Dr. Baedeker, in a long course of years, to Stundists and other suffering Evangelicals in Russia.² Again, for the Armenian Christians, ravaged

¹ See Chapter XVIII.

² 'The Stundists are a people who have received the Word of God. They are apostolic missionaries; they do not require grand

by the Moslem and subjected to atrocities which repeatedly roused the indignation of Europe, many appeals were made in THE CHRISTIAN, including an important pronouncement by the Alliance, which called attention to such massacres as that of Marash, where—

‘many hundreds of Armenians—men, women, and children, were massacred by Moslems, aided, if not led, by the Imperial troops.’

Nearly all of the leading men of the Protestant churches of that city, and the pastor of the church which is affiliated to the Church of England, were killed. In the city of Cæsarea, several hundred Armenians were massacred. It seems probable that in every case the offer of life on condition of acceptance of Mohammedanism was made. Numbers of women and children were thus killed for their refusal to deny their Lord.

To maintain the Gospel cause against the grim and corrupt Ottoman Empire was obviously no ordinary undertaking, in view of the fact that the Porte was usually amenable only to the remonstrances and representations of such ambassadors as the ‘third great Canning’—to condemn whom might arouse British hostility, and thus, according to the common political view of the day, make easy the path of the Romanoffs to Constantinople.

meetings or a grand hall, but wherever they go they preach the Gospel. When the authorities could not tolerate the movement any longer, when the priests were anxious about it, they engaged the police to stamp out Stundism. They have persecuted them, banished them, but the Stundists still survive.’—Dr. F. W. Baedeker, at the Evangelical Alliance Conference of 1896.

Notwithstanding the difficulties, however, the firmness and courtesy of the British Government and its Embassy, inspired by the Alliance, brought about the abrogation of the law under which it was a crime, punishable with death, for a Mohammedan to become a Christian. It is true that the Imperial decree has been to some extent a dead letter; but at any rate the pronouncement, and the principle of toleration which it embodied, afforded a useful basis of appeal to the Sultan and his ministers, in any case of persecution that might arise. Such appeals, indeed, were frequent, by which—

'again and again (wrote one of the secretaries of the Alliance) have prison-doors been opened and suffering Christians set at liberty.'

During these days of anxiety, Mr. Morgan frequently sought to enlist the sympathies of his readers for the Alliance. This was notably the case in regard to the opposition which was aroused to the action of a Governor of Damascus, who, declaring that he 'would allow no persons to profess any religion other than that of their fathers,' registered as Mohammedans over two hundred thousand people of a non-Moslem Syrian tribe.

Another characteristic instance of oppression to which attention was called in *THE CHRISTIAN*, was that of a Moslem teacher who, with fifteen of his pupils, was led, without the intervention of any missionary, to embrace Christianity. The party started from Constantinople with the intention of seeking a place of religious liberty in some Christian land; but outside the city they were

arrested, flung into prison, and all trace of them was lost. These, however, were but items in the long and ghastly catalogue of Turkish atrocity, when, at a hint from Palace intriguers or the Sultan himself, the blood of Christians was poured out like water.

It is not surprising that the efforts of the Alliance failed of success at times, when the combined energies of Europe proved inadequate to hold in check the furies of Stamboul; yet remarkable victories were won—as for example, in the ‘Marsovan incident,’ when many Armenians were delivered from imprisonment or impending execution.

The beneficent influence of the Alliance reached yet farther afield. The Christians of Upper Egypt were saved from persecution through the presentation of a timely memorial to the Khedive Ismail; and some weighty words to the French Government secured the native believers in New Caledonia from the molestations of official prejudice. Specially touching is the story of the persecuted Nestorians in Persia, in whom my father was greatly interested. Strong in the confidence that they would obtain help, two brethren of the community actually tramped the whole distance from Persia (*via* Armenia and Moscow) to Hamburg, where friends enabled them to take passage to London. Arriving in the Metropolis, they at once asked for ‘The Evangelical Alliance,’ and finding their way to the office, they stated their case. Due investigation was made, and so potent was the action taken by the organisation, that not only was full protection given to the wanderers and their

friends, but the Shah and some of his court officials contributed to the cost of re-erecting churches which had been destroyed.

Another signal victory was that which, by the blessing of God, was won in Russia, over forty years since, when an appeal to the Czar led to the restoration of religious liberty to 16,000 Lutheran Christians in the Baltic Provinces.

But Rome, of course, was the chief European enemy of liberty—particularly in the days of her greater strength, when monarchs like the tyrannical King of Naples, or Popes wielding temporal power, had to be reckoned with; and before there was a united Italy, or the 'Los von Rom' movement had sprung into being. In Bohemia, the Alliance had to defend so simple a right as that of the citizen to invite guests to his own house to hear a Bible exposition. The Protestants suffered severely from persecutions of this character; but liberty was ultimately restored as a result of the personal interposition of the Emperor Francis-Joseph, prompted by a deputation from the Evangelical Alliance.

The endeavours of Rome, whether organised or sporadic, to suppress the Evangelical faith, have been met, through all the years, with firm opposition, strong in the support of Christians at home, who remembered the sorrows of their own land—the desecration of Wycliffe's lonely grave, the bloody suppression of Lollardry, the fires and torture-chambers at Smithfield, and the cruel persecutions of Quaker and Covenanter. Moreover, it was clear that the progress of truth must

necessarily arouse the bitter opposition of the priesthood, when testifying converts would appeal to their neighbours, as Stephen Grellet did to the congregation of nuns:—

‘ Instead of looking at candles uselessly burning at noonday, turn your eyes inward upon Christ, the true Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world.’

It was amid such strenuous conditions, then, that Mr. Morgan pleaded for, and personally aided in many ways, a work which, in his estimation, was not less valuable in its private counsels and intercessions than in its more popular agitations, many fruitful results of its labours being achieved by methods which did not meet the public eye.

The General Conferences of the Alliance (distinct from those of the British branch, and held usually at one of the chief Continental cities) likewise made for Christian unity and strength. Glancing at the accounts of the Geneva Conference of 1861, given in *The Revival*, it is instructive to note that while formularies and methods of expression change somewhat with the years, the grave problems of one time are very largely those of another. The topics of the official programme included, for instance:

‘ “The Sabbath, and the best means of promoting its Sanctification.” “The religious destitution and immorality of the masses in all countries, together with the means which wisdom and experience may point out, for the application of the only efficient remedy for these great evils.” “Religious liberty considered as

'the guarantee of the order and peace of States."
 ' "The importance of uniting doctrine with Christian
 ' life, in order to the prosperity of the Church"; and
 ' "On Christian Brotherhood, and the characteristics
 ' which should distinguish controversy among Chris-
 ' tians."'

Other General Conferences to which attention was called were those of Amsterdam, in 1867, which was reported in a series of chatty letters by Mr. Gawin Kirkham; New York, in 1873; and Basle, in 1879. The invitation to Basle, issued by the Swiss branch, said:

' We all rejoice in the great promise which the Lord
 ' gave His Church for its consolation amid all divisions,
 ' that at last these shall be one flock, under Him, the
 ' one Shepherd. But we also know that the fulfilment
 ' of this glorious promise is not brought about by
 ' human means. If faith in this consummation, and
 ' the heartfelt longing for it, be not wanting among
 ' the members of the Alliance, then, by God's grace,
 ' we shall also enjoy a foretaste of it.'

To my father, one of the most interesting sessions of that Conference was, naturally, that which discussed the Press. He would certainly sympathise with the dictum of a German-Swiss paper, who said:

' The daily Press is the sole intellectual food of many.
 ' The reader takes in daily the views, opinions, and
 ' judgments of his newspaper. It is not only what is
 ' said, but what is taken for granted, that weighs with
 ' the reader. For instance, the immutability of natural
 ' law is assumed as a proof of the unreasonableness of
 ' prayer—such assumptions slip in where openly ex-
 ' pressed unbelief would be shut out.

‘Christians are far too careless about the real principles of their newspapers. We cannot expect a political paper to speak only on religious subjects; but it must treat daily occurrences on Christian principles. . . . The great English papers offer no piquant romances to their readers. They seek to influence by well-grounded judgments.’

It cannot be said that Mr. Morgan by any means approved the modern tendency of a considerable portion of the Press of this country to follow the ideas and methods of secular journalism which frequently obtain in New York and Chicago. He deplored what he considered to be a lack of dignity and restraint, an obvious desire to create ‘tidal waves of public opinion,’ by emotional and exciting articles—too often founded on shallow conjecture and, as law-court records have frequently demonstrated, on absolute fiction.

Turning to the consideration of the duties of the distinctively religious Press, some theses which were maintained with simplicity and power at Basle, by M. E. de Pressensé, expressed truths which my father in his own sphere had earnestly endeavoured to justify. Among them were these two:

‘That the defence of Christianity by the Press ought to be independent of all party politics, and should invariably be faithful to justice and right.

‘That, remembering that the end never justifies the means, the Christian Press ought to serve the holiest of causes in a manner worthy of it, by perfect honesty in controversy and respect for others, avoiding the sad errors which have too often dishonoured the discussion of religious questions.’

As to the department of journalism in which he was himself occupied, he was in complete harmony with the noble words of Dr. Borrett White:

'To exalt the name of Jesus, to make known in all 'quarters its power to lead trembling sinners to the 'foot of the Cross, to strengthen in men's hearts the 'holy emotions of faith, hope, and charity — this is 'the work of the Christian Press. It promotes the 'true unity of the Spirit, and teaches all things that 'are true, all things that are honest, all things that are 'just, lovely, and of good report.'

For many years a member of the Council of the Alliance, unobtrusively taking a deep interest in the general welfare of the work, my father was naturally much concerned when dark and difficult days were encountered; standing by the organisation, he co-operated in the strenuous efforts which have launched it upon a fresh career of enterprise and usefulness. On account of pressing engagements in North Africa, he was unable to be present at the International Conference held in London, in 1907; but he followed the records with satisfaction, particularly as so many old friends were present from the Continent — Pastor Reuben Saillens (representing France), Pastor Storjohann (Norway), Dr. White (Turkey), and others; and among the items of news he was particularly glad to learn of the continued progress of the Alliance centre at Blankenburg, which he had known so well from its commencement, and of which Mr. Charles de Neufville now said: 'Twenty years ago there were forty-five persons gathered in a little white house; now the

Conference meetings number over two thousand people in six buildings.'

The important scheme for the erection of a new central building for the Alliance, in London, was a subject which was keenly interesting him before the final weakness stole upon him which precluded any further consideration of earthly affairs. He was a true friend of the organisation throughout practically the whole of his public career, holding all the time with the Council that, in the words of Dr. Pierson—

'the centre, the crystallising thought, the sum and substance of the credal basis of such an Alliance, must be the essential truths of the Gospel message.'

CHAPTER XVIII

THE POPE AND THE PRIEST

THE subject of this biography did not reach his four-score years and more without witnessing changes great and many in the relation of Papal aggression to Protestantism in Great Britain. Taking an early survey of events in this direction, we note that it was during his boyhood—and therefore at a period when he would not be taking an active interest in such matters—that the Oxford ‘Tractarian’ cult (1833–41) associated with the names of Newman, Pusey, and other English clergymen, came into vogue.

A convinced (not to say bigoted) Churchman, Newman was as opposed to the pretensions of Rome as to the Evangelicalism of Nonconformity, showing his hostility to each with cheerful impartiality. Neither Romanist nor Protestant, he held that certain doctrines and formularies of which Rome claimed the monopoly were the inheritance also of the Church to which he belonged; having been exercised therein at a former period, they had been allowed to fall into desuetude. To revive these, was the task to which he set himself;

and in doing so this influential cleric struck out in both directions—against the distinctively Protestant position on the one hand, and the Romanistic claims on the other. But the glamour of stately ceremonial—and, still more, the influence of the Papal pretensions regarding ‘Church authority’—gradually enveloped him, until, in 1845, he seceded to Rome. Thus he wrote in explanation:

‘I resigned St. Mary’s . . . because I think the Church of Rome *the* Catholic Church, and ours *not* a part of the Catholic Church, because not in communion with Rome.’

In 1850 was issued the Papal Bull which directed the establishment in England of ‘a hierarchy of bishops, deriving their titles from their own Sees, which we (Pius IX.) institute by the present Letter in the various apostolic districts.’ Rightly regarding this as a menace to the cause of true religion, the Protestant feeling of the nation was deeply stirred, in and out of Parliament, culminating in the burning of the effigies of Pope and Cardinal. But that keenly sagacious ecclesiastic, Cardinal Wiseman,¹ with the characteristic subtlety of his class, met the outburst with a published *Appeal to the Reason and Good Feeling of the People of England*. The storm abated; and, allowing herself to be thus befooled, the nation stood by while Rome organised fresh forces of reaction, whose chief object was to undo the work of the Reformation.

¹ In *A History of Our Own Times*, Mr. Justin M‘Carthy describes the Cardinal as ‘accepted in the minds of most Englishmen as a type of the regular Italian ecclesiastic, bold, clever, ambitious, and unscrupulous.’

Next, in 1851, Manning came upon the scene, as the latest pervert from the Anglican Church to Rome. For years he had been supporting the Tractarian movement, and finally succumbed to its inevitable influence, as Newman had done. In 1857, he donned the priestly garb, was appointed R. C. Archbishop of Westminster in 1865, and made Cardinal ten years later.¹

By this time the feet of Rome were planted firmly on British soil—a sorry issue for which, more than any other cause, the self-deceptive Tractarian movement was largely responsible.

One service, at least, did Cardinal Manning render to

¹ This office was conferred as a reward for his support of the Pope. Says his biographer (Purcell's *Life of Cardinal Manning*): 'To a losing cause Manning was never partial, early in life or late. His nature instinctively shrank from them that were falling or were down.'

It is a significant study to compare the high-sounding and highly-coloured statements of Romanisers, old and new, with the melancholy exhibition of sordid jealousies, miserable wirepullings, and personal squabbles revealed by this Roman Catholic biography. At the time of the Errington controversy, Manning wrote to Mgr. Talbot: 'Thank God, the Protestants do not know that half our time and strength is wasted in contests *inter domesticos fidei*'; and Purcell says of that particularly fierce quarrel between the Romanist leaders in this country: 'Manning would not have won, had it not been for . . . his somewhat unscrupulous methods of attack.' The chief trouble exposed in the biography was, of course, Manning's intolerance of John Henry Newman. Newman, in turn, regarded Manning with entire distrust, as thus expressed: 'I do not know whether I am on my head or my heels when I have active relations with you.' After this, Manning said in an autobiographical note: 'For years we never wrote or met'—a sufficiently explicit comment upon the relations between the two great perverts from Protestantism to Rome.

Protestantism: he stated in concise and unmistakable terms what the Papal programme is, when he said at the Westminster Synod, in 1870:

‘It is good for us to be here in England. It is yours ‘to subjugate and subdue, to bend and to break, the will ‘of an imperial race—the will which, as the will of Rome ‘of old, rules over nations and peoples, invincible and ‘inflexible. England is the head of Protestantism, ‘the centre of its movements, and the stronghold of ‘its powers. Weakened in England, it is weakened ‘everywhere; conquered in England, it is conquered ‘throughout the world. Once overthrown here, all is ‘but a war of detail.’

Such a pronouncement disposes at once of many of the crafty arguments with which less plain-spoken Romanists seek to ensnare the unwary.

Simultaneously with the encroachments of Romanism, as such, came the even more insidious endeavours of clergymen within the Church of England to lead her members towards the same goal by devices with which we are only too familiar. As far back as 1850 this was a matter of grave concern to her late Majesty Queen Victoria, as is evidenced by her correspondence with Lord John Russell, in which the latter wrote:

‘The matter to create rational alarm is, as your ‘Majesty says, the growth of Roman Catholic doctrines ‘and practices in the bosom of the Church.’¹

Arriving at the years of manhood, Mr. Morgan naturally saw the drift of events, and their bearing upon the spiritual and national life of the community.

¹ *Letters of Queen Victoria, 1837–61, vol. ii.*

Accordingly, when, in 1859, he founded his paper, *The Revival*, he identified it at once with the cause of Evangelical truth, and this brought him, by sheer force of circumstances, into direct conflict with all attempts, open or disguised, to re-impose the Papal yoke upon his countrymen.

From his study of the Bible and of history, he could not fail to discern the striking similarity between 'the woman arrayed in purple and scarlet . . . drunken with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus' (Rev. xvii. 3-9), and the apostate Church of the 'Seven Hills.' Accordingly, against all her pretensions he wielded his pen and raised his voice with a fearlessness born of intense spiritual conviction.

An important factor in stemming the tide, for the time being, of the sacerdotal movement is one that is apt to be overlooked, namely, the great spiritual awakening of 1859-60 (to which extended reference has been made in earlier chapters). But it was a potent force in that direction, for while the minds of men are occupied with the substance, they will not chase shadows. The evangelists were, for the most part, men of humble station; and Oxford could hardly be expected to take account of Weaver the collier, or Hambleton the actor; nor would the 'superior' scorn of the schools attach much importance even to Brownlow North, or Aitken of Pendeen. Yet, quietly but with wonderful power, the Revival did its Heaven-appointed work in bringing to the front those spiritual realities which are the best safeguard against the spread of error.

Later, when the Revival tide ebbed, the vast and growing force of the Oxford Movement came to flood, with its mingled learning, subtlety, and audacity, and seemed to threaten the very foundations of the faith.

The latitudinarianism and deadness of some of the old school of divines appeared, also, to afford a fatal opportunity to the ingratiating and subtle representatives of the new. Thus extreme High Churchism swept through the land, carefully encouraging the disingenuous theory that Evangelicals were a fossilised, half-educated folk who must needs go down before the advance of sense and learning. In the light of subsequent events, Dr. Arnold was not far wrong when he said—

‘I look upon a Roman Catholic as an enemy in his uniform. I look upon a Tractarian as an enemy disguised as a spy.’

Of a prominent leader of the latter class, this testimony is given by his son:

‘He had felt bound to retain his external communion (with the Church of England) because he believed that he was bringing many of its members to Rome.’

In fact, we may recall a dictum of the father¹ himself: ‘Make yourself quite clear that you are justified in deception, and then lie like a trooper!’

But whatever the boasted progress of bare-faced Rome without, or two-faced Ritualism within, there were still multitudes in the Established Church and in Non-conformity who had not bowed the knee to Baal, and who, living and walking in the Spirit, were proof against

¹ William George Ward.

discouragement of heart or doubt as to the eternal verities upon which their faith was grounded. And it was to the upbuilding of such that my father devoted his energies, with insight and wise direction in the things of God.

It is interesting at this point to notice that the early efforts of *The Revival* in this connection transferred the scene from England to Spain, one of the high-places of Rome's superstition and the cruelties which, on occasion, she perpetrates with no unsparing hand. An earnest-minded reformer and pioneer of religious liberty, Manuel Matamoros by name, was experiencing the relentless grip of the priest at the same time that England was receiving the studied platitudes of the 'Holy See.' In answer to the question put by a tribunal: 'Do you profess the Catholic Apostolic religion?' Matamoros replied at once with Latimer-like boldness:

'My religion is that of Jesus Christ; the rule of my faith is the Word of God. The Roman religion not being based upon those principles, I do not believe in its dogmas, and much less do I obey it in practice.'

When the astonished court cried: 'Do you know what you are saying?' the brave answer was:

'Yes, and I will not retract it. I have put my hand to the plough, and will not draw back.'

Much sympathy and financial support were gained for Matamoros and his gallant little band through Mr. Morgan's advocacy of their cause in *The Revival*; and though the dauntless reformer soon passed to his rest—his untimely death being largely due to the persecutions

which he endured, including imprisonment in underground dungeons at Granada—a new and living interest in Spanish Protestantism was aroused.

The coincidence that the decree of the Vatican Council of 1870, promulgating the dogma of Papal Infallibility,¹ synchronised with the change of the title of the periodical from *The Revival* to *THE CHRISTIAN*, caused its Editor in the very first number of the new issue to express his conviction that the claim now put forward by the Pope was ‘not less dishonouring to God, and probably more perilous to souls, than the ‘utmost profanities of infidels.’ Thus he continued from time to time to expose the true inwardness and the absolutely unscriptural character of the Romish system; to shed light upon the gross darkness and ignorance amid which it thrived; and to set before his readers Biblical instruction and doctrinal expositions wherewith to meet its errors, wherever found.

Not alone from his own pen, however, did such aids to belief come. Among other early contributors was that able controversialist, Mr. P. H. Gosse, F.R.S., whose articles were greatly valued. *Inter alia*, this well-informed writer adduced the testimonies of Roman Catholic notables as to the purposes and workings of the system to which they belonged; and quoted two

¹ Until this date the question of the Pope’s infallibility had been often debated but never settled. That ‘the Church’ was infallible in all matters pertaining to doctrine was agreed to by its dignitaries; but a decree was only accepted as infallible if accepted as such by the bishops as well as the Pope. Now the matter was finally set at rest for the guidance of all ‘the faithful,’ clerical and lay!

contemporary advocates, one of whom declared: 'What we aim at is to be the dominant Church in England'; and another, who had asked (and at the same time had supplied a significant answer to his own question):

'Shall I hold out hopes to the Protestant that I will not meddle with his creed if he will not meddle with mine? No. Catholicism is the most intolerant of creeds.'

The Editor's own views were reiterated in a series of *Letters from Rome* (1877):

'Romanism is not a religion, but a superstition; not a worship, but an idolatry; not a Church, but an apostasy; not the Bride, the Lamb's wife, but the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth.'

With pitiless fidelity he exposed, not only the intolerance but the greed of the Papacy;¹ described the conditions of the countries which he visited over which Rome held dominion; and detailed the astounding superstitions encouraged by the priesthood for monetary ends. I remember that together we entered a church in a Spanish village, where was exhibited one of the numerous 'relics' used as a means of depleting the purses of worshippers 'for the Church's good!' Once when the priest was interrogated as to its authenticity, he stoutly maintained it; but he was a man of the 'jovial

¹ 'To-day the scandal of Christendom is exhibited to our gaze in a Pope, claiming to be the true and only Vicar of Christ, living in a palace with six hundred attendants, and enjoying a personal income of a million and a half dollars annually. I say this, not to cast gratuitous contempt on Rome, but to bring a solemn warning to America.'—Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Boston, at an Evangelical Alliance Conference at Washington, 1877.

friar’ type, with a twinkle in his eye which did not tally with his austere garb; and, being further pressed, he naïvely replied to a critic:

‘You don’t believe it? Well, no more do I!’ But it helped the funds!

During the same tour my father obtained a copy of a Spanish publication which rejoiced in the (then) recent burning of Bibles in Barcelona, expressing the kindly hope that the day would yet come when the Inquisition fires would be re-lighted for the consuming of heretics. Upon the publication of this in *THE CHRISTIAN*, the identity of the paper was first denied by a Roman Catholic devotee, who said he had made inquiries in Spain and was convinced that such a document had no existence. Faced with a sight of it, he made further inquiries, and returned with the assurance that this copy was the only issue that had ever appeared, and that the paper had at once died a natural death. We hoped it did! Meantime, it is kept as a curiosity of what has been, and may recur again. I could recount many an incident reminiscent of that tour, as tending to show that where Rome has full power she is still *Semper Eadem*; but as she herself is never tired of proclaiming the fact, I need not enlarge upon it further.

Thus, from his extensive travels in Romish countries in various parts of the world, my father saw much and heard more of ‘the Scarlet Woman’s’ ways, and never failed to record facts and impressions for the benefit of his readers. In this manner his convictions became

ever more firmly founded—based not upon ignorance, but knowledge; not as flights of fancy, but the results of experience; not from unreasoning bigotry, but the deliberate statements and claims of Rome herself, as expounded by her accredited representatives.

Among the features of his stand against Rome was the support accorded to Father Chiniquy, whose zealous career as evangelist amongst French-speaking Roman Catholics was a conspicuous fact in Protestantism on the other side of the Atlantic. Convinced of the fatal errors of Papal teaching, and having based his teaching on the Bible, this enlightened priest found that, as the love of his congregation for the Gospel grew stronger, the Roman hierarchy became more fiercely antagonistic. Controversy with his superiors continued until, as he firmly insisted on the right to preach ‘according to the Word of God,’ he was informed: ‘You can no longer be a priest.’

His contented reply was: ‘May God Almighty be for ever blessed!’ Then he proceeded to relate the full story of his experiences to his congregation, not expecting, however, that they would stand by him to the extent of making common cause against ‘the Church.’ They proved, however, as ready as he, having been well instructed by him in Scripture truth. Thereupon more than a thousand people broke from Rome, and, said the converted Father—

‘Three months after, we were not less than six thousand French Canadians, marching to the Promised Land.’

The news of these stirring events, and of the furious

efforts of the Romish bishops and priests to drive the people back to bondage, rapidly spread to all parts of the world; and Mr. Chiniquy, encouraged by Dean (afterwards Bishop) Hellmuth, and other sympathisers, found himself in a position of prominence and usefulness. Prompt to take advantage of every opportunity to preach the Gospel, he was greatly used of God both in the Dominion and in the United States. Particularly at Montreal, his labours brought many out of Papal darkness, and he was assiduous in confirming their faith and zeal by expounding the Scriptures to them, day by day. The movement was described in *THE CHRISTIAN* as ‘a marvellous work of grace.’ The Editor received many letters from Mr. Chiniquy, most of which were published; he also visited the scene of operations at Montreal, and gladly co-operated in securing financial help for people who, on quitting the ranks of Rome at the bidding of conscience, were immediately dismissed from their employment, and found it desirable to move to other parts of Canada, where the intolerance of the priesthood would be less powerful to interfere with their livelihood.

The displacement of power to which Rome was subjected by the extraordinary ‘Los von Rom’ movement in Austria, was yet another development of the widespread revolt against priestism, which received warm support. The depth and extent of the awakening was shown in *THE CHRISTIAN*, particularly regarding the Lutheran services for the reception of converts; the labours of the pastors, who set aside regular hours for the recep-

tion and instruction of inquirers, much as Pastor Chiniquy had done in Montreal; and many other important aspects of this great secession, through which so many once in bondage were freed from the shackles of Rome. Among other visitors to the districts chiefly affected was my father's old friend, Pastor Storjohann, who well described the position in letters evidencing the reality and pathos of the 'Los von Rom' cry, by quoting the speech of a member of the Austrian Reichsrath, in the assembly itself:

'We have gone over out of inward conviction; we have taken hold of Luther's catechism; we have again learned to pray.'

Indeed, the labours in Rome-ridden lands of all godly witnesses, as they sought to remove the fogs of superstition and bring the people into the sunlight of the Gospel, were dear to my father. He much appreciated, to the last, the bold and faithful ministry in Ireland of that redoubtable ex-Romanist champion, Rev. Thomas Connellan, whose clear statements of the Gospel, and protests against 'clerical taxation' for the support of an ever-increasing army of priests, monks, and nuns, are among the liveliest experiences of sturdy Protestantism in the Emerald Isle. The thirty years' work in America of Pastor James O'Connor—another convert from Rome—was likewise highly esteemed. Mr. O'Connor was an old friend; his consistent aim has been the evangelisation of Roman Catholics, and more especially of priests, and he has been instrumental in

leading into the truth many former monastics, who are now usefully engaged as Protestant pastors, evangelists, or missionaries.

Another stalwart defender of Protestantism and exposé of the machinations of the Vatican, who in later years contributed for the Editor many illuminating articles, was Rev. Alex. Robertson, D.D., of Venice, whose cordial relations with the Italian monarchy gave special weight to his cogent and fearless words. Following with shrewdness and insight the proceedings of the Papal authorities, Dr. Robertson has rendered important service to the Evangelical cause, and, in no small degree, to international peace, by analysing Rome's false teaching, and showing how her pretensions to 'Temporal Power' constitute a standing menace to the peace and politics of the nations of Europe. In support of this contention, Dr. Robertson wrote concerning the Pope, in 1906 :

' This is his life's aim and object—the breaking-up
' of the unity and integrity of Italy, that he once again
' may rule, a tyrant on an earthly throne. Well might
' Signor Bovio put in the Pope's mouth the words: "My
' kingdom is of this world." . . . In the White Book, he
' tells all Catholics, and the heads of all Catholic States,
' that this claim of his ought to be their pre-occupation;
' and that if they do not second his efforts to obtain it,
' they fail in their proper duty towards him. . . . The
' Pope seeks to disturb the peace of Europe. To quote
' Mr. Gladstone's language in his "Vatican Decrees," the
' Pope is prepared "to pursue, by the road of force, upon
' the arrival of any favourable opportunity, the favourite
' project of re-erecting the terrestrial throne of the
' Popedom, even if it can only be re-erected on the ashes

‘ of the city, and amidst the whitening bones of the people.”’¹

As the years passed, many stirring events of public moment occurred to lend wings to principles advocated in regard to Rome and all her works—events which are still in the minds and thoughts of my readers. For instance, a painful memory is recalled of the Boxer troubles in China, and of the provocative policy of ambition and greed pursued by the Romish agents, which, in the opinions of competent judges, contributed largely to cause the terrible outbreak of 1900,² involving the martyrdom of so many missionaries at the hands of fanatical crowds, stirred to ferocity by hatred of

¹ Many of Dr. Robertson’s reports of Italian discussions on the Pope and the priests formed an instructive commentary on the arguments and endeavours of Romanisers in Great Britain. For example, he called opportune attention to a debate in the Italian Chamber, in which a speaker, dealing with the contents of a ‘Catechism’ approved by the Pope, said: ‘I found useless and ‘puerile subtleties and invocations, suggestions of evil, and of bitter, ‘vulgar;intolerance. One question was: “What ought a Catholic to ‘do if a Protestant Bible is offered to him?” Answer: “Commit it ‘to the flames.”’ In addition to such informing comments on men and affairs, Dr. Robertson contributed timely intelligence of the progress of freedom, as the leaders of Italian thought and national aspiration sought more and more to rescue their country from the grinding yoke of the Papacy.

² ‘An important cause of irritation was the policy pursued by ‘the Roman Catholic Church. . . . An Anti-Romanist feeling was ‘soon engendered. One who has lived eighteen years in China ‘says: “The immediate cause . . . of the Boxer rising . . . was ‘opposition to Roman Catholicism, and the place where the ‘trouble began was in K’i-chou, in Pao-ting-fu.”’—*MARTYRED MISSIONARIES OF THE CHINA INLAND MISSION, Edited by Marshall Broomhall, B.A.*

‘the foreigner.’ That hatred had been fed by the conduct of Rome’s emissaries; and when the rising was at an end, and the question of compensation came under discussion, the same adhesive spirit was uppermost—in strong contrast to the Protestants, who refused to receive money or other payments as a solatium for the lives of martyred missionaries, and only accepted moderate indemnities for wrecked or destroyed buildings, in the hope that China would thus be convinced of the power of the Gospel of Him who sought not his own.¹

Another occasion for the enlightening of his readers came to my father on the occasion of the marriage of Princess Ena of Battenburg with the King of Spain, when, at the instance of Rome, she abjured her Protestant faith. The words of her renunciation are such as should be well heeded by all who are tempted to swallow the honeyed words with which Romish officials are apt to present their case for ‘toleration’ :—

¹ ‘It is essential to the future of missions in China that no conduct should be allowed which builds up an *Imperium in Imperio*. Referring to indemnity, the Pekin correspondent of *The Times* says: “The reasonable and honourable manner in which the London and other Protestant Missions have arranged the local indemnities has given much satisfaction to the Chinese. The Chinese contrast their moderation with the heavy claims advanced by the Roman Catholic missionaries. They contrast also the expulsion of the religious orders from France—which is due, they read, to their intolerable interference in secular affairs—with the blind support given by the French Legation in China to the demands of the Roman Catholics, however unreasonable.”’—
LAST LETTERS AND FURTHER RECORDS OF MARTYRED MISSIONARIES,
edited by Marshall Broomhall, B.A.

‘ I do pronounce those worthy of eternal anathema who oppose this faith, with their dogmas, and their followers ; and should I myself at any time presume to approve or proclaim anything contrary hereto, I will subject myself to the severity of the canon law.’

On the public platform, as well as editorially, Mr. Morgan deplored that an Englishwoman, and a granddaughter of Queen Victoria, should ‘vert to the Church which was the power behind the Spanish Armada. And it is from the instigators of such sentiments as those quoted above that the specious plea comes, coupled with a show of righteous indignation, for the alteration of the Royal Accession Declaration, on the ground that some of its phraseology is ‘repugnant to loyal subjects of the Realm’!

So, too, did he lift his voice in warning of the dangers imminent from the ready hospitality afforded by Britain to the priests and nuns who swarmed to these shores from France, having been expelled by Government as a menace to their own country by reason of their defiance of its laws; and the worse than foolish indifference of Protestant parents in sending their children to nunnery schools at home or abroad for the sake of a ‘cheap’ education, which might prove dear indeed, by costing them their faith.

The last occasion upon which he raised his protest against Papal aggression was in connection with the Eucharistic Congress, with its spectacular demonstration of foreign dignitaries, and the alien monks and nuns for whom England had become a ‘dumping-ground,’

and of English devotees of the 'Guild of Our Lady of Ransom' order. It was his final word in a fifty-years' controversy with the 'apostate Church.' A few steps more, and he reached the end of his earthly journey. As Milton wrote—

'Surely to every good and peaceable man it must, in nature, needs be a hateful thing to be the displeaser of thousands; much better would it like him, doubtless, to be the messenger of gladness and contentment, which is his chief intended business to all mankind, but that they resist and oppose their own true happiness. But when God commands to take the trumpet, and blow a dolorous and jarring blast, it lies not in man's will what he shall say or what he shall conceal. . . . "His word was in my heart as a burning fire."'

Yet one is glad to record that my father's was not only a negative ministry, for it had its constructive side. He did much to aid the efforts of enlightened priests to free themselves from the shackles of spiritual slavery, and in appealing for Homes and funds to supply the needs of such as broke from priestly rule. By spreading information regarding the 'Los von Rom' movement, he fostered an interest by which it secured many friends. And most of all he knew that controversy and denunciation of error were no substitute for the positive presentation of Christ as the only Mediator between God and man. Him he exalted; to Him he pointed weary, sin-sick souls who had found no peace in 'penances,' no satisfaction in 'indulgences,' and no rest until they found it at the foot of the cross, in Him who died, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring men to God.

CHAPTER XIX

‘WHERE’ER THY PEOPLE MEET’

CONFERENCES AND CONVENTIONS

ONE of the inevitable results of the Revival was the growth of a desire for occasional united gatherings for praise and prayer, and for the interchange of views and experiences; but more particularly for the acquisition of instruction and guidance in Christian doctrine and Scripture exegesis, and the deepening of the spiritual life. The Barnet Conference, indeed, was originated by Rev. W. Pennefather so early as 1856; transferred to Mildmay—a much more convenient position—it so clearly met the widely-realised hunger for knowledge and communion, that Christians were attracted in large numbers from near and far distant parts.

Particularly after the erection of the Conference Hall, the annual gatherings became one of the distinctive features of the time among Christians, but Mr. Pennefather carefully safeguarded them from becoming anything like a ‘spiritual picnic.’ ‘These Conferences,’ he declared, ‘are not a religious pastime; they are a



Morgan & Hart, del. London

Richard Cope Morgan.

1885.

renewed consecration of ourselves and all we have, to Him who purchased us with His own blood.' Mildmay has consistently preserved its distinct purpose of sober, watchful waiting upon God, cherishing the 'blessed hope,' and manifesting its practical character by cherishing many evangelistic and Samaritan efforts. My father was greatly attached to this spiritual oasis, and took part in many of the Conferences.

A Conference for Scotland was inaugurated, in 1863, at Perth. That meeting-place was chosen on account of its central position; but further, its selection was felicitous, for a wonderful Revival blessing had come to Perth, in 1860, when, said Gordon Forlong—

'fifty or a hundred godly pastors and labouring laymen arrived on the South Inch, and about 4000 hearers were sent by the Lord. The Gospel seemed to come with amazing power. A large tent was open to the anxious. In the City Hall we saw—what perhaps was never before seen in Scotland—about 1800 or 2000 persons remaining, to be individually dealt with as inquirers.'

The Perth Conference, therefore, came together amid surroundings and memories of a most inspiring character. Originating with Colonel Macdonald, its aim was understood to be 'national, not local; a common centre of Christian greeting and reunion'; and the lines of procedure were to be those observed at Barnet. The speakers included Mr. Pennefather, the saintly John Milne, Duncan Matheson, and Lord Kintore. Mr. Morgan gave an address on one of his favourite subjects, the Book of Esther, in the course of which he said, inci-

dentially affording a glimpse of his own spiritual experience:

'The last speaker said that he learned the truth of our acceptance from Leviticus; I learned it from Esther. Soon after my conversion I was deeply interested in this Book: perhaps all the more because it was so generally neglected. I asked the Lord to show me what it meant, beyond its obvious import as a historical book; and I rose from my knees with a distinct conception of its meaning which has since been the means of illustrating to me some of the most precious truths of the New Testament.'

Other Conferences were commenced; at Clifton—'desiring to recognise no centre of union but the Lord Jesus, and to seek no object but the glory of the Triune Jehovah'; at East Barnet—mainly upon Prophetic subjects—and elsewhere. These my father attended, and took part, as opportunity offered and the ever-increasing demands upon his aid, to 'come and speak for us' and 'please, preside for us,' multiplied. He attributed high importance also to the frequent Conferences of evangelists,¹ held in London, at which he was active as organiser, speaker, and host.

The idea of the modern Holiness Convention took shape somewhat later, following the increased spiritual activities which followed the first extended campaign of Messrs. Moody and Sankey (1873-5). There had admittedly been much searching of heart among believers as to the possibility of a deeper revelation of 'the life of God in the soul of man' than was generally enjoyed.

¹ See also p. 167.

This tender thought had doubtless been fostered, if not created, by many striking articles which my father had inserted in *THE CHRISTIAN* from Mr. R. Pearsall Smith, who with his gifted wife had come into prominence.

In 1874, consecration meetings (the attendance being limited to a number of prominent Christians) were held at Broadlands, 'beside the quiet river, under the shade of beautiful beech-trees.'¹ This was the germ of 'Keswick.' It was suggested that meetings so full of helpfulness should be repeated, not for a select few, but for all Christians who might desire to attend. Oxford was proposed by Mr. Stevenson Blackwood as a desirable and convenient centre; the suggestion was adopted, and 'Union Meetings' were in due course convened, the circular of invitation being signed (among others) by Lord Chichester, Sir Thomas Beauchamp, Rev Wm. Arthur, Mr. Samuel Morley, Mr. Pearsall Smith, and Mr. Henry Varley. People assembled from all parts of the country and from several European countries. A richer and fuller Christian experience came to many who attended, while not a few who had viewed the movement critically took an altered position.² Meetings

¹ It was at this Conference that Pastor Theodore Monod wrote his renowned hymn, entitled 'The Altered Motto'—'Oh, the Bitter Shame and Sorrow'; it appeared first in *THE CHRISTIAN*, and was subsequently included in *Sacred Songs and Solos* and other collections.

² 'I was pressed to go and hear Mr. Pearsall Smith,' said Rev. E. W. Moore. 'I had disliked his papers in *THE CHRISTIAN*, and laid it aside and refused to take it in. However, I went, expecting to hear some new doctrine. He said great blessing had come to his life through deep searchings of heart, and unreserved surrender

were also held, with powerful effect, on the Continent.¹

Next year came the Brighton Convention, at which, it was computed, 8000 people assembled. Canon Battersby (vicar of St. John's, Keswick, who had received much spiritual blessing at Oxford) then arranged to hold a Convention at the delightful Cumberland resort a few months later (July, 1876).

Meantime certain developments had arisen at Brighton which caused *THE CHRISTIAN*, in justice to its readers, to adopt a guarded attitude. Experiences of past Holiness Movements prompted the Editor to vigilance and characteristic jealousy for pure Bible doctrine, and to oppose the teaching of 'perfectionism,' as well as the use of such terms as 'second blessing' or 'second conversion.'²

'and trust. I prayed: "Search me, O God!" He showed me things I had never seen before, and the last Lord's Day was the best of my life, and still "it's better on before!"'

¹ In the meetings at Berlin (Dr. Baedeker, who acted as interpreter, also continuing them) a notable convert was Miss von Blucher—a grandniece of the famous Marshal. She began meetings, in her own house, which developed into a flourishing mission; in a large sense she was a pioneer of women's work in the Fatherland.

² While warmly approving of such admirable addresses as those of Pastor Theodore Monod and other prominent speakers at Brighton, which were calculated to lead believers into 'the high ranges of faith,' Mr. Morgan pertinently asked, in a leading article—

'Is it not possible that the "second blessing" may be the missing half of the "first"? It is essential that we grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; but it is not, we venture to think, essential that there should have been some strongly marked period, subsequent to our conversion, when we experienced what has been called 'a second conversion.' Still less

The Keswick Convention, as is well known, gradually developed in importance and influence, and its teaching solidified along Scriptural lines; the associated meetings furnished opportunities for the furtherance of many excellent causes, and the declaration of the Lord's doings in other lands became a subject of increasing interest year by year.

While necessarily as sympathetic to all good as he was anxious to protect from error, Mr. Morgan was careful to emphasise his adherence to the *whole* teaching of the Bible, holding with Dr. Handley Moule, the present Bishop of Durham,¹ that—

‘the doctrine of Holiness by Faith is not the entire Gospel, by any means, but it is a great element in it. . . . It is no contradiction to the inviolable claims of discipline and diligence. It does not discredit for one moment the call to watch, to pray, to “keep the body under and bring it into subjection.” Like every capital truth, it needs—for our full safety in using it, and so for its full benefit in our lives—to be taught and to be applied in contact and in balance with other such truths: for example, with the truth of guilt and with that of justification.’

Thus, as this Convention grew, and the spirit of unity in seeking after God—‘All One in Christ Jesus’—waxed stronger, my father recognised in it the Holiness Movement at its best. Attending it as frequently as circum-

‘is it essential—it is most deplorable—that the standard of holiness should be lowered from God’s ideal, realised in the Lord Jesus Christ, to the professed Adamic sinlessness of men and women of like passions with ourselves.’

¹ IN THE KESWICK CONVENTION.

stances permitted, he counted it a privilege also to welcome as his guests, during its sessions, parties of foreign missionaries and other workers for Christ, who, but for this hospitality, could not have attended it. He also prized greatly (and frequently spoke at) conferences on Prophetic subjects, and particularly those relating to the Second Coming of Christ, maintaining, as he wrote in *THE CHRISTIAN*, that—

‘this should not be regarded as a speculative theme, nor taken up as a mere interesting subject of intellectual investigation; but it should be treated as a doctrine for the heart—a sanctifying, purifying, separating truth.’

At all such gatherings he met and made a multitude of friends from near and distant fields of labour; and in blessing others he himself was also greatly blessed.

CHAPTER XX

A FRIEND OF YOUTH

THE great and important movement associated with the honoured name of Sir George Williams, was one in which Mr. Morgan began in its very early days to take a profound interest. Like its founder, he himself had come to London as 'a young man from the country,' and full well he knew the dangers and temptations to which such new arrivals were subjected, and what it meant to have few, if any, friends in the vast Metropolis. Hence he could appreciate the more the invaluable 'home from home' which the open door of the Young Men's Christian Association afforded to the stranger in the strange city. The subtle snares and trials of commercial life were also not unknown to him, and this drew out his keen sympathy for the hundreds of thousands of young fellows, of whom so large a proportion attended no place of worship.

Manifesting true-hearted concern (both in his business relations and in his pastoral capacity) in the young manhood around him, he ever sought to be a friend in need to youthful aspirants in their early

difficulties, teaching them to sharpen their sickles, and directing their steps into white and spacious fields of usefulness; while, as a member of the National Council of the Y.M.C.A., he took his share in aiding its practical deliberations, consistently emphasising the spiritual lines along which, he was convinced, its best and most lasting work was to be accomplished.

Commenced in 1844, the Association had been in existence some ten years when my father made his home in London; and although his days of 'living in lodgings' were then past, he was not slow to identify himself with an organisation which was so well suited to the requirements of young people less happily situated than himself. Its primary intention was the inaugurating of religious services for the benefit of assistants in business houses; but in the late fifties and early sixties it passed through a transition stage, owing to differing views among its directors as to the relative importance to be attached to the spiritual and the social sides of the work. An illustration of this divergence was the public controversy which arose in connection with one of the branches, as to whether *Punch* should be excluded from the reading-room, on the ground that a particular cartoon had appeared to oppose Evangelical religion. The governing committee, obviously placed in a somewhat delicate position between the two contending parties, peacefully declared its belief—

'in the great importance of all means by which those engaged in the active duties of life could be fully

‘informed, cultured, and disciplined, at the same time
‘reaffirming the great aim of the Association, to win
‘young men for the Saviour.’¹

In 1864, the Conference held at Edinburgh laid the foundations of the Y.M.C.A. as we know it to-day, with its liberal provision for the all-round requirements of young men, its educational classes and recreations, its reference libraries and economical tea-rooms, and more especially its distinctively religious basis—for the Conference affirmed the principle that ‘decided evidence of conversion’ must be a condition of actual membership. The unremitting labours of the pioneers, and the prayerful co-operation of godly and able ministers in all the Evangelical denominations, bore excellent fruit, and the Y.M.C.A. soon occupied a place of high esteem.

It was, however, from the Revival point of view that my father regarded its utility; and the extent of its energy and usefulness in the sphere of soul-winning was, broadly speaking, the measure of his lively interest. The Revival of 1859 necessarily had its influence upon its activities, and many young men who had been brought into the Kingdom of God turned instinctively, when seeking the fellowship of others like-minded, to an organisation bearing so significant a title, and carried into it no little spiritual force and enthusiasm.

This was especially the case at the Stafford Rooms branch, near Edgware Road, which enjoyed the inestimable services of Henry Hull, whose letters and

¹ THE LIFE OF SIR GEORGE WILLIAMS, by J. E. Hodder Williams.

reports, breathing a devout spirit of consecration, were the chief tidings of Y.M.C.A. operations then appearing in *The Revival*. By publishing these apostolic communications, my father saw that he was rendering important service, not only to the Y.M.C.A. generally, but to the cause of Christ generally; as, for example, when Mr. Hull wrote of—

‘an overwhelming sense of sin in the meetings, of two crowded assemblies proceeding simultaneously, and of a meeting being called especially for school-teachers, for prayer and praise, owing to the large number of teachers that had been converted.’

Another strongly spiritual centre was the Great Marlborough-st. Association, where it was reported, for instance, of ‘an ordinary prayer-meeting,’ at which Mr. Reginald Radcliffe was present, that—

‘to witness so many converted youths and men, who occupy important positions in active London life, bowing the knee in fervent prayer, was a blessed sight. The unconverted were addressed touchingly and lovingly; and it was pleasant and soul-stirring to see groups about the room, either in prayer or else in earnest conversation about the great matter of eternal salvation.’

When the same district was canvassed for special meetings at that fashionable gathering-place, Hanover Square Rooms, Mr. Henry F. Bowker (afterwards chairman of Keswick Convention, in succession to Canon Battersby) wrote to *The Revival*:

‘Two most animating and powerful addresses were given. The great majority remained for conversation,

‘and many were found to be deeply impressed—some to have made peace with God. It was deeply interesting to witness the love and zeal of those who had found Christ, as they sought, by sympathy, instruction, and prayer, to direct to Him those who had previously been ignorant of His love. The large room was not cleared till past ten o’clock, and many remained in the adjoining committee-room for some time afterwards.’

Such were the tidings, full of the simplicity and eagerness of Revival times, which showed how earnest was the spirit prevailing in some branches of the Association. Stafford Rooms, indeed, became a nursery of the Christian faith, from which zealous young members went forth to witness in many parts of the world. At a time when some judged that there was a subduing of the fervour of the Revival spirit, Mr. Hull wrote urgently:

‘Let workers be willing to be fools for Christ’s sake, trusting God and daring the devil; doing what the Word of God warrants, in the spirit of the Lord Jesus; being hindered neither by worldly policy nor by the opposition of the envious or half-hearted.’

The Bible-classes of this good man were powerful evangelistic agencies; both parks and slums, as well as leading thoroughfares of West London, were missioned by tract-distributors, who were also adepts in personal dealing. The band of young men who gathered round Henry Hull learned the lesson of prayerful devotion with admirable quickness from such a leader, as he told them, with a Müller-like simplicity of faith—

‘For years I have found it good to keep a list of names of persons in my Bible, making these the

‘special subjects of effort and prayer. Some of my ‘dearest and most attached friends are persons whose ‘souls have been given me thus.’

M’Cheyne, in one of his sermons, alluded to the special danger of the preaching of any ‘frigid Evangelical, one whose head is sound in all the stirring questions of the day, but whose heart is cold in seeking the salvation of sinners.’ A zenith more directly opposite to this nadir than Henry Hull, it would be difficult to recall. Continually speaking to small or large companies of young men, he was also a delightful interviewer of freshcomers, and shone conspicuously as an organiser; but his chief attraction was that he was filled with the Spirit. This, indeed, was the explanation of the affection with which he was regarded, and with which his memory is still cherished. In 1862, he wrote to *The Revival*: ‘It is now nearly eight years that this work of conversion has gone on,’ and he proceeded to define five fundamental causes:

‘(1) As an Association, we confine ourselves exclusively ‘to spiritual work. All our meetings are of a religious ‘nature. (2) Individual effort—thus giving the members ‘experience in directly dealing with souls, which makes ‘them useful everywhere. (3) Having for our mottoes, ‘“Every man a missionary,” and “Watch for souls, as ‘they that must give account.” (4) Setting forth Christ ‘and salvation through faith in Him alone, prayerfully ‘depending upon the Holy Ghost to reveal the attrac- ‘tions of the Cross to the hearts of men. (5) Expecting ‘immediate results, believing that God will answer ‘prayer. Surely the Lord is not straitened!’

Without expressly suggesting that every Association

should be fashioned exactly to the model of Stafford Rooms under Henry Hull, since 'there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit,' Mr. Morgan felt that he had excellent reason for upholding the man, and assisting actively in the work; and when Mr. Hull was suddenly called away, in the prime of life and in a full tide of blessing, my father counted it a privilege to co-operate in raising a fund for the support of his widow and children.

The proximity of Mr. Morgan's business premises to the Aldersgate-st. Association,¹ and his connection with the Noon Meeting held there, naturally meant that he was more frequently at that branch than any other. Recalling affectionately some memories of old

¹ An interesting story, recorded in *The Revival*, illustrates the live character of the Aldersgate-st. work, and doubtless of many other Y.M.C.A. branches. A young deserter from the French army, who was singing in the streets of London for a morsel of bread, found himself in urgent need of medicine and relief. He sought the help of a chemist, who, it providentially fell out, had been reading a booklet on the work of the Association, entitled *City Life* (written by Rev. T. H. Turlton, first Y.M.C.A. secretary, and afterwards incumbent of Stroud). The chemist gave the unhappy youth some medicine, and sent him on to Aldersgate. There he was readily helped, and, becoming converted, he resolved to demonstrate the reality of the change by submitting himself to the French Government. This course he pursued, stating definitely to the authorities that he did so 'because of the teaching of the Word of God.' He suffered a mitigated penalty of imprisonment, returned to duty in the army, and, after formally receiving his discharge, he studied for the ministry and was appointed to a church in Guernsey. Afterwards, on revisiting London, he told the story in the Aldersgate building itself, to an audience which showed itself to be deeply touched.

friendship, Mr. Robert Burn, formerly secretary of that branch, says :—

‘ Mr. Morgan’s sympathy was always warm and keen towards the Y.M.C.A., supporting it by every means in his power, and delighting to chronicle all that was calculated to assist its work amongst young men.

‘ At Aldersgate-st., where his interest chiefly lay, he was a constant visitor. His active participation in the Missions of Messrs. Moody and Sankey often led him to the Noon Prayer-meeting, where his colleagues on the Committee mostly foregathered. When that daily gathering settled down permanently at Aldersgate-st., he consented to take the Chair one day a week—at first on Wednesday, the day specially devoted to expositions of Scripture, in which exercise he excelled. After the death of his friend, Mr. Robert Paton, Mr. Morgan succeeded him in the chairmanship of the Monday meeting, which has always been largely attended by evangelists. He delighted to hear their testimonies, and to encourage them in their arduous task. His unaffected interest in everything that concerned the advancement of the Lord’s work, and his intense sympathy with his comrades in the heat of the conflict, marked him out as a most suitable and helpful chairman.

‘ The warmth of his sympathy, and the well-known tenderness of his heart, drew many needy people to seek “a personal interview” with him on these occasions; but he never manifested the least sign of impatience, but kindly and patiently listened to their tale of woe, and never sent them away empty-handed.

‘ Not only did Mr. Morgan attend and assist at the meetings for prayer and Scripture study during the day, and occasionally also in the evenings, but he also made a special point of attending, as far as possible, the many public meetings of the various Associations held at Exeter Hall, at the Mansion House, and elsewhere.’

‘ Whenever a special fund had to be raised in connection with any department of the work, Mr. Morgan’s name was amongst the first that rose to the lips of his life-long friend, Sir George Williams, as one to whom he knew appeal would not be made in vain.’

When, in the campaigns of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, the Revival experiences of 1859 were largely repeated, the Y.M.C.A. was again reinforced by converts, *THE CHRISTIAN* recording, for instance (respecting the anniversary meeting of 1876) that hundreds of young men had joined the Association as a result of the work of grace which began under those evangelists.

Mr. Moody was, of course, an enthusiast for the Y.M.C.A.—of the type of that in which he was engaged at Chicago—as a mighty power for the Bible and evangelism. It was chiefly through the evangelist’s passionate appeals that a new building was erected in Liverpool, during his first extended visit; while one of the chief monuments of the second visit—which also had its effect in arousing and saving many young men—is the home of the Bristol Association. At Aberdeen he raised £5000, and in Dundee £4500, for Y.M.C.A. buildings. In Manchester, following a stirring appeal, a collection of £1800 was taken for a similar purpose; and among other memories of the warm interest of the American brethren in young men, is the Y.M.C.A. at Stratford, in the east of London. The exhausting labours of Mr. Moody in his own country were also referred to from time to time in *THE CHRISTIAN*. He set himself to raise enormous sums for the work of the

Association, one item alone being the securing, in one brief effort, of 200,000 dollars for the Philadelphia building, when that important centre was in difficulties resultant upon a financial panic.¹ Similarly, Mr. Sankey personally provided excellent premises for the Association at his birth-place, Newcastle, Pa.

As the years passed, my father found it no easy matter to keep pace with the many requests for service in connection with the Y.M.C.A.; amid multiplying duties his support had perforce to be general rather than particular, but he was for some time active as President of the Finsbury Park branch, and took special pleasure in furthering the one conducted in his native town, Abergavenny. Through THE CHRISTIAN, too, he was able to render important aid by giving publicity to reports of progress and to appeals for support, besides recording the evangelistic missions, dear to the hearts of spiritually-minded members, which have been held under the auspices of the Association in all parts of the land, for the rescue of young men from 'seas of death and sunless gulfs of doubt.'

He likewise followed with satisfaction, and assisted in various ways, the movement which, through the leadership and generosity of Mr. (Sir) George Williams—with whom my father was in intimate relation, as a near neighbour in business and a frequent companion on religious platforms—secured Exeter Hall for the headquarters of the movement. The formal opening felicitously coincided with the jubilee of the historic

¹ THE LIFE OF DWIGHT L. MOODY.

building; some of the most distinguished Christian publicists of the day took part in the proceedings—Lord Shaftesbury, Mr. Samuel Morley, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Lord Cairns; and THE CHRISTIAN upholding, as usual, the religious side of the Association's operations, emphasised in italics a passage from Lord Cairns' speech:

'Advancement in health, recreation, trade, business, reputation, position in society, the esteem of your fellow-men—all these things are important in their way; but they are absolutely and literally nothing in comparison to this all-important question: "Am I not merely a Christian in name or a member of a Young Men's Christian Association, but have I a real, individual, personal knowledge of Christ as my Saviour and my Lord?"'

The Jubilee Conference of the Association, in 1894 (most skilfully organised by the late general secretary, Mr. J. H. Putterill)¹ received the attention of a special commissioner, the impressive celebration gatherings in

¹ The sudden home-call (in the spring of 1909) of this talented and earnest brother was an enormous loss to the working *personnel* of the Association. First at the Aldersgate-st. centre, and later at Exeter Hall, he exercised for twenty-four years a growing influence in Y.M.C.A. circles. Among many movements of a more public character in which he took a prominent part, mention should be made of the great evangelistic missions conducted in the Royal Albert and Agricultural Halls, by Rev. John M'Neill, Dr. R. A. Torrey, Mr. C. M. Alexander, and others: indeed, the success which attended these was, humanly speaking, largely due to his extraordinary organising ability. When the London Evangelistic Council was formed, he was felt to be 'the one man' specially qualified for its honorary secretaryship. The crowning effort of his life was the planning of the new headquarters for the Central Y.M.C.A., a noble scheme, the completion of which was to fall to others.

Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, the Albert Hall, and at Windsor, being picturesquely depicted; and, regarding the Knighthood conferred upon the revered founder, my father wrote:

'If such honours are in any sense a mark of public esteem for eminent service rendered to the community, no man better deserves the distinction accorded to Mr. Williams.'

The Jubilee was well summed up in Dr. Cuyler's closing words as—

'a glorious love-feast. It has been a foretaste of the New Jerusalem, in which more kindreds and peoples and tongues than have met on this occasion will join in the song, "Hallelujah to the Lamb!"'

The clear Evangelical note of Dr. Parker, on the same occasion, would also long remain with his hearers:

'It is true that this Association is not a sect, but I believe in being really convinced of and intensely devoted to, some form of truth. Let us have a personal responsibility, a personal love of prayer, and a personal record of service. . . . I believe in God the Son—I am saved by His blood; I am not sufficiently "refined" to drop that great symbolical expression. I believe in the Holy Ghost—not a mere affluence or windy sentiment that no man can comprehend, but in a living, energetic, sanctifying Holy Ghost.'

Regarding several important aspects of the Y.M.C.A., it is well known that in palatial buildings and magnificent equipment,¹ America has led the way, thus up-

¹ It is worthy of note that the total number of Associations, in all parts of the world (as recorded in 1908), is 7681, possessing an approximate membership of 821,000; and holding property valued at a sum approaching ten-and-a-quarter millions sterling.

holding and developing the general plans of Mr. Moody. It is probably true that, in some instances, utilitarian and secular influences have caused occasional deflections from the highest ideals, thereby creating local conditions inimical to Revival. My father was not blind to such ‘partial eclipses,’ but thankfully acknowledged them to be few; and, while placing but little value upon merely humanitarian views, and deprecating the exaggeration of recreation into sport, he rejoiced to remark, from personal observation and from his large correspondence and reports received, the splendid growth of classes for Bible-study attended by thousands of young men, and making for the production of the truest elements of spiritual energy and permanent progress.

Yet another Y.M.C.A. subject, fraught with encouragement and frequently touched upon in *THE CHRISTIAN*, was the development of the organisation in ‘Britain Over-seas,’ and in the great cities of British dependencies. My father had visited not a few of the latter, and his sympathies had been deeply touched by the Christian warmth of the efforts made for the reception of young men voyaging from England in search of health or wealth, and sometimes being stripped by robbers on the way.

The chief values of the Y.M.C.A. in a wide sense were, according to my father’s mind, the earnest welcome offered to young fellows who were deprived, for the time being, and through business exigencies, of the privileges of a Christian home; the opportunity given to those who laudably desired to increase their

stock of learning without being forced into contact with such as held base and materialistic views of life; and the evangelistic spirit—sometimes burning brightly, and sometimes flickering but dimly—which impressed upon the members the saving truths of the Gospel, and bade them heed the words of the Saviour to the pilot of the Galilean lake and his brother: ‘Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men.’

It was natural that the multiplication of endeavours to bring young men under godly influences should inspire organised efforts in the interests of young women. THE CHRISTIAN was ever ready to voice the aspirations of either movement; for Mr. Morgan always realised that the two forces, having parallel courses, and being ruled with excellent spirit by sagacious leaders, were bound to make for the strengthening and purifying of family life, and at the same time to reinforce the ranks of Gospel missionaries, at home and abroad, with new and powerful recruits, fired with a noble passion to serve God and humanity.

The desire to give practical aid to the cause was illustrated on many occasions—notably by the publication, in 1875, of special numbers of THE CHRISTIAN. First came one devoted entirely to young men, concerning which Mr. D. L. Moody—then experiencing the full tide of blessing in our midst, wrote: ‘I am greatly taken with the idea of having a special number devoted entirely to young men. The work among them is, to me, one of the most cheering features of the present movement.’

The issue proved so popular—especially as it contained a full account of the remarkable ‘Young Men’s Convention’ which had arisen out of the great work of the American evangelists, that a second number was prepared immediately. Then came a ‘Young Women’s Special Number,’ followed by a letter from Mr. Sankey, which said—

‘I desire to express my gratitude to the Christian young women of the places where we have held meetings, for the valuable assistance they have rendered in the service of sacred song. I hope thousands of young women to whom God has given time, talent, and voice will now find it a pleasure to go into the homes of the poor and sorrowing ones, and there tell forth, in tender and gentle strain, that—

‘God loved a world of sinners lost

‘With this expression of my hope that very much blessing may attend the Special Number for Young Women, allow me to send, for it, a new hymn, “The Cross of Jesus,” the writer of the words of which will ever be dear to us as the author of the “Ninety and Nine.”’

The hymn referred to was the beautiful devotional lyric which has since secured an honoured place in many a hymnary—

‘Beneath the Cross of Jesus
I fain would take my stand.’

The number contained a variety of articles bearing upon women’s work for the world; prominent among them was a Y.W.C.A. appeal for the young women

who, year by year, are drawn from quiet country homes into the whirl of business life in the Metropolis.

The expansion of the Y.W.C.A. during recent years was regarded by Mr. Morgan as one of the most hopeful signs of the times. Its growth has been remarkable. For example, the London division alone has a membership of over 15,000; and the advantages which accrue on the industrial side are evidenced by the receipt, within twelve months, of over ten thousand applications from young women seeking situations, and over eight thousand from employers requiring workers.

The 'living-in' system, which brings four hundred young women under the roof of one business-house, tends palpably to induce a dull monotony in life, and to those who are engaged under such conditions, the Y.W.C.A., with its refined homeliness and Christian atmosphere, exercises a beautiful ministry. My father often remarked on the tact and graciousness in administrative duties of those devoted friends of young women—the Hon. Gertrude Kinnaird, the Hon. Emily Kinnaird, Miss Morley, and the late Mr. W. T. Paton.

Abroad, he regarded the organisation as a powerful missionary factor, as well as a standard-bearer of truth and purity among English-speaking women; and it was with the thought of the many calls to service which have come through the development of Western ideas in the Far East, that he spoke again and again, in public and in private, of the many doors of opportunity opening before the Y.W.C.A. The contrasting fact, of the terrible waste of time, by educated women, in

fashionable frivolity, drew many a caustic or pathetic comment from him; and it was in this connection that he wrote, not many months before the end, a leading article entitled ‘Fleeting Opportunities,’ in which, appealing specifically to women, he said:

‘God, when He gave it, said to you: “Nurse this child for Me. Put this pound out to usury for Me. Trade with this opportunity for Me. And when I come again I will repay thee.” Oh, those lamentations: “If I only had!” “What might have been?” Oh, those spurned possibilities of heavenly reward. . . . But God sent His Son to give us, through His suffering, songs of joy for wails and dirges, and to change every sorrow into a seed of joy.’

CHAPTER XXI

THE MISSION OF WOMEN

IT is recorded of Moses, that on a certain day he performed an act of gallantry which reflected great credit on his early manhood. When the priest of Midian's daughters came to draw water, 'the shepherds drove them away'; but 'Moses stood up and helped them, and watered their flock' (Ex. ii. 16, 17). Moses himself owed much to the care of devoted women—his mother, his sister, and Pharaoh's daughter—and it was but natural that he should gratefully discharge his obligations to their sex.

So it was with Mr. Morgan. He laid fragrant flowers of memory at the shrine of his mother and sister, to whose loving ministry he was so deeply indebted.¹ I have already stated that it was his habit to father weak causes; so also he ever championed the cause of the weak.

In no direction was this more apparent than in regard to the Christian activities of women—and this at a period when Women's Work was not only at a discount, but was made the butt of ribald jest or malicious gibe.

¹ See Chapter I.

It is difficult to estimate fully the service he rendered to his generation in this respect. He it was who, when others scoffed, stood up to the unworthy ‘shepherds’ who would silence such consecrated women as Mary Poole and Catherine Booth; it was from him that the suggestion came which created the splendid life-work of Annie Macpherson; similarly, Anna Shipton in the sphere of Christian literature, Agnes Weston in her ministry to sailors, Miss Daniell and Miss Robinson among soldiers, Frances Willard and Lady Henry Somerset in Temperance Reform—and a host of others who were giving of their best to save the wandering and the lost—derived no small degree of inspiration from his help and counsel.

Thirty years ago, it was still a difficult matter for educated women to enter upon a wider sphere of Christian usefulness than that of the Sunday-school. The conventional usages of society were all against such godly enterprise. Fancy-work and embroidery, as suitable occupations for leisure hours—*yes!* But Christian work outside the home—well, it was *not quite nice!* And as for what was contemptuously designated ‘shouting about religion’—*most certainly not!*

Particularly hedged-in was the position of young ladies, who found themselves doomed to a do-nothing life. One of these it was who, out of a full heart, sought advice of THE CHRISTIAN and its Editor. Under title of, ‘What Can they Do?’ she addressed her touching appeal, saying: ‘There is a cry on every side for labourers; there are numbers longing to respond.’ Specifying some of the obstacles which prevented them,

she added: 'Only a wave of prayer can throw these objections aside, and free the large band of those who are so willing.'

To-day, Women's Work has made such enormous strides, that such an appeal may seem almost childish; but that it revealed a state of things true enough in those days is corroborated by no less important a personage than Ruskin, whose attention having been drawn to the matter, he thus addressed a message,¹ bold and to the point:—

'I told you, at first, that you would have great difficulty in getting leave from English society to obey Christ. Fors has just sent me, in support of this statement, THE CHRISTIAN, for Thursday, May 11, 1876—an article on young ladies, headed, "What can they Do?" from which I take the following passage:

There have been times of special prayer for young men and women. Could there not be also for the very large class of young ladies who do not go out into Society? They have no home duties to detain them, as many in a humbler condition; they have hours and hours of leisure, and know not how to spend them—partly from need of being directed, but more so from the prejudices and hindrances in their way. Their hearts are burning to do something for Christ, but they are not allowed, partly because it is considered 'improper,' and for a variety of reasons.

'Now, that it is "considered improper" by the world that you should do anything for Christ, is entirely true, and always true: and therefore it was that your godfathers and godmothers, in your name, renounced the "vain pomp and glory of the world, with all covetous desires of the same." . . . Most people think that if they keep all the best rooms in their hearts swept and garnished for Christ, with plenty of flowers

¹ In *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 66.

‘and good books in them, they may keep a little chamber in their heart’s wall for Belial on his occasional visits. . . . It won’t do, my dears, . . . you must be resolved that as all you have shall be God’s, so all that you are shall be God’s.’

Considerable correspondence followed the insertion of the appeal, and a distinct move forward in the emancipation of well-born women for useful work resulted.

As in England, so also in other lands, Mr. Morgan stoutly defended the consecrated devotion of ladies where their services were in request. The Zenana missions of India, Miss Reade’s work at Punruti, Miss Whately’s at Cairo, the British Syrian Schools, the investigations into social evils abroad by Mrs. Andrew and Dr. Kate Bushnell, and a multitude of similar efforts, all found advocacy from his spirited pen.

But the instance which perhaps stands out more conspicuously than the rest is the invaluable support that he gave to Mrs. Josephine Butler in the difficult and dangerous task to which God called her. The wrongs of her sex at the hands of a so-called Christian Government were subjects tabooed by well-meaning people, and scorned by those of baser intent. What that devoted lady suffered in derision, vile calumny, and actual physical peril, only the God of heaven knows. And as for mental anguish, I doubt if even her own heart fully sounded the depths of its own bitterness. To a woman of her gentle and sensitive nature it was like traversing a sea of fire, which nothing but her undaunted pluck and holy purpose could have brought her through.

But she was *a woman*; it was for *women* her heart suffered and bled—unfortunate *women* for whom Christ died. In this my father heard a threefold clarion-call to which he responded with loyal soul. The cause was more than unpopular—to many it seemed even infamous; but without hesitation he stood at the reformer's side in the thick of the fight. With pen and lip he fearlessly defended her, defying the world, the flesh, and the devil with the challenge: 'If God be for us, who can be against us?' What the conflict involved, how the victory came, forms one of the romances of British history. I am indebted to Mrs. Helen Dyer, who with her husband, Mr. Alfred S. Dyer, was among Mrs. Butler's most faithful colleagues, for the following summary of the salient facts:—

' Among the women of the Victorian Era, the noble figure of Mrs. Josephine E. Butler stands conspicuous. This high-souled and zealous lady, called of God to be the prophetess of purity to her generation, waged so strenuous a warfare against forces which, though decadent, seemed overwhelming, that the record of her victorious struggle remains one of the most instructive and inspiring passages in the record of the times.

' While peacefully engaged in the duties of life in her beautiful Christian home, a dark shadow of sorrow mantled her spirit, through the tragic death of her one little girl, who (rushing in eager delight to greet her mother, whose footsteps she heard below) slipped over a staircase balustrade, and fell, three stories below, crushed and unconscious.

' Her own loved one suddenly taken from her, Mrs. Butler by no means spent her life in mourning; but went out after the doubly-lost daughters of others,

‘ who had stumbled into slimy depths of moral degradation. She visited the Bridewell, picked oakum with the women, and took poor wanderers into her own home. Then, she was suddenly confronted with responsibilities for leadership in a new crusade, against the State patronage and regulation of vice.

‘ Mrs. Butler might well have quailed, but for the realisation of the Divine command and guidance. Obedient to the heavenly vision; with the fire of righteous indignation burning in her soul—despite the opposition, always bitter and usually brutal,¹ with which the traders in evil and their powerful patrons assailed her—she prayed and toiled, organised and entreated, until the day of God’s triumph came. The whole country was stirred by the propaganda. With her little group of friends—among whom were Professor Stuart, M.P., and Mr. Daniel Cooper (secretary of the Rescue Society), Mr. Stansfeld, M.P., and Mr. R. C. Morgan—she contended for the moral equality of men and women before the law, and called urgently for the repeal of enactments—enforced in certain military districts, the scope of which it was proposed to enlarge—which rendered the British Government the confessed official supervisor of iniquity, and which placed any woman, respectable or otherwise, at the mercy of a policeman’s erroneous supposition or uncorroborated word.

‘ In October, 1869, the National Association for Repeal was formed, to be closely followed by the Ladies’ National Association—which issued, on the ensuing New Year’s day, a manifesto to which thousands of

¹ At a bye-election, while opposing a prominent promoter of the obnoxious legislation against which her efforts were directed, Mrs. Butler found hotel after hotel closed against her, and the baser part of the crowd vowed to kill her. Several times she had to escape through windows or over walls. Nevertheless, the cause triumphed, the objectionable candidate being defeated at the poll.

‘ names came speedily to be appended. Important help, in organisation and finance, was received from the Society of Friends, and the working-classes (whose wives and daughters were perilously affected) rallied to the cause. A league was formed, which enrolled a membership of 50,000.

‘ By 1877, more than 800 provincial committees had sprung into being, and more than 8000 petitions (bearing a total of over 2,000,000 signatures) had been submitted to Parliament. So deeply was the nation awakened by Mrs. Butler’s trumpet-calls to duty, that the story of the campaign was described by Mr. Morgan in *THE CHRISTIAN* as “a chapter from the Acts of the Apostles.”

‘ Subsequent visits to Continental countries deepened Mrs. Butler’s horror of the system against which she strove. This led to the creation of a British and Continental Federation; while propagandist work in the United States, undertaken by Mr. Henry J. Wilson, M.P. (of Sheffield), and the late Rev. J. P. Gledstone, brought American sympathy into line with the movement.

‘ Mr. Benjamin Scott, Chamberlain of the City of London, also threw himself heartily into the agitation, and convened an influential committee of Christian business men, the Editor of *THE CHRISTIAN* being one of its earliest members. Important service was also rendered by Mr. Dyer (then secretary of the Friends’ Association), whose pamphlet, *Facts are Stubborn Things*, obtained wide circulation, since it gave authoritative instances of the horrors created by the unequal laws.

‘ The European work was crowned by the assembling of the first International Congress, held at Geneva in 1877, when almost all the European countries were represented, as well as the United States and Canada. Each year since, the abolitionists have gathered in some Continental city, to take counsel and educate

' the authorities and the people, exercising that perpetual vigilance which is the price of safety.

' The antagonistic Report of a Select Committee of the House of Commons, in 1882, heralded a general rallying of Christian forces, a Convention on Public Morals, held in London the following year, being described by Mrs. Butler as inaugurating a new era. "The prayers of the people of God," she said, "would be as the incense from the censer of Aaron when he ran between the living and the dead of plague-stricken Israel, and the plague was stayed."

' With advancing years, Mrs. Butler was not able to continue so actively on the public platform, but she gave earnest sympathy to the "White Cross" work of Miss Ellice Hopkins (in which the Bishop of Durham, Dr. Lightfoot, co-operated); and rejoiced in the passing of the Criminal Law Amendment Bill (1885); and the formation, with Mr. W. A. Coote as secretary, of the National Vigilance Association—which has done so much to impede the horrible "White Slave Traffic," with its brutal decoying of young girls.

' Looking back upon the struggles and victories, Mrs. Butler said, in 1886, immediately after the goal of final and total repeal had been reached, "that during the seventeen years they had received a wonderful education in the fidelity of God." She added:

' "Every trial from Satan has been the wrong side of victory. God *turned it round*, and victory became all the more glorious. The conflict has educated a band of men and women who have become instruments in God's hands to teach the equality of the moral law."

Thus, before she retired from the fray, this pure-souled woman had worked a revolution in public opinion and in the law. Mr. Morgan stinted neither space in his paper nor personal advocacy in the furtherance of the cause; and not long before Mrs. Butler passed

to her rest he paid her a farewell visit at Cheltenham, when many tender memories of God's enduring faithfulness were recalled by these veterans in their fiercely contested struggle on behalf of Britain's womanhood.

So also in regard to the Gospel ministry of women: my father held that none could lawfully hinder in the proclamation of their message such as were moved by the Divine Spirit; and he supported his contention by reference to Deborah, the Samaritan woman, Priscilla, and other Bible characters; and urged with reason that consecrated women had a sphere which no man could effectively share. Of course, this brought him into conflict with some good and earnest people who, with equal tenacity, opposed his conclusions; but while respecting their convictions, he had gone through too much of criticism and antagonism of various kinds, as teacher and journalist, to be greatly troubled as to the result. In this, as in all else, he committed himself to Him that judgeth righteously, and relied for vindication upon Time and Truth. How his faith was justified, events have long since proved.

CHAPTER XXII

‘INTO ALL THE WORLD’

THE cause of Foreign Missions was one which lay very near to Mr. Morgan’s heart. Indeed, he was apt to gauge the Church’s spirituality pretty much by the extent to which she obeyed her Lord’s Commission to ‘preach the Gospel to every creature.’ As for the disingenuous plea, born of cant or indolence, that ‘there are enough heathen at home without going after those abroad,’ no words could express his contempt for it. The sister-plea, that ‘there is not money enough to meet home needs, and charity begins at home,’ met with no better fate at his hands. A long and observant experience had taught him that the churches or individuals that gave most to the missionary cause were those that also most generously supported work at home.

The advocacy of sending ‘light to them that sit in darkness,’ was to him, therefore, an imperative duty and delight; and to this object his paper, his pen, and his person were persistently directed.

Himself a wide traveller—and especially in later years when he could safely trust the weight of editorial responsi-

bility to other hands—he visited all the four Continents; and, had health permitted, the Antipodes would have been added to the long list of countries for which he spared not time, money, or strength.

But it was not as a mere sight-seer or 'globe-trotter' that he undertook his long and arduous journeys. Having read much, and seen more, he was wont to remark that he could 'take for granted' a good many attractions and 'sights' to which the ordinary traveller devotes attention. His supreme desire and purpose were to see 'what God hath wrought,' not in the realm of nature, but in that of grace; not what man has made, or marred, but the Divine work in human souls. Dark places illumined by Gospel light were infinitely more to him than palaces and shrines.

Accordingly, it was not his 'Baedeker' that he studied most, but a little Handbook of Missions which told him what to seek and where to find it, in the way of spiritual agencies in the cities which lay along his route.

On several of his earlier journeys it was my privilege to accompany him, it being his laudable and natural desire to interest me in the missionary cause; but while I can count some twenty-five countries that we thus visited together, his own total must run to quite double that number. During the last ten years his constant companion was the devoted helpmeet (now left to mourn his loss), who, being of one heart and one mind with himself, and an excellent linguist, she made these undertakings not only possible but invaluable to him, and to

the wide circle of mission-stations included in their itineraries.¹

Naturally, Mr. Morgan had not gone far before he was brought face to face with the 'Colour Question,' and the relation of Whites to Blacks, both in America and South Africa. Inspired in early days by Mrs. Beecher Stowe's masterpiece, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and realising something of the horrors of the American Civil War, he unstintingly used his influence in the cause of liberty for the Black. Nor did his zeal decline when the conflict of the sword ceased, and the contention for the just recognition of the Negro's rights was transferred from the battlefield to the pulpit, the platform, and the press.

Having learned somewhat of the religious fervour of the coloured folk, by attending their camp-meetings and other religious services, it was to him both an education and a delight to visit such gatherings; being never content with hearsay, he always, where possible, got 'to the root of things' by personal investigation. At such 'darkie' trysting-places he rejoiced to hear the Word of God expounded and His wonderful works declared in the everyday language of Negro life. Their hymns, too—so quaint and expressive—moved him deeply; for in them he could 'discern the Spirit of the Highest,' and the heart yearning

¹ Many friends will note with pleasure that Mrs. Morgan, having kept copious diaries, will in due course issue a volume dealing exclusively with these manifold travels, which will do much to stimulate missionary enterprise as well as to interest the readers.

after God, supplicating for holiness, and longing for 'Home.'

Thus, incidentally, he was greatly interested in the Jubilee Singers,¹ whose song-services made a deep impression on crowded British audiences. Who that heard them will ever forget their rich vocalisation of that haunting melody—

Steal away! Steal away! Steal away to Jesus! . . .
The trumpet sounds it in my soul:
I haint got long to stay here!

Making all allowances for natural emotionalism, the visitor could not fail to detect a real work of grace in many of these untrained and simple souls. As to the inherent weakness of the Negro, he felt that, since slavery necessarily degrades, it was clearly the duty of their White brethren to lift the now emancipated race from its melancholy condition of ignorance, and point them to better things.

As his knowledge of the pressing Negro problem increased, my father inevitably took his stand to support the herculean efforts of that strenuous leader of his people, Mr. Booker T. Washington, in his remarkable Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Schools, at which thousands of coloured pupils have been educated, and furnished with the means to earn their livelihood.

In regard to the general question of the social status of America's coloured people, much prejudice had to be

¹ A band of male and female students from Fisk University, who visited England, in 1873, to raise funds for their alma mater.

contended against. On one occasion Mr. Morgan boldly entered the lists against a noted American preacher, whose tirade he characterised as 'unreasoning, incoherent, prejudiced, and unjust.' Following up his protest in his paper, he wrote :

' There is not in all the South so ominous a sign as ' the attitude of the White Christians to the Negro and ' to the Negro's God, who " hath made of one blood all ' nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth." ' They either " sit on the fence," or take active part ' against their " brother in black "—although the brother ' may be three-fourths or seven-eighths white !'

Not only, however, under the ' Stars and Stripes,' but also under the ' Union Jack,' did my father in his journeyings find that unequal treatment was meted out to the sons of Ham; and, alike in writing and in public meetings, he pleaded earnestly for a larger consideration for the native population of South Africa. During a sojourn in that country he wrote, in December 1899, just before the outbreak of the Boer War :

' We believe that the British Empire is the freest ' upon earth, and that it governs more fairly than any ' other nation those under its dominion. But there ' remains very much to be desired even in *its* treatment of ' the native races over which it has asserted and estab- ' lished its predominance. . . . In Durban, the post-office ' has two entrances—one for Europeans, the other for ' natives and Asiatics. Any loafer, so that he be a ' European, may use the former compartment; but a ' native, however well conducted, an Asiatic, however ' cultured, though he might be an Indian rajah, is ' condemned to use the other. . . . It is not just to with- ' hold any right from any man because he is black or

'yellow, creole or mulatto, which would be accorded to him if he were white.'

Few things stirred him more nearly to wrath than to see a Negro pushed off the sidewalk as not fit to occupy it at the same time as a White. Indeed, on one occasion, aboard a steamer, he severely rebuked a British officer for treating a native in an ungentlemanly, not to say a brutal, fashion.

That the Black was capable of great development, as well as of spiritual impression, had been successfully demonstrated by Moffat and Livingstone, by Stewart of Lovedale and Booker Washington, by Coillard on the Zambezi and Grenfell on the Congo, the wondrous transformation wrought in Uganda being an equally outstanding example. Being thus fully assured that the Gospel of Christ was the power of God unto salvation for peoples of whatever colour, he ardently pressed its universal application; and stood for 'equal justice for all,' in spite of the cheap sneers of hide-bound officials, 'yellow' journalists, or retrograde Britishers, as to the high and noble principles scornfully described by them as emanating from 'Exeter Hall.'

Yet he was no Utopian visionary; he knew too much of human nature, as set forth in Holy Writ and proved in daily experience, to indulge in fantastic dreams of any radical betterment apart from the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Therefore, he looked for changed ideals, not to the statesman or the official representative of man's government, but to the missionary and Christian teacher,

of whatever sect or nation. The dark record of the Opium Traffic in China had demonstrated that mere officialism is apt to 'turn its blind eye' to great moral obligations when such considerations as Imperial revenue or the pushing forward of the frontier-line are concerned. He had seen enough of missionary effort in many lands to assure himself that redemption, not reform, was the only real objective to be aimed at. Therefore, as a responsible Christian journalist, who received his commission from God and not from man, he never stooped to say smooth things in the face of crying evils, nor allowed himself to swing round from the side of the oppressed in the interests of cold officialism or at the bidding of the 'Yellow Press' or the unscrupulous dividend-hunter. He held that whatever the colour of skin might be, 'a man's a man for a' that'—and is, beyond all else, the creative work of the Divine hand.

In North Africa he took a special interest. This had its origin in a visit paid to Algiers by his friend Mr. George Pearse, a London merchant, in 1876. That gentleman, like Paul at Athens, had his spirit stirred within him at the sight of the heathen around him—for in his view the Mohammedan stood as greatly in need of the Gospel as the more despised 'nigger.' The Mission to Kabyles, which Mr. Pearse founded, was the precursor of the more widely-extending North Africa Mission. Of the latter, my father was for many years a member of Council; nor was his interest merely a perfunctory one, for he made himself personally responsible for the maintenance of more than one of

its missionaries. For some time he also acted as its treasurer; and, at the age of eighty, he issued a touching appeal on its behalf.¹

India, too, was a field which he decided to 'see for himself'; and in a representative tour he visited a large number of mission stations. The painful recurrence of famine in that unhappy country was a matter of deep concern to him. Times without number he wielded his eloquent pen to appeal through *THE CHRISTIAN* for relief, to which his readers most generously responded. Their aid was greatly multiplied, on one occasion, by a happy thought of Mr. Scott's, who, with money in hand for immediate cash payment, approached the manufacturers of various commodities, cereal and other, which could be utilised in India for food; securing liberal grants 'in kind' to supplement the stocks thus purchased, he then canvassed the shipping companies, and free transit was in many cases accorded. Thus the actual relief received by the missionaries for their starving people was at least double what they could have purchased had the money been sent to them direct for expenditure on the spot. In numberless letters their gratitude for this timely and practical assistance was freely expressed. For eleven years my father supported a Bible-woman at Travancore.

Similarly, to the lands of the Far East his heart went out with a great yearning, although he was never able to visit them in person. His long friendship with Mr. Hudson Taylor and Mr. Benjamin Broomhall endeared

¹ See Appendix F.

him to the interests of China, of whose Inland Mission he was a fast friend.¹

In the consideration of obstacles which blocked the path of missionary progress, it was inevitable that the question of the Opium Traffic should arise; and it was, of course, impossible for THE CHRISTIAN to take any consistent position other than that of entire condemnation of a trade which constituted an outrage upon religious sentiment and feeling, which was essentially antagonistic to the rudimentary principles which may be supposed to govern the best interests of nations, and which was carried on by Great Britain solely for the sake of the huge profits that accrued to Indian finance.

Throughout the whole of my father's public life, this iniquity was never far from his thoughts. Indeed, it was with horror and dismay that he reflected upon the attitude of his country in maintaining and nursing an enormous opium monopoly, and in forcing the sale of the drug upon China, despite the pathetic protests of the Chinese authorities, who knew full well the moral and physical degradation that opium-smoking causes. Almost as saddening as the trade itself was the continued sluggishness of Great Britain, even after this wholesale organisation for the poisoning of a people had been unanimously pronounced by the House of Commons

¹ In that work, too, Mr. Scott took more than an ordinary share, for not only did he fulfil the office of treasurer for some years, giving large sums to its administration, but he also gave his best gift—his eldest daughter—as his living contribution to the missionary cause. Miss Scott, who married Mr. Archibald Orr-Ewing, was called to her eternal reward in 1894.

to be 'morally indefensible.' As Rev. Arnold Foster (of Wuchang) said—

'With this mighty and self-confessed condemnation 'still on record, we are still found persisting in raising 'money after the manner condemned as immoral.'

Again, our British Foreign Office, when approached by the American ambassador at the inauguration of the negotiations which happily led to the Shanghai Inquiry, sordidly hinted at the 'great sacrifice of Indian revenue that would be involved in an interference with the import of opium into China'—involved, that is to say, with the cessation of official complicity in an Anglo-Indian infamy which had created a vast moral cancer in China, and which degraded the British Empire in the eyes of the civilised world. Many were the articles in *THE CHRISTIAN* in which the traffic was exposed and denounced, and many were the activities in which my father co-operated in strenuous endeavours to inform the public, arouse the Christian conscience, move lethargic Governments, and assure the Chinese of the mingled sorrow and shame with which the black record of opium propagation was regarded by ever-increasing numbers in this country.

Japan and Korea were fields frequently brought under notice by my father in the columns of his paper; as also the needs of Madagascar, in which his cousins, the Peill family, long and faithfully laboured. In the romance of the Gospel in the New Hebrides, under the ministries of Dr. John G. Paton and Rev. Oscar Michelsen, he aroused the interest of many readers; and

he was also one of the first members of Council of Miss Annie Taylor's Tibetan Pioneer Mission.

In the countries of the Near East, and on the Continent of Europe, Mr. Morgan had many intimate friends engaged in missionary work. For thirty years he journeyed ever and anon across the Channel, ostensibly to recruit his own health, but actually to cheer lonely workers by his sympathy and wise counsels.

Many were the knots he untied, the tangles he unravelled, the crooked places he made straight—for missionaries are but human after all, and the enemy loses no opportunities for sowing tares among the wheat. These, however, were mere incidents and side-issues in his main purpose of gaining knowledge and imparting cheer.

In the generous spread of the Scriptures in every tongue his interest was living and keen. He greatly admired the work of the Bible Societies, and could recall an article in the *Times*, written in a sarcastic vein, but conveying an unconscious compliment to the splendid 'British and Foreign' society, in which the writer said:

'The Society is no respecter of persons or races. . . .
'If pre-historic man could be found in his cave, breaking bones with a celt¹ to get out the marrow, the Bible Society would have ready for his use before the end of a twelvemonth "the whole Bible and nothing but the Bible" in his own simple vernacular of squeaks, hiccoughs, stammerings, and grunts!'

He was, to a great extent, impartial as to the respec-

¹ A stone chisel.

tive merits of free distribution or distribution by purchase, and supported either method if only the Bible reached the hands and hearts of those who needed it. If some would value it more by paying for it, then by all means let them do so; but he would not withhold it from any who had not the necessary mite wherewith to buy. Thus, he warmly supported the Association for the Free Distribution of the Scriptures, as well as the Scripture Gift Mission, regarding as paramount the positive good accomplished by them.¹

Nor must we overlook his intense sympathy in all work pertaining to the evangelization of the Jew, which was to him a matter quite as much of doctrine as of missionary policy. No one could read the Word of God, he maintained, without realising the absorbingly important place occupied in its pages by the 'chosen people,' and the blessing vouchsafed to those who 'pray for the peace of Jerusalem.' When, in 1876, his friend Rev. John Wilkinson stepped forth in faith to commence the Mildmay Mission to the Jews, my father was one of his ardent supporters, as indeed he remained until the revered founder's death. Similarly, he stood by, both editorially and personally, the cause as represented by the 'London,' the 'British,' and the 'Barbican' Societies; by the labours of Mr. Ehrlich in Spitalfields; of Mr. D. C. Joseph (first at Hackney and later at Haifa, Mount Carmel), and the 'Hebrew Testimony to Israel'

¹ He took me, when a schoolboy, with him on a special trip to the Paris Exhibition of 1876, to assist in distributing the Word of God among the crowds of visitors.

under the superintendence of Rev. David Baron—in their varied endeavours to lead the Jew to the True Messiah.

Yet again, my father found in Dr. Baedeker a dear and intimate friend who formed a link with the notable band of Evangelicals in Russia—among whom were Count Bobrinsky, at one time Minister of the Interior, who, like Dr. Baedeker himself, was converted through Lord Radstock; and Colonel Paschkoff, one who, being allowed to return from exile, was again banished for ever, 'for resuming your old practices,' *i.e.* having assemblies for prayer and Bible-reading. Dr. Baedeker's ministry to Siberian prisoners was greatly blessed, and for this work, and many other activities of that consecrated traveller, my father secured considerable financial aid through *THE CHRISTIAN*. He accompanied Dr. Baedeker on more than one arduous journey, and regarded him as a most valuable pioneer of Gospel effort in the hard places of Continental service.

In regard to world-wide evangelisation, my father had a share in bringing about the missionary enthusiasm which has characterised the Keswick Convention during the last twenty years. The original—and still the primary—purpose of the Convention was the deepening of the spiritual life of believers; and so insistent were the leaders of that day to confine it to this, that they discouraged any broadening of this specific object. One year, when attending the Convention in company with Mr. Reginald Radcliffe, he was impressed with the thought that, seeing the number of persons who testified their

determination to adopt the words of Frances Ridley Havergal's hymn, to live 'Ever, only, all for Thee,' it would be a reasonable expectation to find the missionary societies largely recruited by such newly-consecrated souls.

He pleaded in THE CHRISTIAN for a wider scope in the Convention outlook, and the following year a request was made by Mr. Radcliffe that the use of the Tent be granted for a missionary meeting at the close of the Convention proper. At first refused, this was subsequently acceded to, but with the specific announcement that the occasion was not to be regarded as a part of the Convention programme. The meeting was held on the Saturday, and proved of vital interest—not only as to the numbers attending, but in practical result.¹ In course of time, a missionary meeting became incorporated in the official programme, and for many years has proved a suitable outlet for much of the devotion called forth during the ministry of the preceding days. So 'Keswick' has now its own Missionary Fund and workers; and periodically sends out 'deputations' of honoured teachers to mission stations abroad, thus carrying untold blessing and cheer to labourers who may, at

¹ Mr. Bowker (the then president) closed the official proceedings with the Praise Meeting early on Saturday morning, and then 'lent' the Tent for a distinct gathering 'unconnected with the Convention.' . . . In 1887 . . . the result of the meeting was that more than thirty persons, individually and separately, applied to one or other of the speakers with a view to missionary service. Many of these persons eventually went, and are (1907) missionaries to-day.—*Dr. Eugene Stock*, in THE KESWICK CONVENTION.

times, have been tempted to weariness in their arduous and lonely spheres.

My father entered very sympathetically into the various phases of the missionary's life, so far as was possible on a passing visit; but nothing impressed him more than its solitude and frequent disheartenment, in contrast to the heroic intentions and hopes with which the worker had left the home-land to undertake his new task. The glamour and excitement of the meetings of 'dismissal,' the rush and bustle of preparations for departure—these had become things of the past, and the missionary had now to face hard facts, bereft of all fortuitous embellishments. Then, too often, followed a period of reaction, and certainly of testing; and well was it if the eager messenger of the Cross was found still to be of purpose firm.

Thus the face of a visitor was more than welcome, even as the sight of a floating spar will be regarded with keen interest by the passenger on an ocean liner, weary of viewing the sameness of the trackless deep. But upon my father himself always rested the blessing of one who had blessed others, as he carried with him memories not less tender than those he left behind. I remember what encouragement he felt, when we first visited Morocco together, to find the walls of a missionary's room papered with portraits of workers which had been cut out of *THE CHRISTIAN*, and he was assured how cheering it was to the recipient to look from time to time at this 'cloud of witnesses' and to realize that they were 'all one in Christ Jesus,' fellow-

servants, brethren, and true yoke-fellows in the Divine service.

The intense interest which my father evinced in missionary work was sustained to the last.¹ He already had a further tour planned for the ensuing winter, but the Lord willed otherwise. During the last year of his life he made arrangements for a Missionary Prize Competition, open to all lovers of the Master's Great Commission. For this he set apart the sum of two hundred guineas, to be awarded for the best Essay submitted on this all-important subject. By such means he hoped to stimulate a wider missionary interest by a forceful and comprehensive presentation of the claims of the Foreign Field.

Mr. Morgan certainly justified the old saw: 'Prayer and practice make good rhyme,' for his house, as missionary and other friends—chiefly from far distant places—well know, was a sort of caravanserai for workers from abroad. At his breakfast-table, divers nations would be represented (somewhat suggesting the Pente-costal company of Acts ii. 9-11); and that meal, especially, at which all the visitors met, was a time of delightful fellowship. His consideration in details is illustrated by an incident related by a missionary now in a Chinese city, who says, regarding a co-labourer:

¹ It was quite in line with his ideals that his eldest grandson, Sydney, should, on leaving the University (June, 1909), join Rev. F. B. Meyer in his visitation of mission stations in the Far East, thus to gain information as to the conditions of missionary life, prior to his entering upon the more onerous duties of life in the London office.

‘Mr. B——, who is my neighbour here, was just leaving England for China, and Mr. Morgan had come to see him off. In the hurry of saying farewell at home, my friend had left his overcoat behind. Mr. Morgan, on learning the fact, immediately took off his own, saying, “Take this.” It so happened that the ship was delayed, and there was therefore time to obtain the forgotten article, Mr. Morgan’s being returned to him; but the incident shows the man.’

Missionary correspondence, too, was engrossing, for counsel was sought by friends in all parts of the world—in the ranks of the great societies as well as among unattached pioneers—on matters of faith and problems of administration. He occupied a unique place as counsellor and friend; and if in this sense his position was peculiar and independent, it was yet Evangelically central. He proved himself to be a true and useful friend to all the churches, for his letters breathed common-sense, quenched doubt, cheered the downcast, and exposed the hollowness of any disturbing movements at home which threatened to react in the missionary sphere. The generous monetary help which he contributed was a small item compared with the inspiring and balancing influence which he exercised in many parts of the world.

CHAPTER XXIII

A MAN GREATLY BELOVED

ADVANCING years brought but little lessening of activity. Even while abroad 'resting,' Mr. Morgan's energies continued ceaseless in the affairs of the Kingdom of God. Preaching, visiting, ministering to the missionary, or describing men and methods in illustrative articles, he was never idle. At home, innumerable committees and public demonstrations were attended, involving an expenditure of time and force which, be it said, did not always seem in harmony with a wise economy of resources.

During the last few months of his life, it became evident that the 'earthly house' was beginning to dissolve. Yet, though his strength might fail and his pace slacken, it was still the pilgrim way that he trod. Sometimes, however, it seemed that only his indomitable energy kept the frail body from collapse: then, again, he would rally with surprising freshness to take up the threads of affairs anew. Urged to take complete rest, he would reply almost in the words of Calvin: 'Then you wish that when the Lord comes He shall not find

me watching'; for he would still be about his Master's business, and nothing less would satisfy him. At the Aldersgate-street Noon Meeting he several times remarked, when tidings came of one friend after another being called home, that he felt he might be the next; and he referred more particularly to a difficulty in breathing. Presiding at the meeting on 7th September, he listened with deep interest to the story told by his friend, Dr. Merry, of the continued progress of the work founded by Miss Macpherson. At the close, Mr. Morgan said that he had now to make an announcement which gave him great pain: in obedience to medical orders he must needs resign the 'Monday chairmanship.' Expressing the hope that the gathering might grow in spiritual power, he commended to the assembly, as a parting message, the words of the Psalmist: 'The Lord is on my side, I will not fear.' His successor in the weekly chairmanship was his old and valued friend, Mr. M. H. Hodder, a veteran publisher like himself, who also had been intimately associated with the Noon Meeting since its formation.

Mr. Morgan's family and a multitude of well-wishers had hoped that he might live to see the jubilee of his paper, which would be celebrated in June, 1909; but it was not to be. On the first Sunday in September, 1908, he attended morning service at Rev. Charles Brown's Church, Ferme Park, N., whose illuminative ministry he frequently attended. The following Sunday found him speaking helpful words at the Archway Assembly Hall, Highgate, where also he had enjoyed seasons of

happy fellowship from time to time with Mr. Arthur Garstin and others. On this occasion, addressing himself more particularly to the younger persons present, he said: 'This may be the last time that I shall have the opportunity of speaking to you'—and so it proved. Ten days later, while sitting in his study writing a letter to Mr. Varley, he had a seizure. Describing the event, Mrs. Morgan has written—

'I found my husband with his head leaning over the right side of the chair, with his eyes shut and a strange expression on his face, which made me fear a repetition of a fainting attack he had had six weeks previously. While medical assistance was being summoned, I endeavoured to give him some medicine, but failed in the attempt, as he was not able to swallow.'

Visitors who were expected to lunch—Dr. and Mrs. Churcher, of the North Africa Mission—arrived shortly after, almost at the same time as Mr. Morgan's own medical adviser. The beloved patient was soon got to bed, and Dr. and Mrs. Churcher watched over him all night. Dr. Churcher was called to Glasgow to fulfil an engagement, but his wife stayed several days to help Mrs. Morgan under the sad circumstances. Twice during the first week of the illness it was feared that Mr. Morgan's small reserve of strength was exhausted, and that the end must be immediate, but each time there followed a slight rally. Then, during the second and third weeks, faint hopes were cherished that even yet there might ensue at any rate a partial restoration. Again, to quote Mrs. Morgan—

'He moved his left limbs freely, and seemed to

‘enjoy the food which we were permitted to give him.
‘His voice regained its natural tone, and his eyes, which
‘had been closed for days, opened again to the light.’

His mind wandered somewhat, and went back to Revival scenes and to his children when they were yet little. Even when the brain thus seemed to act in independence, lacking government, its action betrayed no unbalanced feverishness or anxiety; rather, it seemed to re-live many gracious and pleasant days under the benediction of God. Its dominant idea was still: ‘Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done.’ Thus, although only partly conscious—

‘he would preach and expound the Scriptures. There
‘would be fragments of precious sayings familiar to the
‘listener, exhortations and assurances of salvation,
‘favourite verses repeated over and over, quotations
‘from solemn poems, and loving words to the watcher
‘by his side. It reminded me’—these are still Mrs.
Morgan’s words—‘of a precious neck-lace being
‘broken, the fragments of which are picked up and put
‘together by the owner, without regard to their relative
‘size or value.’

The tired body became further wearied by continued sleeplessness. The River was in sight. On Tuesday night, 27th October, he was at the brink. The following evening came a final stroke which summoned him beyond. He lingered a few hours into the early morning; then—immortality.

The last solemn rites were observed on Monday, 2nd November, the funeral service being held at New Court Chapel, Tollington Park, N. A prior engagement

prevented Rev. F. B. MEYER from attending, but he wrote, in the course of a fragrant letter—

‘What I owe to Mr. Morgan, words can never tell. It seems to me as though almost everything in my life is somehow associated with him. He first asked me to write for *THE CHRISTIAN*; through him my first books were published; in conversation with him, many of my early beliefs were powerfully affected. Mr. Morgan was one of the purest, truest, tenderest souls that ever a man called “friend.” In his capacity as Editor of *THE CHRISTIAN* he has had no small share in influencing the religious life of the last fifty years. That paper, under his incessant care, became the organ of evangelistic and catholic service, the champion of orthodoxy, the source of religious knowledge, and the quickener of enthusiastic devotion in tens of thousands. But the *man* was greater than his work and deeds and gifts, and we can say of him as of Simeon, that he was righteous and devout, looking for the consolation of Israel; and the Holy Ghost was upon him.’

The two speakers at the service were felicitously chosen. Pastor W. FULLER GOOCH, in his associations with the Bible League and the Evangelical Alliance, has been a pillar of truth; his name stands for loyalty to the Holy Scriptures; and, having known Mr. Morgan intimately for thirty years, he could well speak of his friend’s love for the Bible, his lowliness of heart, and his labours for the poor and outcast. Pastor FRANK H. WHITE, himself one of the few remaining warriors who were active in the 1859 Revival, could recal a compact of prayer which Mr. Morgan and he made in that year—‘a Revival year; it was like Mansoul when Emmanuel came back. During all the years between,’ Mr. White

said proudly: 'I never met Mr. Morgan but I saw Christ in him.'

The place of burial was the Great Northern Cemetery, New Southgate, in the grave where already lay his wife Lydia, and his son Cope. Pastor Fuller Gooch presided at the brief committal service, where Mr. J. W. C. FEGAN appropriately recalled the associations of Mr. Morgan with the men of '59, and closed with a tender evangelistic appeal.

'There is no antidote,' says Sir Thomas Browne, 'against the opium of time. Our fathers find their graves in our short memories.' Mr. Morgan had no ambition to win praise and glory, present or posthumous, from the children of men. It was sufficient for him that he had been led by the Spirit to heed the saying of his Master, 'Blessed are they that hear the Word of God and do it,' and to listen at every cross-road in his pilgrimage for the voice which should say, 'This is the way, walk ye in it.' He was not of the build of men whose majestic careers are the themes of funeral orations in places of national pomp; but simply a modest and unassuming, able and devoted Christian, of the Johannine type, whose consecrated abilities and gentle spirit combined to make him a man greatly beloved. Of him it was true, as Elwood said of Isaac Penington—

'He did freely and readily communicate unto such as 'stood in need of counsel, advice, information, or 'direction, in their travel to the heavenly country—to 'which service he was well furnished by the experiences 'of his own travel, whereby he was able to speak a 'word of information to the bewildered passenger, of

‘comfort to the afflicted soul, and of consolation to the wounded spirit. And oh, how sweetly has it dropped like the dew and distilled like the gentle rain. Surely his words have been many times as apples of gold in pictures of silver!’

As a vital force in the religious life of his country, and the centre of a noble brotherhood of spiritual pioneers who sought the salvation of souls, he strove well for the purification of national life and manners through the earnest proclamation of the Gospel of Christ.

He was honoured and beloved for the simplicity and beauty of his Christian character, and for his labours—arduous, faithful, prolonged, and fruitful—as an apostle of Revival, ‘a man of God, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.’

Of the scores of kindly tributes received after his decease, the following from the Rev. J. Elder Cumming, D.D., of Glasgow, may be quoted as characteristic:

‘What a useful man your father has been! For how many years he has stood out prominently among the Pressmen of the land as a true, bold, uncompromising Evangelical teacher! From his early tendencies towards the Brethren’s views, he had gone on widening, and broadening, and vitalising his teaching, till we all looked upon him, and on THE CHRISTIAN—which was his word and his “flag”—with the greatest sympathy and respect. He is lamented to-day in thousands of Christian homes.’

What more can his biographer add, unless it be to exclaim with a glow of pardonable pride and grateful remembrance: ‘And that man was my father!’

PART IV

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

SOME PERSONAL CORRESPONDENCE

A

THE following pathetic meditation was penned by Mr. Morgan some months after the drowning of his eldest son, Cope.¹ It is hardly necessary to say that it has no 'occult' or 'spiritualistic' significance. It was written in a quiet and meditative hour, when Memory was active and God was near. It throbs with such exceeding tenderness, it thrills with such a deep sense of GOD, it reveals an affection set so resolutely upon the things that are above, that I think no memorial my father has left behind is so potent as this, as manifesting the spiritual atmosphere in which his soul was wont to renew its strength:—

MY DEAR, DEAR BOY,—‘I thank my God upon every remembrance of you.’ I thank Him that by His grace not one hard thought of Him has risen in my heart for taking you. He hath done all things well. If I could only know the sin and sorrow he has saved you from, and thus understand how much better it is, even as regards this earthly life, how should I hide my

¹ See Chapter IV.

face in His bosom, and bless Him through my tears! If, more than this, it were given me to look beyond, and see the place in God's great scheme that He needed you to fill, and took you just when and how it was necessary that you should be taken in order to fulfil His eternal purpose, how should I fall down and worship!

Dear boy, you are more mine than ever, for you are in the safe keeping of our Father. He says to me to-day: 'Would you have given him to Me, or kept him?' and my whole being answers: 'Father of our spirits, he *is* Thine!' I have no second causes to consider. One word answers all—explains all—includes all—God. God is: I am at peace; I rest; I am satisfied.

'I thank my God upon every remembrance of you.' When we said good-bye; when you asked me to go and bathe with you, and I would not; when the two dear boys¹ came in after their run of five miles, and Harry, with such a terror upon his face that I doubted if it were he, told me where he had left you; when we were galloping back those weary miles, breaking the silence only by some question and answer concerning you; when I stood by the water and saw the fruitless effort of the kind fellow who had been trying for two hours to reach you with his useless drag; when my heart writhed to hear the laughter and the oaths of those poor hardened ones plunging in and swimming over where you lay; when I sat in the boat and you were drawn up, and I recognised your dear dead face as you came to the surface, and I drew you in; when we laid you on the grass, and I waited in painful wonder to see if there could be any spark of life remaining in your poor drowned body, and vainly tried to breathe my life into your purple lips; when the doctor came, and out of kindness to me, not hope for you, went through the form of an endeavour to restore you; when he said you were really dead, and I at last broke

¹ The friends who had accompanied my brother to the river.

down, and the tears came; when I laid my face on yours, and sobbed out my sorrow for my dear, dear boy, the light of my eyes taken from me at a stroke; the kindness of those in the crowd, who covered you with their jackets as we laid you in the cart; the sorrowful procession; the loathsome dead-house where we left you; my sad journey home, dreading to meet your mother and tell her that the worst was true; the time you lay at home; the grave, and the loving words spoken there; the prayers and hymns—all these pass before me now like a strange dream. But yet, 'I thank my God upon every remembrance of you.'

My own and your faults—yours still mine, for they were all derived from me—I grieve while I think of them; but I thank my God that 'the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.' And how I thank Him that you never deceived us; that your thoughts were so apparent; that there were no concealments; that we find out nothing now that you are gone; that those months during which the smoke of the pit enveloped you had passed away before *you* passed away—my God, I thank Thee. Dear Son of God, who didst lay down Thy life for my son, from my heart I thank Thee. The waters came in unto Thy soul; all God's waves and billows have gone over Thee. Thou who knewest no sin wast made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Thee. O God of all consolation, with what Divine tenderness dost Thou comfort me! In the multitude of my thoughts within me, Thy comforts delight my soul.

My darling boy, I see your face as on the Thursday night before you were taken, when you sat and listened so attentively and with so much interest, that I felt as though I were speaking to you alone of the congregation; and how I love to remember that you said, as we walked home: 'Papa, I wish I could be with you more; your influence would do me good, and the impressions that are made upon me would remain.'

Dear fellow, how little I thought that that was to be *the last* such confidential talk we should enjoy, until we renew our companionship in the world where there shall be no more death.

I used to wonder why you loved me so much ! I was often impatient with you, and was far less considerate of your youth and spirits than I should have been. But what happy times those were, when you came and put your arm round me, sad because you had grieved me—or I confessed that I had been too severe with you—and we knelt down and prayed together, and felt that our Father above forgave us and loved us ! And one particular evening when I had been irritated by you, how I love you for coming to my study and telling me how sorry you were that you had annoyed me. What grace came to us from the Throne of Grace that night !

I never looked into the future very far, but in all such anticipations my life was bound up with the lad's life ; and you thought, and so did I, that soon you would be such a help to me. When we walked home together, and I was weary, and you would give me your arm and say, 'Lean on me, papa,' it was just a token of the way you would have loved to bear the burden of your mother and me, as you grew up and we went down the hill of life. Not many sons, I fear, feel as you did, when you told Miss Wright, after her mother died : 'I should not care to live if my father died !' And how sweet it is to think that the desire we always had, so to retain your love and confidence that you might benefit by our experience, was so far granted, that you used to say you would never marry but with our consent. And you believed that we loved you too well to desire any other than that your choice might coincide with God's choice for you. 'I thank my God upon every remembrance of you.'

What thoughts, what memories, what anticipations rushed through your mind in the few moments that preceded your

unconsciousness and death, we cannot know this side of Eternity. Surely Jesus said to you then—¹

'Tis I, who washed thy spirit white;
'Tis I, who gave thy blind eyes sight;
'Tis I, thy Lord, thy Life, thy Light;
'Tis I! Be not afraid!

Blessed Jesus! Thou knewest him altogether—his struggles against sin; his defeats, which were his own; his victories, which were Thine—with what yearning interest didst Thou watch over him! Surely, my God, Thou hast taken him 'from the evil to come'!

Oh that I may—that we all may—profit by this sorrow! On that sad night after it had occurred, I lifted up my aching heart to Thee, asking Thee to give me some word to rest upon, and Thine answer was: 'Himself hath done it.' And that assurance gave us rest. God was nigh; His hand was upon my spirit. What could I reply but this: 'It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good'! In the morning I referred to the passage—Isaiah xxxviii. 15, 16: 'What shall I say? He hath both spoken unto me, and Himself hath done it. I shall go softly all my years in the bitterness of my soul. O Lord, by these things men live; and in all these things is the life of my spirit.'

God hath spoken unto me. What hath He said? 'My son, give Me thine heart.' He has told me many things about my boy—that I should deal wisely with the young. If religion seems dull to them (and how it went to my heart when my dear Cope said it was 'so dull,' one Thursday night at the Hall!), is it that Jesus Himself has ceased to hold their affection, or is it that our representation of Him and His religion is too stiff and hard and cold for young hearts? Not only shall 'old men and old women dwell in the streets of Jerusalem, and every man with his staff in his hand for very

¹ This verse is from one of my brother's favourite hymns.

age ;' but 'the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls, playing in the streets thereof.' And God looks down complacently on each, and on all ages between the old men and women and the boys and girls. God regards in love the little children whose sins are forgiven ; the young men who have overcome the wicked one ; and the fathers who have known Him that is from the beginning. The burnt-offering of the dove, no less than of the bullock, was a sweet savour unto God, although the former expressed so much feebler an apprehension of the Christ who was represented alike by each. The growth and health of the young and weak should be the constant study of the elder members of the Church of Christ ; for it is not the will of our Father in heaven that one of these little ones should perish.

Surely our God is a God of all consolation. Several weeks after He had taken our beloved one, Mrs. B—— called and brought a pocket-book which darling Cope had left at her house when he and his brother stayed there a day or two at Christmas, 1864. The pocket-book contained but one entry : 'I was converted on the morning of Nov. 23, 1864. PRAISE GOD !'¹

R. C. MORGAN.

B

A Letter written for the Comfort and Guidance of a dear friend who was walking in spiritual uncertainty :—

MY BELOVED SISTER,—I don't like to think of you being in any degree of darkness, because we are children of the day—we are not of night nor of darkness. It is the Adversary accusing you. Tell him of the blood—point him to Calvary—testify to him of Jesus. 'They overcame him by the blood of

¹ Cope would then be eleven years of age.

the Lamb and by the word of their testimony ; and they loved not their lives even unto the death.'

Let the life of Self go ! Deny it—ignore it—abnegate it. Don't say : 'I'm so wretched, so bad.' Say : 'I'm worse than bad, I'm dead—my badness has come to its end in death. I'm past hope ; I'm not *diseased yet living*, but past that—a corrupt and dead body !' Oh, glorious death, for it is the way to resurrection !

Tell the Devil he has only power over the old Adam, and the first Adam has come to death in the Second Adam ; the Lord of life and glory has conquered death and sin and hell and Satan, and I believe in Him who died for me. 'The Blood' burns more fiercely than the flames of hell—it is hotter than hell-fire heated seven times. Let it fall drop by drop upon the Accuser, and you shall be more than conqueror through Him that loved you.

Don't say : 'But that is excusing myself.' You will get strength for service only thus—every time the 'old man' asserts itself, *deny* it. Reckon yourself to have died indeed unto sin, but to be alive unto God through our Lord Jesus Christ. 'This is the victory that overcometh the world—even our faith.' You have overcome the Wicked One, for JESUS has overcome the world and its prince, and we are partakers of His conquest. 'There is therefore now *no condemnation* to them that are in Christ Jesus.'

If you have conscience of sins, of things either done or undone, confess them, and He is faithful and just to forgive instantly, while you confess. But, my beloved sister, don't waste God's precious time in useless groaning over the weakness and worthlessness of your flesh ; it is weak and worthless—it is essentially sinful flesh ; only one baptism can save—the baptism unto the death of Jesus ; a good conscience can only be secured by virtue of his resurrection (1 Pet. iii. 21, 22). Blessed be God, He does not mend, He makes new ;

He does not reform our flesh, He transforms us by the renewing of our minds.

It was because the Law was weak to help us, through the corrupt character of the flesh, that the Son of God was sent in the likeness of sinful flesh, that sin in the flesh might be eternally condemned in Him. For the dear sake of Jesus, don't let us build again what He destroyed, nor revive what came to its end in Him.

Are you weak? Thank God, His strength is perfected in your weakness. Do you feel your infirmities? Rejoice, glory in them, that the power of Christ may rest upon you. Oh, dear sister, the coneys are a feeble folk, yet make they their habitation in the rock. Abide in Him for justification against the assaults of the Devil. Tell him *Jesus died*; go over the plan of redemption with him—he can't endure that!

And as you abide in Jesus for justification, the sanctification of heart and mind, body and soul and spirit, will proceed. You *are* sanctified, set apart, a vessel for His use; and as you abide by precious faith in the cleft Rock, this sanctification will become experimentally realised. If Satan accuses you, agree with him, your adversary; don't deny it, and don't palliate it. Say: 'Yes, it's true,' and confess it immediately to God. Thus even Satan himself will be made a means to your increasing holiness.

If you and I groan over and lament our flesh, those who are younger in the faith will do so too, and thus we shall cause to stumble Christ's little ones; and we love them in the Lord too dearly even to think of that without pain. Let us get beneath the warm beams of the Sun of Righteousness, and into the heavenly light of the Light and Life of men; and though we have 'lien among the pots,' yet we shall be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold.—
Your loving brother in Christ, R. C. MORGAN.

C

Letters of Consolation *written by* my father to various friends who had been bereaved :—

1880.

MY VERY DEAR FRIENDS,—The sorrow which has come to us three times has come to you. It always came suddenly to us ; but although your dear Katie has been fading away so long, I doubt not that the parting came suddenly at last. Death is in one way always sudden. The loved one is with us one moment, and the next is gone, never to be with us any more on earth. Thank God, we know where your darling Katie has gone—gone in to see the King—gone to rest from the weary and life-long sickness which she bore so cheerfully, to know no more pain for ever.

My dear wife and I do very deeply sympathise with you in this new and painful experience. May our loving God and Father comfort you under it and through it! These bitter sorrows are not all sorrow, for they open avenues in our hearts whereby the Man of Sorrows Himself may enter, and comfort us with the comfort with which He Himself, in the days of His flesh, was comforted of God. He makes the wilderness into water-springs and causes streams in the desert. May He do so in your experience, beyond all your thought!

We shall all miss her. She seemed a part of our little company, and so she was. But she is part now of the great company above ; and while I think of her pale, pale face, I shall joy to think I shall see it again, and soon, not pale any more, but glorified.—With our united love and heartfelt sympathy, Believe me, most truly yours, R. C. MORGAN.

(TO ONE OF HIS CLERKS)

Nov. 12, 1899.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I warmly sympathise with you (and my dear wife unites with me) in the loss of your mother. We both know what the loss is. In our case, our mothers were taken in our early life: my wife's at thirty, and mine at forty. Yours has been spared to be gathered as a shock of corn fully ripe. But in whatever time of life, it is a time of sorrow. When we lose those who have been spared to the end of a long life, their memory is bound up with every incident of our own, and we miss them. But only for a while. This passing of our loved ones within the veil is one of God's ways of keeping our hearts upon the things above; for where our treasure is, there are our hearts also.

We pray for you and your dear sisters, that Jesus may fill every vacant place, and that the hope of His return for whom we wait may be kept bright in all our hearts.

With our united kind love to you all,—Believe me, Your sincere friend of many years,

R. C. MORGAN.

(TO A RELATIVE BY MARRIAGE)

New York, March 9th, 1898.

MY DEAR A——,—I have just heard from George that your darling has passed away; and oh, how thankful I am that God had drawn her so near to Himself in faith and love and hope; that she was so calm and restful, so blessedly happy, in those last painful and terrible weeks or months of her life! And now she sees no more through a glass darkly, but face to face; knows

no more in part, but as she is known. Dear, dear B——, lovely in person, gentle and gracious in disposition, I am so glad her sweet life was closed with such a benediction, and that such a halo rests upon her memory. I pray that your dear children may grow up in her ways, and be a comfort and a joy to you in your home.

But I know how you must miss her, and how empty the home must seem in her absence. That 'old, old fashion, Death' has come to mine so often, but never without leaving a blessing. It loosens our hold upon the earth, and draws our hearts heavenward. I find it such a joy that we can die out of ourselves, and rise in Christ to live, even here, in His resurrection, and walk in newness of life. God bless and comfort you, and turn this great sorrow into a great joy, through Jesus' love!—Ever yours affectionately,

R. C. MORGAN.

Bournemouth, March 27th, 1895.

MY DEAR MR. W——,—It is not for want of sympathy that I have not written before. I have passed the same thorny road so many times, that I think I can enter more than many can into the sorrow of losing our darling children; and I assure you, I do sincerely and deeply sympathise with you and dear Mrs. W——, and your other dear ones, in the dark shadow that has fallen on your home.

Perhaps no one who has not lost (for a little while) a child, can quite so well realise the love of the Father in giving up His Son. And those who have, can enter into fellowship, not only with the sufferings of Christ, but of the Father.

I pray that He may very richly and tenderly comfort you.—Believe me, with very kind love, Yours affectionately,

R. C. MORGAN.

D

Typical Letters of Condolence *received by Mr. Morgan*
after family bereavements:—

(FROM MR. MOODY)

Chicago, August 11th, 1870.

MY DEAR BRO. MORGAN,—I can't tell you how very sorry I was to see the account of the death of your dear boy. I read it just as I was going to the Noon Prayer-meeting, and I read it there, and asked the friends to remember you in prayer; and you and your dear wife were not forgotten. But I thought I must write you to-day, and tell you how very sorry I am for you. My heart aches, and I would like to do something for you if I could; but 'Jesus only' can help you.

I think the blessed hope of the glorious morn will cheer you and your dear wife. I have to-day been trying to picture in my mind what a sight it will be when Jesus comes, bringing with Him our loved ones, and we shall be for ever with them.

Yesterday I attended the funeral of a little girl who also was drowned. She was out picking up sticks for her poor mother, and fell in the river. But what a sad funeral it was—no Christ there to light up that dark house! And as we laid her in the grave between two little oak trees, the mother, who is without Christ, said: 'Poor Adeline, what shall I do without you?' What would the world be if it were not for Christ? Oh, how dark!

I am so thankful you have Christ to cheer you, and then the blessed hope we have in the future. May God bless you and your dear family is my earnest prayer.

Good-bye, my dear Brother. I love you dearly.

D. L. MOODY.

(FROM MR. GEORGE MÜLLER)

New Orphan Houses, Ashley Down, Bristol.

Nov. 30, 1895.

MY DEAR MR. MORGAN,—It is only a little while, and we shall meet our loved ones, to be separated from them no more. They are with the Lord, and unspeakably happy. This is not merely a religious notion, but a reality; and therefore we are comforted and satisfied with the Lord's dealings with us. That the Lord may comfort you day by day is my prayer for you.—Yours, dear Mr. Morgan, in brotherly love and sympathy,

GEORGE MÜLLER.

Cheltenham, Dec. 1, 1895.

MY DEAR MR. MORGAN,—It is with deepest sympathy that my sister and I have, in our quiet reading of THE CHRISTIAN, heard of the deep waters you have been passing through; and though letters from absent friends sometimes cause the wound to bleed again, yet it is the only way we have open to us to express the heartfelt sorrow which rises to comfort other suffering ones in their affliction.

Full well we know the gracious Physician and Comforter was by your side during all the past days of watching and nursing your beloved one. In love He called you and her also for years past, you told us, to "share His cup of suffering with Him"; and now you, and many who knew dear Mrs. Morgan personally, will give Him praise that He has gathered her safely home, to see her King in His beauty with undimmed vision, unbroken joy, untiring strength! And for you, dear friend, stands the sure word, 'I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you.' May the Holy Ghost draw very near you during this 'night of weeping, with the promised joy for the morning,' the 'garments of praise' proving His strength to support and carry through the deepest trials.

I remember with what interest our darling mother read with us of your little *Child Minister*, and how your faith was upheld then, when called to give back your treasure. So we are sure it will be in this hour of need.

With our united true sympathy and Christian regards—
Yours very sincerely, S. ANNIE MILLARD.

E

Characteristic Pastoral Letters addressed to the Church worshipping at the Gospel Hall, Wood Green—written from abroad at various periods. Each contains spiritually helpful thoughts worthy to be pondered by a wider circle. Some reader, perchance, may find therein a personal message from the Throne:—

My BELOVED BROTHERS AND SISTERS,—We are nearing our destination. We took the pilot on board last night about 400 miles from land, and expect to land this afternoon. We seem to have been prayed across the ocean. Our purser has crossed 494 times and never had a finer passage, if so fine. One thunderstorm for a few hours cleared and cooled the air, and made it all the pleasanter.

The Captain 'read prayers' very reverently on Sunday morning, and Mr. Meyer preached beautifully and appropriately in the evening. We have had two Bible-readings, and have been down among the steerage passengers four times, and have had very pleasant and, I trust, useful meetings.

I have just been reading a letter from one of you which gladdens my heart, telling of the way Jesus was met with at the Hall.

I know you will be praying for me and my companions, Mr. Meyer, and Mr. Wintle of Pontypool—who is seeking to get rid of influenza.

We sang 'O Happy Day' to the tune of 'Beulah Land'—it goes beautifully, putting 'O' before 'happy' in the chorus; and 'There is a fountain' to the tune (with chorus), 'You must be a lover of the Lord.'

We have a young Jew on board who has been a means of grace to me by his fervent and simple faith. He has had to forsake father and mother, wife and children, for Jesus' sake; but he says he has received a hundredfold more, and hopes to win some of his family for Christ. He argues that he has proved Jesus true in these present things, and therefore can believe the rest of the promise—'In the world to come, life eternal.'

As I came from my bath this morning, Mr. Meyer said: 'You haven't been long enough to let the water *soak into you!*' I thought that is true spiritually. We take baths of Bible-readings and prayer, but don't let the Water of Life *soak into* our souls. Let His Word be our meditation all the day, and it will become so real to us and nourish us. Now—

God be with you till we meet again,
By His counsels guide, uphold you,
In his arms securely fold you!

Ever and always yours in His love,

R. C. MORGAN.

My VERY DEAR FLOCK,—I have not written often, but I have prayed for you and thought about you; and though we older ones are nearing the end of the journey to the City of God, I hope there are yet good times in store for us. There is plenty of evil in the world to need all we can do to meet it; and there is Almighty power in God to equip us for all the work He has for us to do.

I am sure that here and at home there are thousands crying in their weary hearts: 'Who will show us any good?' and they want to see in us the evident assurance of the things we

testify. I wonder if every one of you has definitely, once for all, presented your body a living sacrifice (holy, because the altar sanctifies the gift) acceptable to God, which is your reasonable service? If not, won't you do it now? Doing so is an actual transaction with God, and He will recognise it as such. Don't go back from it as though you had not done it. If you fail, still hold on. Confess the failure, but reckon that you belong to God; that you *are* His by every right, and that you have given up robbing God of what belongs to Him; that you have acknowledged His rights in you—signed yourself away to Him, to be not conformed to this world, but transfigured by the renewing of your mind, that you may prove by experience what that holy and acceptable and perfect will of the Lord is.

The altar of the Cross makes your sacrifice of yourself acceptable to Him; let the renewing of your mind, by the teaching of the Holy Spirit through the Word, make His good and perfect will acceptable to you. He is full of love, let Him have you altogether. I hope I shall find that some dear one among you—yes, that every one—has taken some positive and definite step forward, and that in the power of God we may do more and better than we have ever done. God is able and willing to do more than we ask or think.

By the Grace of God, your ever loving friend,

R. C. MORGAN.

MY DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS,—I daresay that to you time has been going at about the same pace as usual, but the past two months seem to me like a year. They have been full of interest, and have afforded as complete a change of air and scene as they could have done. Very many words and passages of Scripture have become more vivid, and mean more to me than ever they did before.

But it is not needful to come to the Lord's Land to under-

stand the Lord's will or mind. One glimpse of Him by faith has more power on the spirit of a child of God than a year spent in the outward sight of what He saw and the places where He dwelt. Indeed, this desolated land bears more evident witness to the judgment of God on His disobedient people, than to the life of love and grace and power which the Son of God lived among them when on earth.

It is those who serve Him who see His face, not those who travel through the land in which His mighty works were done. The servants who drew the water knew the miracle, and saw the water in the vessels changed to wine as they drew it. The governor only learned at second-hand; he only knew because he was told by the servants. And one sees the same thing everywhere. The servants of Christ who are doing the actual work among souls, leading and winning them to Christ, are those who see His face, and whose faces shine with the reflection of His light.

I am now at Smyrna, the one Church which of all others suffered and endured tribulation; and it is worthy of remark, that while all the other places of the Seven Churches are in ruin, or have little or nothing left, Smyrna is a prosperous town or city of 300,000 inhabitants. If we were looking for the world to be converted before the coming of the Lord, we might well despair. Everywhere, the Lord's own questions seem to be echoed back: 'When the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?' The peoples everywhere have one thought: 'What shall we eat, what shall we drink, wherewithal shall we be clothed?'

But there are among them, here and there, those whose faces shine like angels! One was a poor woman with cancer, who, in the massacre of 1860, of Christians by Druses, at the instigation of the atrocious Turkish Government, saw her children stripped of their clothing and hacked to pieces before her eyes. Her husband escaped by lying still and scarcely

breathing, under five dead bodies. The mother of the murdered children was full of hatred and revenge; but she found peace through the Blood of the Cross, and her hate was changed to love and pity. She was one of the fruits of English work by servants of Jesus Christ.

As at home, so here, the teaching of the children in the schools, and medical missions, are the chief means of access to the people, and the way to the parents' hearts lies through their little ones. They have them every day at school, and there is no Education Act to prevent their being taught 'the Way,' who is Jesus. Even though we have the children only for an hour or two on Sundays, there is more to be done through them and on them by the Sunday-school than by any other way. At least, the Sunday-school is a most necessary preliminary to the preaching. The parents who are most interested in and through the children are mostly likely to come, and to be convinced by the preaching and teaching of the Gospel. Therefore, let me earnestly and affectionately press on all the dear children of God the blessedness and privilege of work among the young; and especially on the teachers, in the Sunday-school, the high privilege and the great responsibility of their work; and the certain result in the spiritual blessing of a devoted and believing service of Christ in His little ones. With very kind love to every one,—
Yours affectionately by Jesus Christ, R. C. MORGAN.

MY BELOVED BROTHERS AND SISTERS,—Here I am in the land where the descendants of Abraham, God's friend, made bricks without straw being provided for them by their cruel Egyptian taskmasters. Next week I hope to be in what was once the city of Israel's solemnities, the place which God had chosen to place His name there.

I think of and pray for you, as I know you do for me. I

cannot write to you letters of my journeyings, but I shall be glad for you to read them as they appear in *THE CHRISTIAN*.

It was strange how in the providence of God I was sent away from home—not of my seeking. I have noticed before, that although I have found the greatest difficulty in leaving for a day or two, yet on these long journeys everything has been arranged, and I have simply *had* to go. I mention this to show that God was in it, and that you may pray that His purpose in sending me may be accomplished without hindrance.

I trust that we may all seek constantly to be vessels meet for the Master's use—members one of another. We cannot please God if we are seeking our own, not even if it be our own holiness, apart from others—just as the members of our bodies cannot be in health apart from the other members. The eye, with its complex nervous system, cannot do without the hand and foot—the very feeblest and most uncomely members are necessary, and on these God teaches us to put the more abundant honour.

Now good-bye, for a very little while. The Lord be with you. I think of those most who are in most need of sympathy, and assure you all of my constant loving interest in every one.
—Ever yours in sincere affection, R. C. MORGAN.

MY BELOVED BROTHERS AND SISTERS,—The last time I was with you our subject was the Prophet Hosea, specially noting that the key to that Book is the *knowledge of God*. A few days ago a very old friend sent me a text, which she said she had first prayed for, for me, and she got in answer, Hosea vi. 2. I pass it on to you as you are gathered round the Lord's Table. You see it is about resurrection; after two days comes the third day, that is the resurrection day. So Paul prayed: 'that I may *know Him*, and the power of His resurrection.' And

Hosea says in the next verse: 'Then shall we *know* if we follow on to *know* the Lord.'

I remember we sang that morning—the last time I was with you—'Tis eternal life to *know Him*.' My purpose in writing now is to lay stress on that—'This is life eternal, to *know Thee*, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent' (John xvii. 3).

There is a great deal said in these days about consecration, and surrender, and the deepening of the spiritual life—all very true and right; but let us keep our eyes up to God, and not in upon ourselves. Surrender is nothing unless it is surrender to *God*—and the way to deepen the spiritual life is not to be *trying* to deepen it, but to look off unto Jesus, and through Him to see God and know God. Jesus suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust—to *bring us to God*.

Our great want is, not self-surrender, or consecration, or any thing else but God. Our great want is *Himself*. Now, if we are to find Him we must *seek* Him. 'Oh,' I think I hear you say, 'I found Him when I was converted. Don't we say when we first believe: "We have found the Lord"?' Yes, indeed, and every one that was truly converted did find the Lord, because the Lord found us. But let us ask ourselves: 'Have I, since that happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away, have I grown in grace and strength and in the knowledge of my Lord Jesus Christ? Do I know Jesus to-day better than my dearest friend? And through Jesus do I know God?'

Very especially I want to ask my dear *young* brothers and sisters: Do you know Him? I am so anxious that none of you should suppose that understanding that lifeless thing called 'the plan of salvation' is the same thing as knowing the living Lord Himself. The test of love is a desire to please the loved one. In our endeavours to please ourselves and one another, is our first wish to please Him. If we love Him best of all, then unconsciously and instinctively we shall live in the

desire to give Him pleasure. And be sure of this, there is no real joy except in fellowship with Him. Therefore He says: 'Abide ye in My love.'

I am hoping to see you all in a few days. I thank you all very warmly for your prayer and love. There is nothing on earth so full of joy as the love that unites our hearts together in Him. And 'if such the sweetness of the stream, what must the fountain be?'

With much love to you all, and especially those who are in any sorrow, believe me always,—Yours in the love of the Lord,
R. C. MORGAN.

F

A Brief, Characteristic Note to a Friend passing through a severe trial:—

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER,—It was a great pleasure to get a line from you. I am very sorry to know that you are suffering and tried. You have laid up treasure in heaven, and I trust the loving Lord, whom you have faithfully served and suffered for, will give you much and increasing blessings. We must live in our *Counting-House*—like Sarah, counting that He is faithful that promised; like Abraham, accounting that God is able to raise men from the dead; like Moses, estimating the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt; reckoning ourselves to be dead unto sin and alive unto God, who does not reckon our transgressions to us, but, if we confess, is faithful and just to forgive.

It is *facts* that we reckon, not *fictions*, and these facts are as safe to reckon, and as certain, as that 2 and 2 make 4.

With Christian love to your dear sister and yourself,—Ever yours in the love of Him that is true,
R. C. MORGAN.

G

CONCERNING THE NORTH AFRICA MISSION

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have, as perhaps you are aware, rejoined the Council of the North Africa Mission, and have been appointed its hon. treasurer.

I have been increasingly interested in this Mission from its beginning ; and during the last twenty years have repeatedly visited its principal stations—in Morocco, Algeria, Tunisia, and Egypt ; in the later years accompanied by my wife. I did not think there is a more single-eyed body of missionaries in any land, nor any who have passed through more long-continued trials, with unwavering trust in God and unwearied faithfulness in their self-sacrificing and soul-saving work, than those of this Mission. And this was the testimony of the Christian missionary and traveller, the late Mrs. Bird Bishop.

For many years they have wrought without much apparent result, and yet with good success, for they have laid deep and strong foundations, and sown seed which is now bearing good fruit. Mohammedans are proverbially hard to be won for Christ ; but not only the testimony given, but the personal and family Christian life lived among them, has had the effect of saving some, and preparing many more for the confession of the Name which is above every name.

Developments of a highly encouraging kind, specially in connection with school work, are in progress in Egypt ; remarkable conversions have taken place in Morocco and Kabylia ; and in all our stations we are seeing signs of harvest after long years of patient sowing.

The most anxious feature of our experience is the want of proportion between the work done and needed to be done, on the one hand, and the support accorded to it on the other.

The tragic deaths of Dr. J. Howard D. Roberts and Nurse Ida

F. Smith at Tangier, within a few hours of each other—after seventy patients (forty of them typhoid cases) had in a few months passed through their hands—illustrate the urgency of the need and the insufficiency of the supplies.

And this leads me to an immediate and special necessity, in addition to the ordinary and normal support of the missionaries, and the upkeep of the stations.

The Tangier Hospital is now closed, and must remain so until a thorough system of sanitation has been provided. And besides this, the Mission premises require a new roof and other repairs, and must also be included in the sanitary arrangement, which is a vital necessity.

The Mission has been largely maintained by the generous and repeated contributions of a comparatively small number of donors, and by some legacies of considerable amount.

But the great Commission to preach the Gospel to every creature was not given to a fragment of the Church of Christ, but to every member of 'the Church which is His body, the fulness of Him that filleth all in all.'

I write this appeal, therefore, not merely—and not so much—to ask those who are already members of the North Africa Mission, whether as senders or as sent, to increase their own contributions, if, and only if, they are able to do so; but to seek definitely and strenuously to interest their Christian friends, and to induce them to associate themselves with us as active working members, first in prayer, and then in co-operation with us by every means in their power.

Soon after I had joined the Council, some twenty years ago, it brought a new joy into my life to have the privilege of supporting a missionary. For we cannot touch the work of God at one point without consciously coming into contact with it everywhere; and the whole Missionary Enterprise, in all parts of the world, from that time has had an increasing interest for me to a degree which it never had before.

About half of our eighty missionaries are supported—some by individuals; some by a circle of friends; some by the church with which they had been connected at home; some by a branch of the Y.M.C.A. or Y.W.C.A., etc.

The rest are supported from the funds contributed, but these are not so regularly nor so sufficiently supplied as those previously referred to: from which fact I conclude, that it is the will of God that those at home should definitely experience the joy and privilege, as well as the duty and responsibility, of bearing one another's burdens; of communicating to the necessities of the saints, especially of those in the high places of the field—and that, not only 'once and again,' but regularly, continuously, constantly. . . .

Are there not some who read this letter who could give yourselves a new joy by adopting a missionary as your own and your children's representative; or by finding five, or ten, or twenty friends to take shares in one? In either case keeping in touch with your proxies by friendly correspondence, not hindering them by writing or expecting them to write too frequent or too lengthy letters; but just enough to encourage them, as when Jonathan went out to David into the wood and strengthened his hand in God (1 Sam. xxiii. 16). For the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and he loved him as his own soul, for his words and for his works. And Jonathan stripped himself of the robe that was upon him, and gave it to David, and his garments, even to his sword and to his bow, and to his girdle.

This is surely the kind of relationship which we at home should bear to our brothers and sisters who are fighting the battles of the Lord in foreign lands. They have undertaken the heaviest part of the contract—that they should go down into the pit, and that we should hold the ropes. Let us be faithful to our part; and though our sacrifice is small compared with theirs, we shall share their joy in the time of harvest. . .

And as this is distinctly a personal appeal, will you bear with an old man's weakness in telling you that *I have now entered upon my eightieth year*, and the years or days left to me must necessarily be few.

But, 'or ever the silver cord be loosed,' it lies heavily upon my heart that I should seek helpers who will hold the ropes while our friends and fellow-servants are digging souls out of the horrible pit and miry clay; and that this pressing, urgent, and absolute necessity of a really sanitary hospital and mission house at Tangier may be provided with as little delay as possible.

My wife and I went to Morocco to visit some mission stations there. On our way we received from Dr. Roberts a postcard, inviting us to stay at Hope House, Tangier.

When we arrived, however, on the following Saturday, we learned that our beloved friend (whom we had met the previous year at Keswick) was ill, as well as the devoted nurse. He sent to say that he would be glad to see me, but when I called he had rapidly become too weak; and as this failure continued, I did not see him until Thursday, when he was quite unconscious, while the nurse was vividly conscious, listening to her sister, who, repressing her own sorrow, sang a verse now and then, in which Ida would try to join. But both the doctor and she were really dying; and at midnight the nurse, and at five on the Friday morning the doctor, ceased to breathe.

With the two white coffins lying before me in the cemetery on the following day, I read from Paul's glorious and victorious record of the Gospel which he preached (1 Cor. xv.), and I spoke of Jesus and the Resurrection, with the sense of victory I always feel when the earth opens her mouth to receive the dust of the saints of God, and the spirit has returned to God who gave it. Truly, 'Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.'

I desire never to forget that sight. I want you to picture it.

And while the human pathos of it brings the tears, and the Divine glory of it stays their flow, will you join with our Council and our missionaries in prayer to our Father in heaven, to supply the means for carrying on His beneficent and gracious work of healing the bodies and saving the souls of the Moors and Arabs, for whom Jesus, the Son of God, our and their Redeemer, died?

‘Call unto Me, and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things—difficult, hidden, inaccessible, impossible things—which thou knowest not’ (Jer. xxxiii. 3). Let me beg you to read and meditate upon the exceeding great and precious promises which abound in the remainder of the chapter—to which we do well to take heed in our hearts, ‘as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn and the Day-star arise’ (2 Peter i. 19).

Then Hezekiah answered and said: ‘Now ye have consecrated yourselves unto Jehovah; draw near and bring in sacrifices and thank-offerings unto the house of Jehovah.’ So the convocation brought sacrifices and thank-offerings; and as many as were of a willing heart brought burnt-offerings, *i.e.* ascending sacrifices (2 Chron. xxix. 31).

Any such offerings addressed to me will be thankfully received, and acknowledged in *THE CHRISTIAN*.—Believe me, dear friend, yours in the love and expectation of our returning Lord,

R. C. MORGAN,
Hon. Treasurer, N.A.M.

H

A touching expression of spiritual experience addressed by my brother Cope (at the age of fifteen) to a lady who had been a great help to him:—

July 2nd, 1868.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,—I rejoice to tell you that I have found rest, where alone it is to be found. Papa came up to my room

yesterday morning, before I was up, and talked to me very kindly and nicely for some time. He said quite truly that God was exercising me about the *power* rather than the *punishment* of sin.

Before, I had been depending upon feelings, so that after praying I naturally felt rather devout; but directly anything annoyed me, all my good feelings were gone, so that I thought I was as bad as ever, though at first I thought I had found peace. It was like this last Sunday morning; but Georgey put me out, so I felt like the devil; and, of course, all my devout feelings were gone, and I thought it must have been all a delusion.

But to return to my yesterday's subject—Papa left me to dress, and told me he would call me when he was ready for prayers. I then knelt down by my bed. I could not comprehend the meaning of believing on Jesus, but I took it in another way, namely, I have applied the text, 'Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My name, believing, ye shall receive, to many little matters, and I did so now. I asked the Lord to make me His child. I believed He would—

And I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

I do not feel full of enthusiasm, but I have rest.—Yours ever affectionately,
J. C. M.

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